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THE PIONEER MOTHERS OF AMERICA

A Record
of the
More Notable Women
of the Early Days
of the Country,
and Particularly of the
Colonial
and
Revolutionary Periods

By

Harry Clinton Green
and
Mary Wolcott Green, A.B.

In three Volumes

Illustrated

Second Volume

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THE bravest battle that ever was fought—
Shall I tell you where and when?
On the maps of the world you will find it not;
'T was fought by the mothers of men.

Nay, not with cannon or battle shot,
With sword or nobler pen;
Nay, not with eloquent word or thought
From mouths of wonderful men.

But deep in a walled-up woman's heart,
A woman that would not yield,
But bravely, silently bore her part—
Lo, there is that battlefield.

No marshalling troops, no bivouac song;
No banner to gleam and wave.
But, O, these battles, they last so long—
From babyhood to the grave.

Joaquin Miller.

Chapter I

"The Splendid Women of '76"

The product of a century's development under conditions of pioneer life, best calculated to broaden and strengthen their character, the Women of the Revolution were noted for their intense patriotism, firmness, decision, and resourcefulness, which characteristics were their heritage to American womanhood.

JOHN ADAMS paid a rare tribute to the women of Revolutionary times when he wrote to his wife in 1777: "I do not believe the Howes have very great wives. If they had, we should suffer more from their exertions than we do. A smart wife would have put Howe in possession of Philadelphia long ago."

In that concluding sentence was pictured the pioneer mother of the Revolution. She was not only brave and loyal, but she had a dash and determination that were a constant source of inspiration to the fathers, sons, husbands, or sweethearts who were fighting the battles. The first came because she was a woman, with the

unquestioning loyalty of the feminine nature to the more masterly masculine—the result of centuries of man's domination in all the larger affairs of life and the relegation of the woman to the lesser. The second came because she was devoted to the cause of independence as a principle and had the courage of her convictions. A new note had seemingly come into the life of woman. Her environment and experiences in the new world had broadened and deepened and developed her character, adding a virility and decision that are yet a heritage of American womanhood. A great majority of American men at the opening of hostilities were yet loyal to the British crown—bent only on resisting unjust and oppressive laws, which they attributed to the King's bad advisers. The women, however, were rebels at heart. For them the war for independence began with the guns of Concord and Lexington and not with the Declaration at Philadelphia. All history makes emphatic the aggressive patriotism of the women of that period. Before the logical masculine mind had adopted the Dutch aphorism, "Taxation without representation is tyranny," and drafted non-importation laws, women were

Receiving the News from Lexington.

From an old lithograph.

forming clubs, pledged not to drink tea of British importation, nor wear British finery.

It was an observant British officer who told Lord Cornwallis at Charleston: "We may destroy all the men in America and we shall still have all we can do to defeat the women."

Ida M. Tarbell, herself a very capable woman, has written: "The sharpest challenge which the American women of to-day must meet is that of the women of 1776. The unfinished product of democratic ideas, she must bear comparison in fundamental things with a woman who was the very flower of the old order—an order which, whatever its limitations, was still the highest average the world had then struck."

Of course there were Tory women who held to their royalist views as conscientiously and as tenaciously as their rebel sisters, but they lacked the heroic resolution and daring initiative of the "rebel," as they lacked her incentive. And, as always, there were many women on either side who had not yet progressed far enough to grasp the awful significance of the occasion. It was of these that Mercy Warren, who wrote the history of that war while yet it was in the making, penned her satiric verse:

"The state may totter on proud ruin's brink,
The sword be brandished or the bark may sink;
Yet shall Clarissa check her wanton pride,
And lay her female ornaments aside?

"If 't would save the nation from the curse
Of standing troops, or name a plague still worse,
Few can this choice delicious draught give up,
Though all Medea's poisons fill the cup."

The best measure of the women of 1776 is what they did. We know in a general way that these mothers, wives, and sweethearts of the men who fought and kept on fighting probably did as much to bring that struggle to a successful close as their men-folk; or rather that without their courage and fortitude and their steadfast faith in the outcome, the sons, husbands, and fathers must have inevitably lost heart and given up.

"They staid at home and kept the hearthfires burning;
They spun and wove and tilled the barren soil;
They fought the 'fight of faith' with patient trusting,
And murmured not, through all the weary toil."

The records of these women will never be written. The stories of their patient heroism and their sacrifices, too much alike to be aught but commonplace, were rarely chronicled. How

the woman repressed her grief at the parting, holding back her tears that might unnerve him; how, dry-eyed and smiling, she watched him ride away and then wearily turned to take up the duties that devolved upon her, managing the plantation, farm, mill, or shop, often with no other help than her children; how she guarded their property from open or secret enemies, often at the risk of insult or injury, and waited heartsick, but ever hopeful, for the end that would bring back her loved ones,—the story is as old as war, and as common.

But if the story was to be told of the mothers and wives of the Revolution, there would be another side—the story of a strong, thoughtful woman, who so thoroughly believed in the justness of her cause, that no sacrifice was too great so that liberty be won. The sorrow of separation was the only hardship. The danger, the toil, the privation, and the planning were all a part of the training she had received alongside the man, who now by reason of tradition and custom and the accident of physical strength was the one to bear the musket or sword. Him she could trust, and their cause must succeed because it was right. And the man knew that

she believed in his courage and loyalty, and that trust could not be betrayed. He felt that she was capable of managing his material interests, and of protecting and caring for his children, and often his load was the lighter of the two. So of these women and their steadfastness and heroism we can never know, as individuals. It is the story of their lives in the concrete and the influence they exerted, that is on record.

The work that Martha Washington began at Valley Forge, in the winter of 1777 and '78, relieving the sufferings of the underfed, half-sick and half-clad soldiers, was one of far-reaching consequences. Around her gathered the wives of other officers, and the relief work which they planned and carried out was a forerunner of the sanitary commissions and red cross societies of later days. For it was that work, carried on by a few devoted women at Valley Forge, that, nearly a century later at Geneva, crystallised into a world-wide movement that was not only to temper the horrors of war, but that has organised and syndicated the spirit of the Brotherhood of Man into accepting responsibility and relieving humanity in the

General Washington and his Wife at the Camp at Valley Forge.

From the picture by C. Schnessele.

face of overwhelming affliction, earthquake, fire, pestilence, or famine, as well as battle.

At Valley Forge, there was an unsuccessful army, beaten, almost fugitive, weary of fighting, homesick, and in want. No one can tell the extent of the good accomplished by Mrs. Washington, Lucy Knox, and the other women who joined in their relief work. Lossing, the historian, writes of an interview he had with an old lady who was living near Washington's headquarters at the time. She said: "I never in my life knew a woman so busy from early morning till late at night as was Lady Washington, providing comforts for the sick soldiers. Every day except Sunday, the wives of the other officers and sometimes other women were invited to Mrs. Pott's [Washington's headquarters] to help her in knitting stockings, patching garments, and making shirts for the soldiers, when materials could be procured. Every day she might be seen with basket in hand and with a single attendant, going among the huts seeking the keenest and most needy sufferers and giving them all the comfort that lay in her power."

The work of these women, beneficial as it was in relieving actual suffering and encouraging

the disheartened soldiers, did infinitely more good in inciting other women to similar efforts and leading to concerted action, for the work at Valley Forge, though performed systematically, was unorganised. Almost its first fruit was a movement by a number of patriotic women of Philadelphia, under the leadership of Sarah Franklin, the daughter of "Poor Richard," who raised a considerable sum of money which they wanted to give to the soldiers, —a "hard dollar" to each, was the suggestion of Esther Reed, the secretary, in a letter to the Commander-in-Chief. General Washington advised strongly against this and replied that the men all needed clothing, especially shirts. So the fund went for the purchase of linen and the women made the shirts themselves, two thousand of them, and most gratefully were they received. Following closely, came the organising of a committee in New Jersey, with members in every county, to collect and distribute money, food, and medicines, and care for the sick and wounded. Maryland was the next State to organise a relief committee, and so the seed was sown that was to make for humanity in the reaping, for all time to come.

This latent talent for organisation was to make itself felt in other ways, possibly less altruistic, but none the less practical and helpful. When Great Britain, to put money in the pockets of her shopkeepers and shipmasters, lay an extra tariff on teas, silks, cambrics, ribbons, and various other articles which she compelled her colonies to buy only of her, a storm of indignation swept over the colonies. And while the men talked and protested and resolved, the women met the issue in ways more practical. They formed clubs, the members of which pledged themselves to drink no tea imported from Great Britain and to go without any article of clothing or finery that came from the same source. These clubs spread and multiplied until they were active in every city and town between Boston and Charleston, and this first "Consumers' League" caused a falling off in British trade to the amount of millions of pounds.

Naturally this led to more economic living among those who, by reason of their wealth and social position, had been the best patrons of British goods. But, better still, it led to the use of home-made goods to an extent that gave

a lasting impetus to American manufacturing. A gradual invasion of industry by women followed this fashion for home-made products. The demand encouraged manufacturers and before the end of the Revolution there were cotton and linen manufactories throughout the country, employing numbers of women and children, 1200 in one Boston factory and 400 in one in Philadelphia. "From one end of the seaboard to the other," writes Miss Tarbell, "women put aside their harps and harpsichords and took to the spinning-wheel, the lace bobbin and mat, and the knitting needle. Women who had to support themselves and who had found few openings up to that date, generally took advantage of the demand for home products. Hannah Adams earned more money by the lace she made and sold during the period of the Revolution than she was ever able to make from her excellent histories. Not a few women built up respectable businesses, their linsey-woolseys, their blue and white blankets, their linen sheets becoming famous in their localities. Olive Moffatt of Northfield, a Scotchwoman seventy-three years old at the breaking out of the Revolution, a member of a family of weavers,

" At the Reel. "

Original photograph by The Sperry Studio, Bridgeport, Conn.

took so good advantage of her inherited knowledge of dyeing, spinning, and weaving that her table linen and linsey-woolsey were considered essential to every bride's outfit and are preserved to-day, marvels of their kind."

"The Committee of Correspondence," which played so prominent a part in the early days of the Revolution and the period immediately preceding it, in the exchange and dissemination of political news and directing public opinion, is said to have grown out of the personal correspondence between two Boston women, Abigail Adams, wife of John Adams, and Mercy Warren, a sister of James Otis. The families were close friends, and as the Adamses lived at Braintree and the Warrens at Plymouth, they grew into the habit of writing frequently. Both were intimate with colonial affairs, and their letters, filled with news bearing on the impending struggle, suggestions, counsel, and encouragement, were read by groups of friends in both communities. Mrs. Warren, who had already come to be known as a writer, had a wide circle of friends, some of whom were among the most prominent persons of the Colony, and there was a constant interchange of political news and

opinion. It was Mr. Warren who suggested that groups be formed throughout the colonies for similar correspondence. There were no daily papers at the time and but few weeklies, and the importance of the Committee of Correspondence in drawing together the thinking people of all the colonies can hardly be estimated. Mrs. Warren became the first historian of the Revolution, and Mrs. Adams's letters to her husband during the war, and from England and France where she accompanied him as Minister, mark her as one of the clearest and most logical thinkers of her day.

Always, in the history of mankind, the woman has been at her best when she has felt herself to be most necessary. Man, prosperous and comfortable, is ever prone to protect his womankind and provide for her wants, ever prone to shelter her from outside hurt or harm and cater to her needs and desires in the way of creature comforts and luxuries. But always his masculinity must dominate, he must be the head of the house. Women were never more necessary to men than during the pioneer days, when a woman was a man's real helpmate—necessary, not only for her affection and companionship,

The Adams " Cottage. "

Birthplace of John Quincy Adams.

and for the gentler influences she brought into his rude, hard life, but for her actual physical strength and endurance and masculine breadth of mind. Possibly she lacked his logic as he lacked her quick intuition. Possibly his may have been a commonplace and practical nature and she with a trace of the æsthetic, yet who shall say that the little bunch of violets which she transplanted in her kitchen garden or the wild rose she trained to climb over the window of their cabin was not as essential to their development as the more utilitarian vegetables they displaced?

But always this man and woman of the pioneer days worked together, stimulating each other, helping each other bear the load, ever made lighter, by half, for two. Woman and her influence were vitally necessary to man in the pioneer days, and in the language of Judge Gayarré, "she splendidly accomplished the part assigned her sex in helping onward the progressive destinies of the human race."

Of such were the women of '76, and while that struggle was bringing the right of self-government to the colonies and starting a movement destined eventually to rid the world of kingcraft,

it also sounded the dawn of a new era for women. The Turk-like attitude of the old world toward women, that the duty of her sex was first to please, then obey, and finally to endure, humbly if not cheerfully, was fast passing. In theory, the Revolutionary fathers, hedged about as they were by the conventions and opinions of their English forebears, still held that woman was not well enough equipped mentally for the higher education, to hold the guardianship over her own children or her own property, to mingle in the deliberations of men, or to speak in public places, without shame to herself and her sex. The unfairness of the theory and the fallacy of the arguments put forth in its support could not but have been apparent to men who held with the opinions of Jefferson, Otis, Sam Adams, and Patrick Henry and who applauded the pamphlets of Thomas Paine. To evade the question they resorted to another sophistry, that for the sake of family discipline and good order and the well-being of society at large, the subordination of the woman was necessary. The attitude of the woman of the most advanced thought at that time seems to have been one of passive acceptance and good-natured tolerance.

Mercy Warren, writing to one of her numerous correspondents, who seems to have been in a complaining mood, says:

"The deficiency lies not so much in the Inferior Contexture of Female Intellects as in the different education bestowed on the sexes, for when the Cultivation of the Mind is neglected in Either, we see Ignorance, Stupidity & Ferocity of Manners equally conspicuous in both.

"It is my Opinion that the part of the Human Species who think Nature (as well as the Infinitely wise and Supreme Author thereof) has given them the Superiority over the other, mistake their own happiness when they neglect the Culture of Reason in their Daughters, while they take all possible methods of improving it in their sons.

"The Pride you feel on hearing Reflections indiscriminately cast on the sex, is laudable, if any is so—I take it, it is a kind of Conscious Dignity that ought to be cherished, for while we must own the Appointed Subordination (perhaps for the sake of Order in Families) let us by no means acknowledge such an inferiority as would Check the Ardour of our Endevours to

equal in all accomplishments the most masculine Heights, that when these temporary Distinctions subside we may be equally qualified to taste the full Draughts of Knowledge & Happiness spread for the Upright of every Nation & Sex; when Virtue alone will be the test of Rank & the grand Economy for an Eternal Duration will be properly adjusted."

Crude and undeveloped as it was, this was the dominant idea deep down in the minds of these advanced thinkers among women of the new world—that if the feminine mind was inferior to the masculine, it came from the lack of education, a lack of systematic development of the reasoning faculties of the woman as they are developed in man, rather than that the mark of inferiority had been set upon her by her Creator. The remedy, they foresaw, lay in the general education of women—not alone the little smattering of reading and writing they were able to get in the common schools, but a broad educational training to which every woman might aspire. Such education, they argued, would train her to be a self-reliant, self-respecting member of society, capable of deciding and living for herself. In a narrower sphere,

this was what the pioneer mothers of the frontier had been doing for their own daughters, with splendid results. It was, however, against all existing beliefs and authorities. Society and even the Church based their ideas of woman's education upon the theory of her subjection to man. Consequently to change it meant another revolution and they were ripe for this revolution, which, without blood-letting or dissension, has slowly but surely wrought a change in the old order of things, as far-reaching and as important to humanity as was the renunciation of kingcraft. And the pioneer mothers were ready for this revolution. Illiterate but thoughtful women from the backwoods who had insisted that their girls should be given as much "schoolin'" as their brothers, stately dames from the half-feudal manors of New York who had lived upon terms of friendly intimacy with the wives of their sturdy tenantry, courtly ladies from the rich plantations of Virginia, Maryland, and the Carolinas, and thrifty New England housewives, always broader than their creeds—all that medley of races and religions and widely divergent social conditions that a century of pioneer life, with its developing atmosphere of freedom,

had made into Americans were practically united in working for what has been called "the first phase of the American Woman's Movement for Emancipation—the demand for the New Education."

In the foregoing pages we have studied the evolution of the women of '76, the development of the wives and mothers of the Revolution under their pioneer environment; now we turn to consider such individuals as were brought into prominence by birth or station, as were the wives of the military and civic leaders of the Continental cause, or who by their acts or words rendered signal aid in the struggle for freedom. In considering the women of the Revolutionary period, we naturally turn first to Martha Washington, who in her own dignified, womanly way did so much to uphold the hands of the Commander-in-Chief.

WHEN WASHINGTON WAS WED

WHO does not wish that he might have been there,
When Martha Custis came down the stair
In silk brocade with powdered hair,
On that Saturday, clear and fine,
A.D. seventeen hundred, fifty-nine?

Out from St. Peter's belfry old,
Twelve strokes sounded distinct and bold,
So in history the tale is told,
When Dr. Mossen, preacher of zest,
Long since gone to his last long rest,
There in the Custis drawing-room,
New world house, with old world bloom,
Spake out the words that made them one,
Martha Custis and Washington.
Trembling a little and pale withal,
She faced her lover so straight and tall,
Oh, happiest lady under the sun!
Given as bride to George Washington.

Brave was the groom and fair the bride,
Standing expectant by his side,
But how little they knew or even guessed
What the future for them possessed;
How the joys of a wedded life
Would be mingled with horrors of blood and strife;

How in triumph together they 'd stand,
Covered with plaudits, laud and grand,
Yes—covered with glory together they 'd won,
Martha Custis and Washington.

Where is the gown in which she was wed?
Brocade, woven with silver thread?
Where are the pearls that graced her head?
Where are the high-heeled silken shoon
That stepped in time to the wedding tune?
Where are her ruffles of fine point lace?
Gone—all gone with their old world grace.
But the world remembers them every one,
And blesses the name of Washington.[1]

American Monthly Magazine.

Chapter II

Martha Washington

Daughter of wealthy Virginia planter—Married at age of eighteen to Daniel Parke Custis, son of a neighbour, and left a widow at twenty-five—A year later she was married to Colonel George Washington of Virginia, head of provincial militia and hero of French and Indian War—Brief glances at her life in camp and field and as mistress of the Executive Mansion—Her death at Mount Vernon in May, 1802—Betty Washington Lewis, wife of Colonel Fielding Lewis—She much resembled in looks and character the Commander-in-Chief.

IT is not alone by the reflected light of her husband's dignified and beneficent genius that Martha Washington stands among the foremost women of her day. Without being really great in any one attribute, hers was a nature of such poise and balance, such gracious dignity, and such broad Christian qualities of character that in her own day, and by those most intimate with her, she was loved and esteemed second to no other woman.

Mrs. Washington's maiden name was Martha Dandridge. She was born in New Kent County,

Va., June 21, 1731, a daughter of John Dandridge, a wealthy planter and a man of prominence in provincial affairs. Beyond that we know but little of her ancestry, save that she was a descendant of Rev. Orlando Jones, a noted clergyman of Wales in the closing years of the seventeenth century.

"Patsy" Dandridge, as the little maid was known, was a "shy brown-haired hazel-eyed child," who lived on the big plantation almost continuously until she was well on in her teens. She was fairly well educated, as education for women went in that day. That is, she could read and write, though her spelling took more of quaint liberty in the disposing of consonants and vowels than is allowed in college-bred girls to-day. She could play the spinnet, dance the minuet, and was mistress of "cross, tent and satin stitch, hem, fell and overseam." At that time domestic and social accomplishments were considered of far more importance in the education of a girl than mere booklearning, and as Miss Patsy had been thoroughly trained in all those housewifely accomplishments that were considered seemly for a Southern girl of good family, it may be said that she was "well educated."

We first hear of her socially as a "sweet little débutante of fifteen at the gay court of the Governor of Virginia, at Williamsburg," where an early biographer says that "she was soon recognised as one of the reigning belles." She has been described at this time as being "of something less than medium height, slight, but well-formed, with dark brown hair and eyes and most pleasing manner." Miss Patsy was but sixteen when she and Daniel Parke Custis fell in love with each other. It was seemingly an ideal match, and so Father Dandridge appeared to take it, and cheerfully gave his consent. It was Father Custis who for a time proved the stumbling-block. His own marriage is said to have been anything but a happy one, owing to the fitful temper and nagging disposition of his shrewish wife. Indeed it is recorded of him that when he died, his will provided that his son have engraved upon his monument:

"Underneath this stone lies the body of Hon. John Custis, Esq., aged 71 years, and yet he lived but seven, which was the space of time he kept a bachelor's home at Arlington."

Mr. Custis wanted his son Daniel to marry his cousin, Miss Evelyn Byrd,[2] the beautiful

and accomplished daughter of the owner of a neighbouring estate. That the young woman did not want his son Daniel any more than Daniel wanted her, seemed never to have entered the old gentleman's mind, and when Daniel showed a disposition to act for himself in the matter of selecting a wife, there was a clashing of strong wills that threatened the future happiness of the young people. The beautiful Evelyn Byrd died suddenly, some said of a broken heart for love of an English gentleman of noble birth; and her untimely death put an end to the objections of the elder Custis, and Daniel and the young woman of his choice were wed when Miss Dandridge was barely eighteen.

Daniel Parke Custis and his youthful wife lived in Williamsburg during the winters in their home, the "Six Chimney House," where they were prominent in all the court gaieties of the lively colonial capital; their summers were spent in their beautiful country home on the banks of the York, known as "The White House."[3] At the age of twenty-five Mistress Custis was left a widow with two children and with one of the largest estates in Virginia to manage.

The story told of the meeting of the hand-

Evelyn Byrd.

From a painting by Sir Godfrey Kneller.

some young widow and Colonel Washington is interesting. Mrs. Custis was one of several guests visiting at the home of Major Chamberlayne. Colonel Washington was on his way to Williamsburg to meet Governor Dinwiddie. As he crossed the ferry over the Pamunkey, a branch of the York River, he was met by an old friend whose plantation lay close at hand. Being a Virginia gentleman, of course he invited Colonel Washington to his home and would not take "no" for an answer, when the young officer urged the necessity of his haste to Williamsburg. Colonel Washington finally yielded to the importunities of his friend sufficiently to say, "Well, I will be pleased to dine with you."

"You make me most happy," said Major Chamberlayne, whose old-time hospitality could not brook a friend's passing his house and not stopping to break bread with him, at least. "Now I 'll tell you something. You will meet the handsomest young widow in the province of Virginia." Washington, from boy surveyor to President, was ever fond of the ladies. Turning to Bishop, the serving-man who had been with him since the death of Braddock, he said:

"Just take care of the horses for an hour or two and then we will proceed."

Peering through the closed blinds of the front windows of the Chamberlayne home, we may be sure there were several pairs of bright eyes looking down the driveway. Word had been passed that the tall, soldierly figure with whom Major Chamberlayne was conversing was Colonel Washington, then one of the most talked of young men in Virginia. The widow Custis had never met him, but was eager for the opportunity. She knew that he was in command of the provincial troops and that he was the hero of Braddock's defeat, having had two horses shot from under him and four bullet holes through his hat.

So it was they met, both dignified but easy in manner, both attracted from the first, so much so, it is said, that with the other guests they sat at the table until late in the afternoon—so late indeed that Colonel Washington completely forgot the hour until the shades of night were falling, when he chanced to glance through the window and saw the faithful Bishop[4] still holding the horses. The Colonel sprang to his feet, declaring that he must be going.

Martha Dandridge.

(Mrs. George Washington)

From the picture by John Woolaston.

"Not to-night," said his host, laying a restraining hand upon the shoulder of the young officer. "No guest ever leaves my house after sunset." It is possible that there came a glance from the hazel eyes of the young widow that helped the decision, but, anyway, Colonel Washington sat down again after the Major had given orders that Bishop be relieved of his charge and taken care of. When Colonel Washington rode away next morning it was with an understanding with Mistress Custis that after his business with the Governor he was to pay her a visit at the White House.

The love-making of Colonel Washington and Widow Custis was soon interrupted and the Virginia commander called to the frontier, taking part in the expedition against the French that ended victoriously at Fort Duquesne. Only one of the love letters which the young officer wrote to his betrothed during this period has come down to us. It was written from Fort Cumberland, July 20, 1758, and is most characteristic.

"We have begun our march to the Ohio. A courier is starting to Williamsburg, and I em-

brace the opportunity to send a few words to one whose life is inseparable from mine. Since that happy hour when we made our pledges to each other, my thoughts have been continually going out to you as to another self. That All-powerful Providence may keep us both in safety is the prayer of

"Your faithful and ever affectionate friend,

"G. WASHINGTON."

On the sixth of the following January, 1759, they were wed, and a marked event it was, with all the best families of that portion of the Province, all the belles and beaux of Williamsburg in their brocades and satins, their gold lace and bright buckles, as guests. The Governor was there in a scarlet suit, and the bridegroom, we are told, "was splendid in his blue coat lined with red silk, his gold knee buckles, his powdered hair, and his straight sword at his side." "The little bride," according to the chronicles of the day, wore a "heavy white silk gown, shot with silver, a pearl necklace at her throat, and pearl ornaments in her hair, and her high-heeled satin slippers were clasped with diamond buckles." The bride and bridesmaids were driven home in a

coach drawn by six horses, while Washington rode beside the coach on his favourite bay. It is interesting to note that in an old account book of Washington's, at about the date of the young officer's first visit to Mistress Custis, is this entry: "One Engagement ring 2 pounds, 16 shillings." The widow Custis had felt somewhat shy about announcing her engagement so early in her widowhood and turned aside comment with the explanation: "My dear, the truth is my estate is getting in a bad way and I need a man to look after it." Her estate was large. She owned 15,000 acres of land, many city lots, two hundred negroes, and money besides—a large fortune in Colonial days.

Immediately after their wedding, the Washingtons went to live at Mt. Vernon, the beautiful place which Lawrence Washington at his death had given to his younger brother and which had been his home at intervals for years. It was a place thoroughly in keeping in wealth and elegance with that of which she had been sole mistress, and naturally she continued to be the notable housekeeper she had been in her former home. She was less of a business woman, how-

ever, as Colonel Washington, always a painstaking man of affairs, took charge of her estate and those of her two children, all of which, according to history, he managed with great consideration and success. The two children, "Jacky" and "Patsy," seem to have greatly endeared themselves to their stepfather. They were bright, amiable youngsters, and Jacky became a constant companion of Colonel Washington, riding, driving, overseeing the plantation, and taking the greatest interest in horses, hunting, and sports in general. Patsy, the dark-haired and dark-eyed little girl, was equally close to her mother, going over the big house with her, visiting the quarters and especially any one on the plantation who might be sick or suffering. Patsy died early in her girlhood and her death was a great blow to her mother and to Colonel Washington as well. Jacky was at the time a student in King's College, in New York. He did not complete his course, but, instead, returned home and soon after married Miss Eleanor Calvert, a descendant of Lord Baltimore. Mrs. Washington upon this occasion wrote to her daughter-in-law as follows:

"My Dear Nelly: God took from me a daughter when the June roses were blooming. He has now given me another daughter, about her own age, when winter winds are blowing, to warm my heart again. I am as happy as one so afflicted and so blest can be. Pray receive my benediction and a wish that you may long live the loving wife of my happy son, and a loving daughter of

"Your affectionate mother,
"M. Washington."

The married life of the Washingtons seems to have been almost ideal from the time of his retirement to Mt. Vernon, up to the breaking out of the Revolution. From the first, his young wife entered heartily into his love of country pursuits and his laudable ambition to be the first farmer in America. For fifteen years, Colonel Washington was a member of the Virginia House of Burgesses, and generally Mistress Washington accompanied him to Williamsburg during the sessions of the legislature, mingling with the gay life of the little capital, enjoying the society of the best people of the Province, and always taking a keen interest

in such public matters as interested her husband. We have pictures of him administering his large estates, and in the county and provincial business acquiring the rare ability for reading and for managing men for which he became remarkable. We see him "proposing himself to the electors of Frederick County, having an easy and creditable Poll, cheerfully paying his self imposed assessment of thirty-nine pounds and ten shillings, besides cyder and dinner for his constituency." We hear of his attending the Annapolis races; going down to Williamsburg for the assembly with Mrs. Washington and Miss Custis; "loading his waggons to provision the family and Colonel Bassett's on a visit to try the waters of the warm springs; much exercised lest Jacky Custis were premature in winning the affections of Miss Calvert (for Jack was only eighteen, had been fickle, and might wound the young lady), planting May Duke cherries and guelder roses, and moreover writing to England giving orders for all sorts of foreign elegancies for his own wear and that of Madame Washington and the children."

For Mrs. Washington he orders: "A salmon coloured tabby velvet with satin flowers; ruffles

Martha Washington.

From a portrait by Gilbert Stuart.

of Brussells lace or point, to cost twenty pounds; fine silk hose, white and black satin shoes; six pair of mitts; six pairs of best kid gloves; one dozen most fashionable pocket handkerchiefs; one dozen knots and breast knots; real minikin (very small) pins and hairpins; a puckered petticoat; six pounds of perfumed powder; handsome breast flowers (*bouquets de corsage*), and some sugar candy."

Colonel Washington was the soul of hospitality and Mistress Washington was a most gracious hostess, and it was rarely that a day passed without one or more guests, and more often they came in families. After the Boston "tea party," there were no more tea drinkings at the Washington home, but friends and neighbours met there, just the same, to consider politics and war talk. The friends included royalists as well as patriots and diverse sentiments were freely discussed. Mistress Washington listened and pondered and at a later date wrote to a friend: "My mind is made up, my heart is in the cause"; and again: "George is right. He is always right."

And Mistress Washington had the courage of her convictions. The spinning-wheels at Mt. Vernon had never hummed so busily nor the

pounding of the loom come with such regular monotony as when she began clothing the members of her own family with homespun. It is on record that sixteen spinning-wheels were kept running daily. Many of her own dresses were woven and made on her own plantation, and upon one occasion it is related of her that she appeared in a dress made of cotton and silk. It was a handsome fabric, and in reply to a compliment she told that it was entirely a product of her own looms. The silk, she said, was made from ravellings of old stockings and crimson damask curtains. It was the inroad among the wealthy families of such domestic economy as this that made the war with the colonies such a grievous burden for the shopkeepers and manufacturers of England. This same sort of domestic economy in the matter of homespun and home-made goods in general was kept up by the family during the entire war, and General Washington was proud of the fact that upon his first inauguration he wore a complete suit of broadcloth from wool which was raised, sheared, carded, dyed, spun, and woven and made at Mt. Vernon.

On the night before Washington was to set out for Philadelphia, where the General Congress was

called, Patrick Henry and Edmund Pendleton arrived at Mt. Vernon, bent on the same mission. Afterward Mr. Pendleton wrote of this visit as follows:

"I was much pleased with Mrs. Washington and her spirit. She seemed ready to make any sacrifice and was cheerful, though I knew she felt anxious. She talked like a Spartan mother to her son on going to battle. 'I hope you will all stand firm—I know George will' she said. The dear little woman was busy from morning until night with domestic duties; but she gave us much time and affording us entertainment. When we set off in the morning, she stood in the door and cheered us with good words, 'God be with you, gentlemen!'"

To the Congress held in May, 1775, Washington went in the uniform of a Virginia colonel. He had not foreseen his appointment as Commander-in-Chief, and when the appointment came, wrote the following earnest, modest, and affectionate letter. It is the only one of many he wrote her which has been preserved, as shortly before her death Mrs. Washington destroyed all their other correspondence, unwilling that it be read by others:

"My Dearest: I am now set down to write to you on a subject which fills me with inexpressible concern, and this concern is greatly aggravated and increased when I reflect upon the uneasiness I know it will give you. It has been determined in Congress that the whole army raised for the American cause shall be put under my care, and that it is necessary for me to proceed immediately to Boston to take command of it.

"You may believe me, my dear Patsy, when I assure you, in the most solemn manner that, so far from seeking this appointment, I have used every endeavor in my power to avoid it, not only from my unwillingness to part from you and the family, but from a consciousness of it being a trust too great for my capacity, and that I should enjoy more real happiness in one month with you at home, than I have the most distant prospects of finding abroad, if my stay were to be seven times seven years. But as it has been a kind of destiny that has thrown me upon this service, I shall hope that my undertaking it, is designed to answer some good purpose. You might and I suppose did, perceive from the tenor of my letter, that I was apprehensive I could not

avoid this appointment, as I did not pretend to intimate when I should return. That was the case. It was utterly out of my power to refuse this appointment without exposing my character to such censures as would have reflected dishonor upon myself, and given pain to my friends. This, I am sure, could not and ought not to be pleasing to you, and must have lessened me considerably in my own esteem. I shall rely, therefore, confidently on that Providence which has heretofore preserved and been bountiful to me, not doubting but that I shall return safe to you in the Fall. I shall feel no pain from the toil or danger of the campaign; my unhappiness will flow from the uneasiness I know you will feel from being left alone. I therefore beg that you will summon your whole fortitude, and pass your time as agreeably as possible. Nothing else will give me so much sincere satisfaction as to hear this, and to hear it from your own pen. My earnest and ardent desire is, that you would pursue any plan that is most likely to produce content and a tolerable degree of tranquillity, as it must add greatly to my uneasy feelings to hear that you are complaining at what I really could not avoid.

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"As life is always uncertain, and common prudence dictates to every man the necessity of settling his temporal concerns while it is in his power, I have, since I came to this place—for I had no time before I left home—got Col. Pendleton to draft a will for me by the directions I gave to him, which I will now enclose. The provisions made for you, in case of my death, will I hope, be agreeable. I shall add nothing more, as I have several letters to write, but to desire that you will remember me to your friends and to assure you that I am, with the most unfeigned regard, my dear Patsy,

"Your affectionate

"George Washington."

With that letter came an end for many long years to the beautiful retired home life which the Washingtons both loved so well. But their separation was mitigated to some extent by the yearly visits she was permitted to make to her husband in camp or field. Each succeeding autumn her great carriage, with its heavy hangings and massive springs, was brought out and laden with creature comforts and necessities and she journeyed to join him, for a stay of

several months. This custom, inaugurated by General and Mrs. Washington, was followed by many other officers, who brought their families into winter quarters with them. Mrs. Washington's first visit to her husband under these conditions was at Cambridge, in December, 1775. She was accompanied by her son, John Parke Custis, and his young wife. "The coach and its postilion in white and scarlet livery, its four horses, and the General's wife within, attracted great attention," writes one biographer. "At all the big cities Mrs. Washington was met by an escort of soldiers in Continental uniform, and all the great men and their wives came to pay her their respects. Ringing of bells and enthusiastic cheering greeted her on all sides. Such was the attention paid to the modest little woman who had never before been outside her Virginia homeland, and to her came feelings of mingled pride and wonder as she realised what it was to be the wife of General Washington." In the spring she returned to Mt. Vernon, leaving her son behind her. His earnest desire to remain with his adopted father, from whom he had rarely been separated for more than a few months since early boyhood, had won her reluctant consent.

Subsequent winters were passed at Morristown, Valley Forge, and Newburgh, etc. At Morristown, there were considerable life and gaiety going on during the winter. In General Washington's military family, as he termed his immediate staff officers, were such dashing young patriots as Alexander Hamilton, Tench Tighleman, and Benjamin Grymes, and among the young women in the town and helping in adding to the pleasures of camp life were Betsey Schuyler, daughter of General Philip Schuyler, the handsome Livingston girls, daughters of that sterling old patriot, Governor Livingston of New Jersey, and their cousin, Lady Kitty Stirling.

In that coterie which was gathered in the camp of the Commander-in-Chief and which as a matter of principle took part in the merry-making, were Mrs. Lucy Knox, wife of General Knox, Mrs. Catharine Greene, wife of the Quaker General, the Marquis de Lafayette, Captain Colfax, and sometimes Aaron Burr. It was at Morristown that "Lady Washington" unconsciously taught a lesson that was far-reaching in its results. One afternoon, shortly after her arrival, a number of the Morristown ladies went to call upon her. As the story is told, they had

Lower Brandon.

heard that she was a "very grand lady," so they dressed in their best and "most elegant silks and ruffles."

"And don't you think," says one of them in telling of the experience afterward, "we found her knitting and with a speckled apron on. She received us very graciously and easily, but after the compliments were over she resumed her knitting. There we were without a stitch of work and sitting in state, but General Washington's lady with her own hands was knitting stockings for herself and husband. And that was not all. In the afternoon her ladyship took occasion to say, in a way that we could not be offended, that at this time it was very important that American ladies should be patterns of industry to their countrywomen because the separation from the mother country will dry up the sources whence many of our comforts are derived. We must become independent by our determination to do without what we cannot make ourselves. Whilst our husbands and brothers are examples of patriotism we must be patterns of industry."

Both Mrs. Washington and the General were fond of young people, and might frequently be

seen riding with several of them through the country roads and lanes about Morristown and in the evenings mingling with their sports and pleasures.

There was little of this gaiety at Valley Forge. Mrs. Washington was too much engrossed in planning for the relief of the sick and destitute soldiers and in personally looking after their wants. Elsewhere has been told of the splendid work she did in her own quiet way, and of its far-reaching results. And always she made light of the privations and hardships she had to undergo, but the welfare of the troops was never out of her mind.

With the joy that came with the successful close of the struggle and the prospect of the return of her husband to their beloved Mt. Vernon, there came another great grief for Mrs. Washington, for her son, Colonel John Parke Custis, was dying at Eltham, Va., of fever contracted in the trenches before Yorktown. His wife, mother, and General Washington, fresh from the scene of victory, were with him at the last. His death, which left Mrs. Washington childless, was almost as great a blow to her husband. Had the young man been his own

son he could hardly have been closer in the affections of the Commander, who it is said "threw himself on the couch and wept like a child."

The two younger children of John Custis, Eleanor, a little dark-eyed girl of two, and George Washington Parke Custis, who was only six months old when his father died, were adopted by the Washingtons, and the care of these little ones did much to lighten the grief of the parents.

There came a six years' respite for General Washington between the time he laid aside his sword as Commander-in-Chief and his election to the Presidency of the young republic—a six years' "furlough," the General called it, which he and Mrs. Washington spent most happily at Mt. Vernon. A feature of their life was the great number of visitors they had to entertain. After two years, Washington made this entry in his diary: "Dined with only Mrs. Washington, which I believe is the first instance of it since my retirement from public life."

Then again were the Washingtons called from their quiet country home to accept the highest honours their country could confer. That they

went reluctantly and out of an exalted sense of duty and patriotism, while deep down in their hearts longing to "sit beside their quiet fireside at Mt. Vernon," is evidenced by their letters.

The President after his election wrote to his friend General Knox, confidentially: "My removal to the chair of government will be accompanied by feelings not unlike those of a culprit who is going to the place of his execution; so unwilling am I, in the evening of a life nearly consumed in public cares, to quit a peaceful abode for an ocean of difficulties without that competency of political skill, abilities, and inclinations which are necessary to manage a helm."

Mrs. Washington, writing to Mrs. Warren, voices similar sentiments. In her letter she says: "When I was much younger, I should probably have enjoyed the innocent gaieties of life as well as most persons of my age; but I had long since placed all prospects of my future worldly happiness in the still enjoyment of the fireside at Mt. Vernon. I little thought when the war was finished, that any circumstance could possibly happen that would call the Gen-

General Washington Resigning his Commission.

From the picture by Trumbull.

eral into public life again. I had anticipated that from that moment we should be suffered to grow old together in solitude and tranquillity. That was the first and dearest wish of my heart. I will not however, contemplate with too much regret, disappointments that were inevitable, though his feelings and my own were in perfect unison with respect to our predilection for private life; yet I cannot blame him for having acted according to his ideas in obeying the voice of his country. The consciousness of having attempted to do all the good in his power, and the pleasure of finding his fellow citizens so well satisfied with the disinterestedness of his conduct, will doubtless be some compensation for the great sacrifices which I know he has made. . . . With respect to myself, I sometimes think the arrangement is not quite as it ought to have been; that I, who had much rather be at home, should occupy a place with which a great many younger and gayer women would be extremely pleased. As my grandchildren and domestic connections make up a great portion of the felicity which I looked for in this world, I shall hardly be able to find any substitute that will indemnify me for the loss of such endearing

society. I do not say this because I feel dissatisfied with my present station, for everybody and everything conspire to make me as contented as possible in it; yet I have learned too much of the vanity of human affairs to expect felicity from scenes of public life. I am still determined to be cheerful and happy in whatever situation I may be; for I have also learned from experience that the greater part of our happiness or misery depends on our dispositions and not on our circumstances. We carry the seeds of the one or the other about with us in our minds, wherever we go."

Of the life of the Washingtons during the General's first incumbency of the Presidency, so much has been written and so often, that it is difficult to decide what may be of interest in the retelling. The first home of the first President was the Osgood house in Cherry Street. The house was richly but unostentatiously furnished by the President himself, but soon proved to be too small, and he removed to another on Broadway. In the beginning of the government of the young country it required a great delicacy of judgment to establish a code of etiquette to govern those semi-official functions that play so

important a part in governmental affairs. In the first place, there was a demand for that regard for forms and ceremony that would command respect in the eyes of foreign courts; yet the system must be democratic enough to demonstrate the absence of all kingly or feudal claims, titles, or privileges. There were no precedents from which to establish such a code, but the rare good sense and inherent good breeding of Mrs. Washington and her husband seem to have drawn the line most happily. She was of the landed gentry—a descendant of the chivalry of Virginia; wealthy, aristocratic, patriotic, and proud of her country as she was pleased with her lofty position. Naturally, her position as hostess was characterised by a stiffness and formality, as her receptions were arranged on the plan of the French and English drawing-rooms. These gatherings, stately to a degree hard to conceive in our day, showed a dignity and a "most pleasing affability" on the part of the hostess that won for her general commendation. At her full-dress receptions, held on Friday evenings, she presided in state, looking taller than usual because of the fashion of her gown and the "Queen's nightcap" headdress.

At these receptions General Washington, it is said, "walked among the guests, a private gentleman without hat or sword." The President's public reception and his weekly dinner came upon other days and were characterised with considerably more formality than has ever been exercised since Jefferson's day.

The second year of Washington's administration saw the seat of government removed to Philadelphia, where the President and his family lived in a house rented from Robert Morris. It was on Market Street between Fifth and Sixth and the rent was fixed at $3000 per annum.

The President and his family took possession of their Philadelphia home in the latter part of November, 1790, and continued to reside there until the completion of the President's second term and his retirement to Mt. Vernon in 1797. During all these years, Mrs. Washington continued the same dignified, gracious, charitable, and high-minded woman who had won the affectionate title of "Mother Washington" from the sick, destitute, and disheartened soldiers whose burdens she had tried to lighten at Valley Forge, the same "Lady Washington," whose high-bred courtesy had conquered the admiration

Martha Washington's Reception.

From the picture by D. Huntington, Exhibited at the Paris Exposition, 1867.

of the aristocratic ladies who had attended her "Friday nights" on Cherry Street and lower Broadway. At the executive mansion had gathered the most eminent men and women of the day, as well as the many distinguished foreigners who visited the new country, and from all sides there have come nothing but words of admiration for the mistress. And ever did Mrs. Washington, and her husband, look forward eagerly to the time when, freed from the duties and responsibilities of public life, they might retire to spend their declining years by their own fireside at Mt. Vernon.

There was not much of peace or happiness awaiting them when the retirement came. In December, 1799, Washington caught the cold which two days later was to end his career. Mrs. Washington was almost his constant attendant. His private secretary, Tobias Lear, who was also with him, has told of his last moments and continues: "While we were fixed with silent grief, Mrs. Washington, who was sitting at the foot of the bed, asked with a firm and collected voice, 'Is he gone?' I could not speak but held up my hand as a signal that he was no more. ''T is well,' she said in the same

voice, 'all is over now. I shall soon follow him. I have no more trials to pass through.'"

Mrs. Washington survived her husband only thirty months, when she too passed to her rest and was buried by the side of the great man with whom her life lines had been cast. Her end came peacefully and was welcome. For months she had been growing more and more silent, sitting for hours at a time in her favourite attic room, where from her window she could see his grave across the lawn, and the bright waters of the Potomac which he loved so dearly.

Betty Lewis, Sister of Washington

In a preceding chapter, we have considered Mary Ball, the firm disciplinarian, able woman of business and sterling character, who was the mother of George Washington; in this we recall the memory of Martha Dandridge, the gracious woman who shared his name and fame. It may not be out of place to devote a short space to the only daughter of Augustine Washington and his wife Mary Ball, who lived to see her brother the leader of a new nation, "Betty" Washington, who became the wife of Colonel Fielding Lewis.

Elizabeth Washington, as some writers call her, though in the family records the name is set down as "Betty," and so she always signs herself, and, "from Mrs. Betty Lewis," is General Washington's indorsement of her letters addressed to him.

Betty Washington was born June 23, 1733, in the plain frame farmhouse at Bridges Creek that Augustine Washington had lived in during all his married life. The house was burned when she was yet an infant and the family removed to another estate in Stafford County. In 1743, her father died and thenceforth her education and training were left entirely in the hands of her capable mother. Of her girlhood we know but little. That she was educated at home after the exigency of the times we learn from the echoes of a past generation. Virginia in those early days possessed few educational facilities, and children were either sent abroad for accomplishments unattainable in their native province or put under the care of a governess at home. It is probable that as careful a woman as Mary Ball Washington saw to it that her daughter received all the advantages available in that section of the country to girls of her age. Such

knowledge as she possessed of the world was gleaned from the few books she was able to obtain and from the society of her mother's friends, for she had never been far from home. That she, like her older brother, was a student of Hale's *Contemplations* is a matter of record. Mistress Washington took care of that.

Betty Washington was married, while yet quite young, to Colonel Fielding Lewis, a young widower and wealthy planter, who was a warm personal friend of her brother, though several years older. Colonel Lewis was an ardent patriot during the Revolutionary War, and was actively engaged in superintending the manufacture of arms and ammunition near Fredericksburg.

To Mr. and Mrs. Lewis there were born eleven children, five of whom died in infancy. The only daughter was married to a prominent citizen of Williamsburg. The sons were Fielding, George Washington, Howell, Robert, and Lawrence. George, the second son, joined the army in 1777, as a member of General Washington's body-guard. Though very young, he distinguished himself at Princeton. He served

through the entire war, retiring with the rank of major.

Lawrence married the beautiful "Nellie Custis," Martha Washington's granddaughter. Robert was his uncle's favourite and held the position of private secretary to the General, with the title of Major, until his marriage, when he had to resign, for Washington, while President, refused that responsible position to a married man. Although Robert Lewis had to give up his official position in the presidential mansion, he continued until the death of his uncle to act as his agent and man of affairs. In the War of 1812, Robert was captain of artillery. In 1821, he was Mayor of Fredericksburg, and was holding that position when his friend La Fayette paid his last visit to America, and was his host when La Fayette visited Fredericksburg. The other sons, Fielding and Howell, never held public office, but, after serving as privates in the Revolutionary War, devoted their lives to their estates.

Betty Lewis died March 7, 1797. Her portrait, painted in her youth, represents her as a tall, handsome woman, with brown hair and eyes—her head held proudly erect and her full

lips firmly and almost haughtily compressed, as if she had issued some positive command to her army of tall sons. In stature and pose, both Betty Washington and her brother the General considerably resembled their father, but both were said to have inherited something of the expression of their grandmother, Mildred Warner Washington, wife of Lawrence and daughter of Augustine Warner of Warner Hall, Gloucester County, Va., who has been described as a famous belle in her time.[5]

Betty Lewis was an active patriot, and gave material aid to the cause in many ways; one, for instance, being the knitting, with the assistance of her mother, of many dozens of pairs of socks which were sent to the camps of her husband and Washington. She was continually doing the same thing in the matter of provisions. Colonel Lewis was in very feeble health before the end of the war, yet when too weak to ride on horseback we hear of his being taken in his carriage to the court-house at Fredericksburg where he made a speech calling for recruits for the army—a speech which, it is said, induced many to join. He died before the war was concluded.

Mrs. Lawrence Lewis (Nelly Custis).

From an engraving of the painting by Gilbert Stuart.

His portrait shows him to have been a placid, gentle-faced man, not lacking in firmness and character, but rather of a calm and even temper and a warm-hearted, affectionate disposition.

Mistress Lewis often repeated to her children and grandchildren an instance of her husband's patriotism and her own insubordination during the war. Hearing of the destruction of the cargo of tea in Boston, Colonel Lewis immediately confiscated all that he could find in the house, and, knowing his wife's fondness for the beverage, locked it up carefully in his desk, to keep it out of the way of temptation. Time rolled on and the war seemed likely to last indefinitely. Mrs. Lewis grew tired of her privations. There was tea to be had, if nothing else in the way of a table luxury could be found in the house. So she resolved to have a cup and to share it socially with a friend. She managed to secure her husband's keys and helped herself to the tea, and presumably enjoyed it as much as she had anticipated. Colonel Lewis soon afterward had occasion to go to his desk and at once noticed the decrease in the quantity of tea. He decided that Mrs. Lewis was the culprit, which she acknowledged. He sternly rebuked her weakness,

NOTES TO CHAPTER II

[1] The *American Magazine*, from which this charming bit of verse was taken, says: "It is difficult to give proper credit for the above poem. Mrs. Walter J. Sears, New York City Chapter D.A.R., found a few beautiful lines, author unknown, added some lines herself and then sent the whole to 'Will Carlton,' who revised and added to them. Mrs. Sears recited the poem at the celebration of Washington's wedding day by the New York Chapter in January, 1909."

[2] Evelyn Byrd was the daughter of Col. William Byrd of Virginia, the founder of Richmond and one of the most famous Southern gentlemen of Colonial days. He was immensely wealthy, an author, traveller, and was for many years the representative in England of his colony. Col. Byrd, in 1704, married Lucy Parke, daughter of the aide-de-camp of the Duke of Marlborough who carried the news of the victory of Blenheim to Queen Anne. Another daughter was a progenitress of Daniel Parke Custis and of the wife of Gen. Robert E. Lee. She died of small-pox in 1716, leaving only one child, Evelyn, who was educated abroad and became one of the most beautiful and accomplished women of her day. She lived alternately in England and at her ancestral home, Westover, Virginia, but was never married, though she numbered her suitors by the score. She died suddenly in her twenty-ninth year. There was a tradition that she was in love with Charles Mordaunt, Earl of Peterborough, and that Col. Byrd would not listen to the Earl's addresses because of his dissolute life, and that she died of a broken heart. Her portrait, painted when she was in the prime of her beautiful young womanhood, is still hanging on the walls of Brandon, the famous ancestral estate of the Harrisons, having been built in 1725 by Benjamin Harrison, "the signer" and father of William Henry Harrison the President. By intermarriage the pictures collected by Col. Byrd and preserved at Westover came in time to be moved across the river to Brandon.

[3] It is said that the name "White House," as applied to the executive mansion, was in compliment to Mrs. Washington and taken from her early home.

[4] Bishop was an English mulatto who had been body-servant to Gen. Braddock. Upon the death of the English commander, he said to his valet: "Bishop, you are too old for war. You had better stay in America and if Col. Washington will take you and you

are as faithful to him as you have been to me, you will be well cared for." He lived with Washington till his death.

[5] Mildred Warner Washington, the grandmother of George Washington, had three children, John, Augustine, and Mildred. This Mildred, second, was not only aunt to George Washington but stood as his godmother as well. Like her mother she was a famous belle in her day. She was married three times, her third husband being Col. Henry Willis, a direct ancestor of Mrs. Matthew T. Scott, President General of the Daughters of the American Revolution, and of her sister, Mrs. Adlai E. Stevenson, former President General.

O WOMAN at ease in these happier days,
Forbear to judge of thy sister's ways.
How much thy beautiful life may owe
To her faith and courage, thou canst not know;
Nor how from the paths of thy calm retreat,
She smoothed the thorns with her bleeding feet.

Whittier.

Chapter III

Wives of Generals who Fought with Washington

Brief glances at the personalities of some of the patriotic women of Revolutionary days, who saw war in the making—Catharine Van Rensselaer Schuyler, of New York, and her daughter Elizabeth Schuyler Hamilton—Lucy Flucker Knox, of Massachusetts—Catharine Littlefield Greene, of Rhode Island—Deborah Lothrop Putnam of Connecticut—Elizabeth Page (Molly) Stark, of New Hampshire, Abigail Morgan, of Virginia, Esther De Berdt Reed, of Pennsylvania—Sarah Livingston Alexander (Lady Stirling), of New Jersey—Mary Brownson Allen, of Vermont—Jane Livingston Montgomery, of New York—Mary Penrose Wayne, of Pennsylvania—Mary Valence Gates of Virginia—Lydia Wooster Sullivan, of New Hampshire—Mary Clap Wooster, of Connecticut—Rebecca Calhoun Pickens, of South Carolina—Mary Videau Marion, of South Carolina—Sarah Trowbridge Ward, of Massachusetts, etc.

CATHARINE VAN RENSSELAER, wife of Major-General Philip Schuyler and the "Sweet Kittie V. R." of his boyhood days, was one of the patriotic women of Revolutionary times who were cast in heroic mould. Of high rank socially, educated, accomplished, courageous, kindly, and charitable, she

has been set down as the "most noted Dutch woman of her day."

Her father was Col. John Van Rensselaer of Claverack, grandson of old Killian Van Rensselaer, first patroon of the manor of Van Rensselaerwyck, and the largest land-owner of the Dutch colony of New York, and her mother one of the proud and beautiful Livingston women. She was born and reared in the great family manor at Greenbush, where John Van Rensselaer was famed for his hospitality as well as for his kindliness and patriotism. Once a year, for a few months, the girl was taken to New York, where she acquired the polish of fashionable society while visiting relatives and appearing at the little court which moved about the royal governor. Thus she came to speak perfect English, and from the Huguenot families then living in New York learned French, dancing, and deportment.

Lossing, the historian, said of her, "She was delicate, but perfect in form and feature, of medium height and extremely graceful." Another chronicler has said that she was "of great beauty and shape and gentility." But the accomplishments and social graces she ac-

Catharine Van Rensselaer Schuyler.

From an old print.

quired from tutors and the brief glances she had of the fashionable life of the day were but a small part of the education she received. Like all the Van Rensselaer women, she was a notable housekeeper. Her descendants have told of seeing her cut out and shape clothing for the slaves, overseeing the dairy, preserving fruits, weaving, knitting, and exhibiting many other homely accomplishments. It was John Van Rensselaer who during the Revolutionary War exacted no rent from his tenants, so it is easy to see where the daughter acquired those traits of thoughtful kindness and charitableness that were among her most noted characteristics in after life.

Catharine Van Rensselaer was in her twenty-first year when she was married to Major Philip Schuyler, ten days her junior. It seems to have been a most admirable mating. Young Schuyler came from one of the great land-owning families, was highly educated, rich and talented and, notwithstanding his youth, a man of affairs as well as an officer in the Colonial army. The young people had been sweethearts for years. As a boy he had written to a school friend to remember him kindly to "Sweet Kittie V. R."

They were married in September, 1755, the second year of the French and Indian War, and after a week's honeymoon he hurried to Lake George to look after the transportation of his troops, while his bride went to her new home, which was the ancestral home of the Schuylers in Albany. The war lasted until 1763, during which time they were separated far more days than they were together, and Major Schuyler's many interests came to be left more and more to the care and direction of his young wife. She was frugal, thrifty, and far-seeing, and developed business capabilities that made her name noted far and wide.

A few weeks after the birth of her second daughter, Elizabeth, afterward wife of Alexander Hamilton, came the massacre at German Flats, a German settlement in the Mohawk Valley, by the Indian allies of Montcalm and the survivors of which fled to Albany. Mrs. Schuyler led in ministering to the half-clad, grief-stricken, and suffering fugitives. They were housed in the great barn of "The Flats," as the old Schuyler home was known. The young mother had to put aside her own two babes, little Angelica being barely a year older than Eliza-

" The Flatts. "

beth, and with the other women of her household take care of the survivors, feed and clothe them and encourage them to go out and begin all over again the fight for home and family. That was not all the mother was obliged to face at that time. Albany was filled with English troops and army traders, as rapacious as if the Colony were conquered territory. Colonel Charles Lee, with a detachment of soldiers, was encamped in the "Indian fields," a large vacant lot adjoining the Schuyler home, and the Schuylers and their neighbours suffered from the soldiers, who destroyed fences and outbuildings, pilfered from gardens and cellars, and robbed hen-roosts. When Mrs. Schuyler, on behalf of herself and neighbours, attempted to remonstrate with Colonel Lee, who had commandeered their horses and waggons, he replied with a curtness that bordered on rudeness—a breach of courtesy for which later he abjectly apologised. After the battle of Ticonderoga, the big Schuyler barn was again turned into a hospital and Mrs. Schuyler and her family were nurses. Colonel Lee was one of the wounded and it was Mrs. Schuyler herself who was forced to minister to him. Philip Schuyler was at this time a captain,

under General Bradstreet, quartermaster of the British army. In 1759, he was sent to England as an envoy and was absent from his home eighteen months.

It was during this period that Mrs. Schuyler built the great house in Albany, at the head of Schuyler Street, which is still standing and is now used as a convent. The house had been planned by Colonel Schuyler and the materials secured and stored to await his convenience in building. Mrs. Schuyler, it is said, was led to erect the building at this time by reason of finding that there was a scarcity of work in the town. However that may have been, the Schuyler mansion, as it was known for many years, was built and the family installed when her husband came home. It was during this absence that her fourth daughter, Cornelia, was born.

From the close of "King George's War" until the Revolution was a busy, peaceful, and happy time for the Schuylers. His many business interests prospered, and they entertained in princely manner. But always Mrs. Schuyler was the frugal, thrifty housewife as well as the hospitable hostess, rarely delegating to another any duty that was hers to fill. Always

charitable, one of her frequent acts was the sending of a milch cow to a family of straitened circumstances, a charity as practical as it was unusual.

After 1775, events crowded fast in the life of the family. As head of the Northern Army of New York, General Schuyler was compelled to be away from home much of the time, and hers was a life of constant ministry, especially among the families of the soldiers who were away fighting with her husband. She was fearless of danger, resolute and resourceful, as was proven when, immediately after the murder of Jane McCrea by the Indians, she started from Albany with her carriage and four horses for some articles of value left at their farm at Saratoga. She was remonstrated with about the danger, but only laughed and said: "A general's wife and afraid—ridiculous!" When she arrived there, attended only by a negro boy, she was warned by a messenger that Burgoyne's army was near at hand. The General had told her to leave nothing of value for the enemy. She saw that the great field of wheat was ripe and ready for the reaping. If left standing the grain would be a rich find for the hungry British horde.

Preparing torches, she sought the wheat field. A messenger came to warn her of the rumoured approach of the enemy. The negro boy was too frightened to carry out her orders, and she, with her own hands, lighted the wisps of flax and threw them into the grain, and in less than an hour nothing remained of the wheat field but the blackened stubble. Then sending her horses on by messenger for use in the army, she loaded her property on an ox-sled, and, yoking a pair of steers to the sled, she returned to Albany.

After the surrender, in October, 1777, of General Burgoyne and his army, the British commander and about twenty other prisoners of war were sent to the Schuyler house in Albany for safe keeping and entertainment. As Burgoyne had, but a short time before, burned Schuyler's country home and mills at Saratoga (Schuylerville, about twelve miles south-east of Saratoga Springs), his position was most embarrassing. He was affected to tears by the hospitality he received. He wrote of it as follows: "This gentleman [General Schuyler's aid] conducted me to a very elegant house and to my great surprise introduced me to Mrs. Schuyler and her family; and in this house I remained

during my whole stay in Albany, with a table of twenty covers for me and my friends and every demonstration of hospitality."

Mrs. Schuyler was the mother of fourteen children, the youngest of which was her daughter Catharine, to whom Washington stood godfather. The eldest daughter, Angelica, eloped with a young Englishman named Carter, to the great disappointment of her parents, but as the marriage proved a happy one the sorrow was not lasting. The second daughter, Elizabeth, was married to Alexander Hamilton, and the third, Margaret, became the wife of Stephen Van Rensselaer, the patroon, and a cousin. Margaret Schuyler was herself the heroine of an incident that probably saved the life of baby sister Catharine, if not that of her father and mother. The family were at their Whitehall farm and General Schuyler had received warning that a band of Indians and Tories had gathered in the neighbourhood for the purpose of capturing him. He had stationed guards about the place, but while the guards were asleep the enemy had gained access to the premises. Taken by surprise, the General had hurried his family upstairs, where he began firing his pistol out of a window

to alarm the garrison, about half a mile distant. Suddenly it was discovered that the baby, which had been sleeping in its cradle downstairs, had been left behind. Mrs. Schuyler started after the babe, but the General caught and held her. Margaret, slipping through under his arm, and, darting down the steps, seized the child and was mounting the stairs again when the Indians discovered her. One of them threw a tomahawk that barely missed her head and buried itself in the oaken plank of the stairway. By this time the lusty voice of the General calling from the window and the answering shouts of the guards alarmed the Indians and they fled. The scar in the stairway may still be seen.

The death of Mrs. Schuyler by apoplexy in 1803 saved her two great afflictions—the death of her husband and that of Hamilton in his duel with Aaron Burr, both occurring the ensuing year. She lies in the cemetery at Albany by the side of her husband.

Elizabeth Schuyler

Elizabeth Schuyler, second daughter of Major-General Philip and Catharine Schuyler, was a notable woman in many respects. "A charming

woman, who joined to all the graces the simplicity of an American wife," wrote a brilliant traveller from France who spent a winter in New York in the early days of the Republic. She was born during the French and Indian War, and the family Bible contained this entry in her father's hand: "Elizabeth, born August 9, 1757, Lord, do according to thy will with her." She was yet a girl in her teens when the war for independence broke out, and at her father's house came in contact with most of the famous men who took part in that struggle. Betsey Schuyler, was a handsome dark-eyed girl of great vivacity, and with her sisters Angelica and Margaret received rather better educations than most Colonial girls. They were schooled in New York where they acquired all the graces and accomplishments of the day. They were related to the most prominent families of the metropolis, the Van Courtlandts, the Van Rensselaers, the Livingstons, and the New York Schuylers, and popular with all who knew them. But that was not all of their education. Elizabeth and her sisters were trained in all the housewifely accomplishments of which Catharine Schuyler was a past-mistress. From her mother,

Miss Betsey had learned not only cooking and housekeeping but such mysteries as spinning, weaving, dyeing, soap-making, candle-dipping, and cider-making, feminine employments long since extinct. More than that, "Little Betsey," when about thirteen years old, had been adopted into the Six Nations. This incident, as it has been told, was as follows:

"All the chiefs and greatest warriors of the Six Nations had met in solemn council, row after row of fine specimens of manhood standing silently around an open space where a bit of green sward gleamed in the sunshine. Although they were dressed in all the barbaric splendour of war paint, there was peace on their faces as they stood awaiting the approach of a small group of whites—one or two officers in full uniform and a tall commanding man in the prime of life, leading by the hand a slim girl of about thirteen, dressed in white with uncovered head and half-curious and half-frightened eyes. This man was General Philip Schuyler, whom the Indians honoured as they did no other white man; and they had met to offer him this tribute of devotion. At a sign from their great chief, their ranks parted to admit General Schuyler,

Mrs. Alexander Hamilton.

From the painting by Inman.

who advanced into the open space, still leading his little daughter. Then with much pomp and ceremony the child was formally adopted by the Six Nations, the chiefs ending the sacred rites by laying their hands on her head and giving her an Indian name meaning 'One of us.'"

Elizabeth Schuyler first met Alexander Hamilton at her father's home in October, 1777. Hamilton, then an aid on the staff of General Washington, was on a mission to General Gates and the Army of the North, to seek reinforcements for the Southern Army, and had been instructed to ask the advice of General Schuyler, always Washington's trusted friend. Both the young people were impressed, and when, two years later, they again met, it was to take up their romance where it had been left at the time of the visit of the boyish young aid-de-camp in Albany. General Schuyler had been appointed to Congress and had gone to live in Philadelphia. The headquarters of the army was at Morristown, about fifty miles from the Schuyler home. But Mrs. Cochran, Betsey's aunt, lived in Morristown, and the young lady was invited to visit her. Before her visit was ended, General Schuyler

came to Morristown as military adviser of General Washington and established his home there and the little city became the centre of considerable social life. It was at Morristown that she became engaged to Hamilton, an event that gave great satisfaction to General Schuyler, who wrote his future son-in-law as follows:

"You cannot, my dear sir, be more happy at the connection you have made with my family than I am. Until the child of a parent has made a judicious choice, his heart is in continual anxiety; but this anxiety was relieved the moment I discovered upon whom she had placed her affections. I am pleased with every instance of delicacy in those who are dear to me, and I think I read your soul on that occasion you mention. I shall therefore only entreat you to consider me as one who wishes to promote your happiness; and I shall."

They were married December 14, 1780, in the Schuyler mansion in Albany. The domestic life was very happy. As Mrs. Alexander Hamilton, the witty, light-hearted Betsey Schuyler, who had shone in her home in Philadelphia and Morristown as she had before in Albany and New York, became one of the most prominent

leaders of society, and their home on Wall Street was a favourite resort for the rank and fashion of that city, and at their hospitable table were gathered at one time or another most of the great men of the day. But Mistress Hamilton was a notable mother, as well as a charming hostess, and she and her husband were devoted to their home and their children, a merry light-hearted group, among whom was the son of Hamilton's warm friend, General La Fayette, George Washington La Fayette, whose father had placed him in the family of the Hamiltons to be educated, during the Reign of Terror. The first great sorrow that came into the life of Betsey Hamilton was the death of her eldest son, who fell in a duel on the fatal field of Weehawken, only two or three years before his father met his death on the same bloody ground, July 11, 1804, which tragedy was followed by the losing of her mind of their beautiful young daughter, Angelica. To but few women has it been given to bear so much of cumulative sorrow as came to Betsey Hamilton in those few brief years. Her son and then her husband taken from her, victims of a custom which she abhorred, the death of her beloved mother only a few

months before that of her husband, and then of her father a few months after, and then the awful affliction that came to her beautiful and talented daughter.

Yet she lived through it and survived her husband half a century—fifty long, lonesome years, dying in Washington in 1854, at the age of ninety-seven, a "pleasant, sweet-faced old lady, praised for her sunny nature and her quiet humour." Within reach of her hand as she lay upon her death-bed was a pocket-book. In it was found a yellow and time-worn letter. It was Alexander Hamilton's farewell letter written to his wife the morning of his death.

Lucy Flucker Knox

There was a stir among the daughters and dames of Boston town, when one day in 1774 the word was spread about that Lucy Flucker, the pretty and petted daughter of Secretary Thomas Flucker of the royal province of Massachusetts, had defied parental authority and married Henry Knox, the bookseller. Not that Henry Knox was n't an eligible young man—good enough for any girl, but he was in trade. To be sure it was a well-established business and

he was on the high road to wealth, as well as being known as one of the most popular and public-spirited young men of the city, but after all he was only a bookseller. 'T was scandalous, almost, even to couple the name of Flucker with trade. Thomas Flucker, for years the royal secretary of the province, was wealthy and connected with not only the bluest blood in Massachusetts, but across the water. Her family had expected her to marry a young English army officer with aristocratic connections, who had been paying her some attention of late. There was something of a family row when the young woman refused him and declared to the members of her family that she was going to marry Henry Knox, the bookseller, which ended by her father cutting her off from further connection with her family.

It had been something more than a year before, that Miss Lucy, out for her morning canter, was obliged to rein up her horse for a company of militia to pass. She was attracted by the manly bearing of the handsome and athletic young commander, and his admiration for her was so evident that it was with heightened colour that she rode away. Some days

afterward she happened to meet him again, this time in his own bookstore, where she had gone for a late London publication. Thereafter they met frequently, and from books came to talk of many things, and their acquaintance grew into love and an engagement that precipitated the break with her patrician relatives. Also there was another grievance which Papa Flucker could not overlook; Major Knox was becoming known as a rebel, almost as outspoken as that "rank demagogue," Sam Adams, or that other "dangerous agitator," James Otis.

The battle of Lexington, which followed soon after their marriage, caused Secretary Flucker to remember that he had some important business which demanded his personal attention in England and he sailed away with all his family, excepting his ostracised daughter, whom he left with the deluded Colonies to share their fate. Mistress Knox was not one to do things by halves. She was as ardent a patriot as her husband, and when she found that it was military life rather than business that was uppermost in the mind of the young militiaman, she encouraged him, with the condition that she be allowed to share his fortunes in camp and field.

She was wealthy in her own right and there was no reason why they should n't do what to them seemed best.

After the battle of Lexington, Boston was practically a prison, General Gage refusing to let the people leave the city for fear that they would join, or lend aid to, the patriot army. All arms found in the possession of private individuals were confiscated. Major Knox escaped to Cambridge, where his wife joined him, bringing his sword, which she had quilted into the lining of her cloak. At the battle of Bunker Hill, Major Knox was aid to General Artemas Ward. When General Washington took command of the army, he appointed the young Boston soldier on his staff and Knox remained with him during the entire war, serving in every battle that Washington saw. And his wife always followed his fortunes. From Bunker Hill to Yorktown, she was with her husband in almost every campaign, located as near as she could conveniently get, where she could receive the earliest news and be at hand should any accident render her presence necessary or desirable. Always fun-loving and cheerful, her presence in camp was of good effect and

helped to diffuse contentment and good-nature among the men. Apparently she fitted as well in the camp as she had in the ball-rooms and assemblies of Boston. She was with Mrs. Washington during the bleak winter at Valley Forge in 1777, where she was one of that devoted little band who gathered daily to sew and make and mend garments for the ragged and half-clad men. There were a number of officers' wives in the winter camp. Many of the soldiers were without proper foot covering and the women wove moccasins from straw and reeds. They attended the sick and in a hundred ways relieved the suffering in camp; Mrs. Knox spending no small amount of money from her own purse, as did Mrs. Washington, in medicines and delicacies for the sick. During the winters that Washington's headquarters were at Newburgh in the old Hasbrouck House, General Knox leased the ancient stone mansion about two miles back on the road to Goshen, which is known to this day as "Knox's Headquarters," and which was the centre for much of the social life of the camp during those two winters.

All was not privation and struggle in the ranks of the Continental army during the Revo-

lution. General Washington was himself fond of society and believed also that some show of social enjoyment and gaiety had a cheering effect upon the army. He always delighted in having about him a number of young people and of dancing, riding, and dining with them. It was at Pluckamin, in Somerset County, N. J., in the spring of 1779, that a most beautiful and elaborate fête was given commemorating the first anniversary of the French alliance. Early in the day there was a review of the army by the Commander-in-chief, accompanied by Generals Greene, Knox, Baron Steuben, and many of the other prominent officers of the war. In the afternoon there was a great banquet. Thirteen guns were fired as a signal for the opening of the feast. Scores of beeves, it is said, were slaughtered for the occasion and the country scoured for supplies as far as Morristown on the east and Easton on the west. In the evening there was a display of fireworks, arranged by Colonel Stevens, the engineering genius who founded the Stevens family in New Jersey. A temple, 100 feet long and proportionately high, had been built to show the set pieces. In the temple were thirteen arches,

and within each arch an illuminated painting.

The first represented the battle of Lexington. Second, British clemency, as displayed in the burning of Charleston, Norfolk, and other places. Third, a broken arch, symbolising the rupture between England and America. Fourth, the decay of the British Empire. Fifth, the rise of the new empire, with harbours teeming with commerce, cities rising amid woods, and the sun shining in splendour on the scene. Sixth, Louis XVI., encourager of justice—friend of America. Seventh, the fathers in Congress. Eighth, Benjamin Franklin, philosopher and diplomat, drawing lightning from the clouds. Ninth, the battle of Saratoga. Tenth, the convocation at Saratoga. Eleventh, the sea fight off Ushant. Twelfth, Montgomery, Mercer, and other fallen heroes entering Elysium and being greeted by Brutus, Cato, and others who had fought tyranny. Thirteenth, Peace and her train of blessings.

To crown all, the fête closed with a splendid ball, which was opened by General Washington dancing the minuet with Mistress Lucy Knox. This to the ladies was about the most important part of the function. This was practically

the first social event of the United Colonies, and the partner chosen by the Commander-in-chief was apt to become the social arbiter of the new nation that was in the forming. Of course, no one could supersede "Lady Washington," but she was older, did not dance, nor care much for social gaiety beyond a rather strict observance of old-fashioned etiquette in the matter of dinners, formal receptions, assemblies, and similar affairs.

Washington was not given to making many mistakes in his selection of men and he seems to have been equally happy in the women to whose judgment he deferred. Mistress Knox was a woman of much tact, quick and ready sympathy and good judgment, combined with great good-nature and a love of fun. She was very democratic, notwithstanding her aristocratic birth and training. Often she was criticised for her lack of seriousness, but the Washingtons knew, as did her husband, that very often this attitude was assumed for a purpose, and that purpose—to bring some sunlight into the dreary monotony of camp life.

During the siege of Yorktown, Mrs. Knox was with Mrs. Washington at Mt. Vernon,

having with her her eldest son, then an infant. Often in after years she used to describe the agitation and suspense they felt at this time. They knew that upon Yorktown hung the fate of the nation. If relief came to Cornwallis, the struggle might be prolonged until the colonies were exhausted. Almost breathlessly they awaited the arrival of the daily express who was sent to keep them acquainted with the progress of affairs. At last came the news that Cornwallis was taken and a summons for the two ladies to join their husbands.

Following the formal arrangement of the treaty of peace and the evacuation of New York, there were a number of social events to celebrate the great victory, and we may be sure that they were thoroughly enjoyed by bright, witty, fun-loving Lucy Knox and her proud husband, now a scarred veteran, with the title of Major-General and Chief of Artillery. Then she and General Knox went back to Boston to live, but she found it a different Boston than the city she had left as a bride. Nearly all the old loyalist families, which included many of her relatives, had gone and she was lonesome. She did not have to remain there long, however, as

General Washington, as soon as he was made President, appointed General Knox his Secretary of War, and the Knoxes came back to New York, where they lived on lower Broadway in a house next to that occupied by the President.

Almost from the first, Mrs. Knox was recognised as the social leader of the administration, greatly relieving Mrs. Washington and being frequently consulted by the President upon matters of precedence, and other points of etiquette, which the first Executive was called upon to determine and which demanded no small amount of diplomacy. Though democracy was triumphant, the old aristocracy was still strong. It had been settled that all men were born equal, but it was difficult to bring them together on social equality without giving offence; through the dignity and kindly common-sense of Mrs. Washington and the infinite tact and cleverness of Lucy Knox all these matters were arranged so that the social aspect of the new order of things, almost at once, won the respect and admiration of both the old aristocracy and the new democracy.

Shortly after the seat of government was removed to Philadelphia, there came an influx

of foreign visitors. The French Revolution was driving many of the wealthy families from their country and not a few of them came to America. Mrs. Knox, who spoke French and German as fluently as she did English, met many of these titled refugees and won general admiration from the visitors. There is a story of the Duc de Liancourt who bewailed his fate to her: "Ah, Madam, what accomplishment have I that I may turn to as a means of subsistence? I, who have three dukedoms to my head, have not a coat to my back." He got the coat, it is said, one of General Knox's, and remained a guest, subsisting on the bounty of the family for three years, when he returned to France and recovering his property became one of the richest men in that country.

When General Knox retired from the War Office, they went to Thomaston, Maine, where she had a large tract of land. It had been the property of Mrs. Knox's maternal grandfather, General Waldo, and was known as the Waldo Patent. Secretary Thomas Flucker would have been heir to the property, but when, at the outbreak of the Revolution, he fled with his family, they all lost their rights except Mrs.

Knox; Congress confirmed her grant to the remainder, though it is said that General Knox paid the other heirs for their proportionate shares. Upon this estate they built a great mansion where they entertained lavishly. The place was called "Montpelier," and in summer was rarely without a dozen to a score of guests and often many more. The General kept for the use of himself and friends twenty saddle horses and several pairs of carriage horses. Not even on the great Colonial estates of Virginia were more visitors entertained or more lavishly. Among the guests were Talleyrand, the Duc de Liancourt, the Viscount de Troailles, brother-in-law of La Fayette, Lord Ashburton, and many prominent Americans. In 1806, General Knox died suddenly and the blow almost overwhelmed the wife who had been so devoted to him. She lived for nearly eighteen years and kept open house almost to the end, but never again was she the same joyous, fun-loving woman she had been before his death. She died in June, 1824, at the age of sixty-eight, and has been described as showing, even then, traces of great beauty. In her younger days she was a finely formed woman, with splendid complexion and brilliant

black eyes and dignified manners. There are few pictures of her extant and those imperfect drawings. Stuart painted her, at Philadelphia, but was dissatisfied with the result and destroyed it. Mrs. Knox was the mother of ten children, only three of whom came to maturity.

Catharine Littlefield Greene

Catharine Littlefield, the orphan girl who married Nathaniel Greene, the young forge master of Coventry, R. I., was one of the notable women developed by the Revolutionary War. Like her gifted husband, she rose from comparatively humble surroundings, and, like him, always showed herself amply qualified to meet every responsibility, well-fitted to fill every position to which she was called with grace and dignity.

Catharine Littlefield was the daughter of John Littlefield, a farmer of Block Island. She was left an orphan while yet a mere child and went to live with an aunt, the wife of Governor William Greene of East Greenwich, an uncle of Nathaniel Greene. Of her girlhood we know but little except that her educational opportunities, like those of most girls of her time, were limited. She was ambitious, however, for the

improvement of both her mind and manners, and a great reader. It is said that she was a very attractive girl, with clear grey eyes that were always laughing, a fair complexion, regular features, vivacious manners, and perfect health. Of their courtship not much is known, except that Nathaniel Greene was ten years older than his bride, who had just turned twenty when he married her in 1774. She was fond of riding and was an excellent horsewoman and the pair rode together a great deal. Also both were fond of dancing, an amusement which in his youth had cost the young man more than one caning, dancing being one of the forbidden pleasures of the Society of Friends of which Nathaniel Greene's family were members.

Nathaniel Greene, as is well-known, laboured under the handicap of a deficient early education, though he overcame this to a large extent by his wide range of reading. His father, also named Nathaniel Greene, though prosperous enough to have sent all of his eight stalwart sons through college, held as a matter of principle that education beyond the rudiments was more apt to be harmful than helpful to a young man's character. He employed an itinerant teacher in the long

winter evenings to instruct his boys in reading, writing, and ciphering, and that was about all the education most of them got. At the age of fourteen, Nathaniel made the acquaintance of a young collegian at East Greenwich, who stimulated his ambition to the point of again going to his father and asking for a chance to get more education. After considerable hesitation, the old man consented to an arrangement by which the son was allowed to study geometry and something of Latin, under a teacher named Maxwell, in East Greenwich.

Nathaniel Greene, the father, was a Quaker preacher, along with being a large land-owner and the proprietor of a forge, grist-mill, saw-mill, and general store, in all of which his sons were employed. Nathaniel was brought up to the work of the forge, which was devoted largely to the manufacture of ships' anchors. These, together with the output from the flour mill, were sent across Narragansett Bay in sloops which, as a return cargo, brought iron ore, wheat, coal, and supplies for the store. It was not long after Nathaniel began his course of study under Maxwell that he wanted more books, of which he knew his father would not see the

The Home of General Nathanael Greene.

From a photograph.

need. He was an ingenious lad and in his spare time took to casting toy horses, anchors, and other things which he carried over on the sloop to Newport and managed to sell for money enough to buy two or three books. He became acquainted in the book-store with Rev. Ezra Stiles, afterward President of Yale College, and upon his suggestion purchased as his first books, Watt's *Elements of Logic*, *Locke on the Understanding*, and *Euclid*. These were the beginning of a well-selected library of 250 books that had been accumulated by the time he carried his bride to her new home. An interesting fact concerning this little collection was that a number of the volumes were books bearing upon military matters or histories of noted wars.

Nathaniel Greene the elder died in 1771, and the business was carried on by his sons, under the firm name of Jacob Greene & Bros. The year before that, another forge had been set up at Coventry, now Anthony, R. I., and Nathaniel Greene placed in charge. He built a large house near the forge, which is still standing, and had it furnished ready for the bride whom he married in 1774.

A year before his marriage, Nathaniel Greene

became a member of the Kentish Guards, a local military organisation, and this led to his expulsion from the Society of Friends. His reply to this action was to go to Boston, purchase a musket, and employ an old soldier to come back with him as drill-master. That same year he was elected a member of Assembly, and made one of a committee to frame a law providing for a military organisation for the Colony—possibly one of the results of his reading along military lines.

At the outbreak of the Revolution, Greene was put in charge of the provisional troops from Rhode Island, and it was not long before Washington was attracted by the appearance of the young man, nor until Congress had made him a brigadier-general. From this first meeting of the young Rhode Islander and the Commander-in-Chief, there grew up a friendship that was never broken. From this time also General Greene paid little or no attention to the forge or his other business interests, but devoted all his time and energies to the cause. It was well that he had been accustomed to take his young wife into his confidence in regard to all his affairs, as she was now left to close up his personal

business. Indeed the pair were so closely allied in everything, reading, studies, purposes, and ambitions, that her story must be told as a part of his. During the winter of '75 and '76, she visited her husband in camp at Cambridge, but cut short her visit to come back to Coventry, where she opened her big house for the care of a number of soldiers stricken with small-pox in the camp before Boston.

During the remainder of the war, Mrs. Greene managed during most winters to spend a month or two with her husband. In the camp at Valley Forge she was with him for several months. Though destined to prove a winter of great hardship for the army, the season opened not more uncomfortable than had been the summer and fall preceding it. There were but few farm-houses in the vicinity of the camp and these were already occupied by Washington, Knox, and La Fayette, and the other officers had to build log cabins but little larger and similar in construction to those of the men. Mrs. Washington was already in camp when Mrs. Greene, Mrs. Knox, and Lady Stirling arrived, and these were soon followed by the wives of several other officers. In the camp that winter were a number

of interesting and well-bred young foreigners in addition to La Fayette, among whom were Fleury, Duplessis, Armand, DeKalb, Pulaski, and, later in the season, Baron Steuben with his secretary, Duponceau, who has described Mrs. Greene as a "handsome, elegant, and accomplished woman, whose dwelling was the resort of foreign officers because she spoke the French language and was well versed in French literature."

General Greene's biographer says that "this remark must be interpreted rather as an evidence of Mrs. Greene's pleasing manners than as a statement of positive fact. Only a short time before, General Greene, in writing to his wife, telling her to make arrangements for coming to camp in company with Mrs. Knox, had cautioned her to be very particular about her spelling, in which she was sometimes careless. Mrs. Knox, being the wife of a bookseller and fond of books herself, was quite proficient in this respect, and Greene did not wish his wife to suffer by comparison. Mrs. Greene had been brought up on Block Island, and prior to the war had never travelled beyond the homes of her relatives in Rhode Island. She had a good mind and was fairly well educated for the times; and she was

undoubtedly a very agreeable woman. But her knowledge of the French language and French literature must certainly have been less than Duponceau so politely states."

It must have been rather an interesting winter, even though they did live in log cabins and had to break paths through the deep snow to get to one another's homes. The principal officers and ladies in camp met two or three evenings each week at their own quarters or at those of Washington. Cards were prohibited, we are told, and there was no floor large enough for dancing, but every one who could sing was called upon, and there were story-telling and games and, what was better, a general desire to make every one present agreeable and at ease.

And always during the days Washington kept his men busy, officers as well as privates, making the camp more comfortable, drilling and perfecting plans for future operations. In all this work, General Greene was one of his most trusted and useful subordinates. Later, when supplies failed after having been promised and the men were actually suffering for want of food and clothing as well as from the sickness that followed, Mrs. Washington began that

course of systematic relief work which will ever remain a hallowed remembrance in American history, and in which the names of Catharine Greene, Lucy Knox, Lady Stirling, and the other women of that dreary camp will always be written with those of the most devoted patriots of the cause, men or women.

Mrs. Greene was not in camp the next winter but remained at her home in Coventry, where her second child, Martha Washington Greene, was born. This little girl General Greene never saw until in the latter part of July, 1778, when he was sent to Providence by Washington, to help organise an expedition under General Sullivan, and was then able to stay only one day.

The winter following found General Greene stationed with the army at Middlebrook, on the Raritan River in New Jersey, ten miles west of New Brunswick. It was a more comfortable camp than that of Valley Forge; there were more farm-houses in the near vicinity for officers' headquarters and the men were more comfortably housed. Also the army was much better supplied. Again the camp was enlivened by the presence of women: Mrs. Washington, Mrs. Greene, Mrs. Knox, Lady Stirling and her

beautiful daughter Kittie, and several others. Again there was a round of simple amusements during the long winter evenings, with the additional attraction that there were rooms large enough for dancing. Of one of these occasions General Greene wrote: "We had a little dance at my quarters a few evenings past. His Excellency and Mrs. Greene danced upward of three hours without sitting down. Upon the whole, we had a pretty little frisk."

General Greene did not see his home in Coventry again until 1783 when, the war having been ended, he closed up his business in the south and made his long-deferred visit to Rhode Island. Mrs. Greene had been able to spend the last year of the war with her husband, but in the spring of '83 came north by water, leaving him to come overland when his duties left him free. In July, the troops were all aboard transports and started for home, and he was left free to examine the estates that had been voted him by the States of Georgia, South Carolina, and North Carolina. It was in August that he started on his horseback ride of over a thousand miles—a journey that was an almost continued ovation and ended with his reception by the Kentish

Guards at Coventry. The General took up his residence at Newport and there passed the winter with his wife and four children—the first time he had ever had a chance to see them together. In 1784, General Greene was compelled to sacrifice his Carolina estates to settle claims which he had endorsed in furnishing food and clothing for his soldiers in his southern campaign; but he still retained Mulberry Grove, the estate given him by the Georgia Legislature, and there he took his family the following year. Mrs. Greene, as well as the General, was greatly pleased with their new home. His close friend, General Anthony Wayne, had been given an estate adjoining Mulberry Grove on the north, and Governor Reed of Pennsylvania expected to settle in the same neighbourhood the following year.

At last it looked as if Catharine Greene and the husband whom she had married eleven years before, but whose society she had never enjoyed a year continuously, were to enter upon a period of domestic peace and happiness. But it was not to be. In June, 1786, he suffered a sunstroke from which he died a few days later. Letters of regret and sympathy came to Mrs.

Greene from every side, one of them from Washington, renewing his offer to take upon himself the education of his namesake, George Washington Greene, her eldest son, but in this he had been forestalled by General La Fayette who had taken the boy to France and entered him in a military school. Political disturbances in France the following year forced the lad to return to America, and a few weeks afterward he was drowned while bathing in the Savannah River. Notwithstanding her sorrows, the mother carried on the work of the plantation, educating her other children and rebuilding her husband's shattered fortunes. It was at her suggestion, during this period, that Eli Whitney began the experiments that resulted in the invention of the cotton-gin. The young man had but recently completed his course at Yale College and come south to engage as tutor. He was staying as a guest at the home of Mrs. Greene. Several planters were dining with her, and a remark was made of the benefits that would accrue from some appliance that would separate the seeds from the "wool" in raw cotton. Young Whitney became interested, and in a few days had evolved the cotton-gin, practically as it is in

use to-day. About two years after the death of General Greene, Mrs. Greene married Phineas Miller. She died about 1814 and was buried on Cumberland Island.[1]

Deborah Lothrop Putnam

Deborah Avery Gardiner Putnam, who was the second wife of Major-General Israel Putnam, had herself been married twice before. She was the daughter of Deborah and Samuel Lothrop of Norwich, Conn., and was born in January, 1719. Her first husband was the Rev. Ephraim Avery, by whom she had one son, who at the time of her marriage to Mr. Putnam was also a clergyman. Her second husband was John Gardiner, fifth proprietor of Gardiner's Island, and sometimes called "Lord Gardiner." Her daughter Hannah Gardiner and her son Septimus, aged respectively nine and seven years, were living with their mother. Lord Gardiner died in 1764, just ten years after the death of her first husband, leaving her in easy circumstances, owning as she did the Avery homestead, in Brooklyn Parish. General Putnam was himself a man of substance at the time of his marriage in 1767, owning a well-stocked farm

in Pomfret, which district he represented in the Legislature several terms.

His rarely interesting personality, as well as his known bravery in the French and Indian wars and as a backwoodsman in his boyhood, coupled with his probity of character, combined to make him one of the best known and most popular men in New England. His marriage to Madame Gardiner, writes Miss Larned in her annals of Wyndham County, "gave new dignity to his social position, bringing him into connection with many prominent families, and with that ecclesiastic element so potent in Connecticut in that period. Mrs. Putnam had a wide circle of friends and much social experience. Her husband was the most popular man of the day. Their hospitable home drew throngs of visitors. Every soldier passing through Wyndham County would go out of his way to call on his beloved Colonel. Relatives, friends, travelling ministers, distinguished strangers, and gushing patriots came in such numbers that their entertainment became very burdensome. A Virginia Jefferson would submit to such invasion, though it made him bankrupt; a Yankee Putnam could contrive to turn it into profit or at least save himself

from ruin. Finding that his estate could not stand such an excessive outlay, Putnam met the emergency with one of his bold strokes, removed his residence from his farm to the Avery estate on Brooklyn Green, and opened his home as a hotel for general public accommodation."

It was on a tree in front of this new home that "mine host" Putnam, in honour of the hero under whom he had once served, hung the famous sign representing General Wolfe in full uniform. The old swinging sign is still preserved in the rooms of the Connecticut Historical Society at Hartford.

Putnam's eldest son, Israel, twenty-seven years of age and but recently married to Sarah Waldo of Pomfret, took over the Putnam farm. Putnam's eldest daughter, Hannah, named after her mother, Hannah Pope, was already married and gone into a home of her own. The other daughters, Mehitabel, Mary, and Eunice, lived sometimes with their brother Israel and sometimes at the "Green"; while the other children, Daniel and little Peter Schuyler Putnam, came with their father to the new home.

The General Wolfe tavern on Brooklyn Green, with its rubicund and jolly host and no less

cordial hostess, became one of the best known gathering places in eastern Connecticut and was associated with many interesting incidents of Revolutionary days. Here Madame Putnam presided with dignity and happiness until her husband was called to the front by the Battle of Lexington. During the early years of that struggle, hers was a life of activity. In addition to looking after the house and farm attached to it, we read of her and her step-daughters spinning flax and weaving cloth for shirts for the soldiers, and doing other things that showed that she was fully endowed with the spirit of patriotism that so thoroughly dominated Putnam's whole career. Putnam had a mind which, though perhaps untrained, was alert and far-seeing. He early began making preparations for the storm which he foresaw in the gathering. His energetic measures prevented stamped paper being sent from New York into Connecticut. While the Boston Port Bill was in effect and the people of Boston were suffering from a lack of provisions, Putnam drove a flock of 130 sheep into Boston—a gift from Brooklyn Parish, Connecticut, to the people of Boston. Upon this visit, he was, we are informed, "Warren's

guest and everybody's favourite." He assured the people of Boston that the flock of sheep was merely typical of the offerings which he and his neighbours were willing to make for their country.

From that time, General Putnam's activities are so much a part of the glorious history of the Revolutionary struggle that there is no need of their re-telling, except in so far as Mrs. Putnam is a part. Israel Putnam as Major-General was sometimes assailed by the tongue of criticism, but it was a criticism of his judgment, of mistaken views concerning military operations, held by an old man whose own training had come from long service in the French and Indian wars, but never of his patriotism, his absolute honesty of purpose and act, or his uprightness and manliness and dignity of character. And, always, Deborah Putnam stood with him, trusted him, as the great Washington trusted him, cheered and encouraged him. When their home affairs allowed her absence, she visited him in camp. At Cambridge, in the winter of '75 and '76, she spent several weeks with her husband and there became acquainted with General and Mrs. Washington and a number of visits were exchanged, and ever after the Commander-in-

Chief and his wife held Mrs. Putnam in as high regard as they did the old warrior himself.

In the spring of 1777, General Putnam was placed in command of the army on the Highlands of the Hudson, with headquarters at Peekskill. Mrs. Putnam accompanied her husband on this campaign and never returned to her home on Brooklyn Green. Her son, Septimus Gardiner, seventeen years old and a great favourite with his step-father, had just been appointed an aide on the staff of General Putnam, to take the place of Aaron Burr, when he was suddenly taken sick and died. Putnam deeply mourned the loss of the boy, but to the mother the death was a crushing blow. She had been in feeble health for some time and it was largely for a change of air that General Putnam had encouraged her coming with him. She did not rally, however, but failed rapidly, until October 14th, when she passed away, and was laid at rest in the burying ground of the Episcopal Church, in the family vault of Colonel Beverley Robinson, whose house General Putnam occupied as headquarters.

In a letter written a few days later to the Commander-in-Chief announcing the surrender of

Burgoyne, General Putnam wrote in conclusion: "I have the unhappiness to inform you that Mrs. Putnam, after a long and tedious illness, departed this life last Tuesday night."

General Washington wrote from his camp near Philadelphia, October 19th:

To Major-General Putnam:

Your favour of the 16th I received yesterday morning and was much obliged for the interesting contents. The defeat of General Burgoyne is a most important event and, as such, must afford the highest satisfaction to every well-affected American. . . . I am extremely sorry for the death of Mrs. Putnam and sympathise with you upon the occasion. Remembering that all must die, and that she lived to an honourable age, I hope you bear the misfortune with that fortitude and complacency of mind that becomes a man and a Christian.

I am, dear sir, with great pleasure, yours,

George Washington.

Molly Page Stark

As long as American history is read and quoted, the name of "Molly Stark" will be held in

affectionate and admiring remembrance. Of all the notable women whose husbands became conspicuous for military service during the Revolution, there was none more thoroughly American than this eminently sensible, modest, kindly, patriotic woman from the backwoods of New Hampshire, the wife of John Stark.

Her maiden name was Elizabeth Page, "Molly" having been the home name by which her husband always called her. She was the fifth child of Caleb and Elizabeth Page and was born at Haverhill, Massachusetts, in 1737. Three years later her mother died, and in 1741 her father married Sarah Carlton and removed his family to Atkinson, New Hampshire. About ten years later he sold his property in Atkinson and took his family into the wilderness, where afterward the town of Dunbarton was to be. It is said that Captain Caleb Page drove a sharp bargain in the sale of this land. After considerable haggling the purchaser accepted the proposition of the old pioneer, to sell "for the weight of my wife in silver dollars." After the bargain was made the buyer chaffed the woodsman, who, he said, had given his land away.

"Oh, I don't know; we 'll ask Sally about that

when we weigh her," said Captain Page. Mrs. Page was called and stepping on the scales tipped the balance at 315 pounds. The witnesses laughed and the purchaser joked no more, but without demur paid over the money, about $5000.

Captain Page built a blockhouse and then a residence on his wilderness property and his daughter Elizabeth was installed as his housekeeper. She was then sixteen years old, rather above the medium height, well-formed, with pleasing, regular features, lithe and active "and afraid of nothing," as one of her descendants has written. It is said that she often stood sentinel at the fort for hours, with her rifle in hand on the look-out for Indians.

One of Captain Caleb Page's first enterprises was a saw-mill and in this he employed a young man, John Stark, who lived in the family. Of course the young man, who was the son of a pioneer farmer and lumberman at Derryfield, and the maid were mutually attracted. How could it have been otherwise? She was young, handsome, sunny-tempered, and capable. He was strong, active, and courageous. He had been a hunter and trapper, had been captured

by the Indians and forced to run the gauntlet, had killed bears and panthers, and had had other adventures which must have greatly interested the forest maid; consequently Captain Page was not greatly astonished when young Stark told him the state of mind in which he and Miss Betty found themselves, but advised them to wait a year and then see how they felt toward each other.

About that time, Stark was called into the Provincial service as one of the Rogers Rangers, which made a record for reckless bravery in the French and Indian War that is a part of history. Then, in the early summer of 1758, he was granted a furlough. He had been promoted to a captaincy for bravery during the year and now was come his reward. In August, he was married to Elizabeth Page at the home of her father. At the expiration of his furlough he returned to duty at Fort Edward. Two years later, Captain Stark resigned his commission and with his wife went to make a home on the tract of land he owned at Derryfield. Behind them they left their little son, Caleb, who had been born under his grandfather's roof and to whom the old man had grown so attached that

he pleaded that the boy might be left with him and the parents could not refuse his request.

In 1765, Captain Stark built a big house on his property after a plan which she, "Molly," as he generally called her, had gone over many times. This house stood just 100 years, until 1865, when it was burned down.

The news of Concord and Lexington came to Captain John Stark while he was working in his saw-mill. He hurried home, changed his dress, saddled his horse, and hurried toward Boston, spreading the word among his neighbours to gather at Medford, Massachusetts. After he had gone, Mrs. Stark discovered that he had left his pocket-book behind and was consequently without money. Taking the purse and a few other articles that she knew he ought to have, she mounted another horse and started after him, but was not able to overtake him until she reached the rendezvous at Medford. She delivered her package, remained overnight, and in the morning retraced her lonely way, most of which was through unbroken forest, to Derryfield.

Mrs. Stark was with her husband in the camp during the evacuation of Boston by the British and came near having a hand in the practical

work of the day. Washington apprehended treachery of some sort on the part of the British and ordered Colonel Stark to take the battery on Copp's Hill. Before starting, Stark told Mrs. Stark to remain where she could watch the enemy; if the party was fired upon she was directed to ride into the country and spread the alarm. Nothing happened, but that the suspicion of the Commander-in-Chief was not at fault was proven, as when the troops entered the works they found the guns loaded and lighted matches lying beside them, showing that mischief had been planned but for some reason not carried out.

It was at the Battle of Bennington where the Provincial troops under Stark repulsed the force of British and Indians whom Burgoyne had sent to capture certain supplies the Americans had collected there. It was just before noon, and the Hessians under Colonel Baum and the British and Indians outnumbered the Continental troops. As mid-day approached, the Americans were massed to receive orders. The locality was a large field, the entrance to which was through sliding bars and two tall posts. Stark mounted the top rail and, steadying himself by the tall post, harangued his men:

"Now, men, yonder are the Hessians! They are bought for seven pounds and ten pence a man! Are you worth more? Prove it! To-night the American flag floats from yonder hill or Molly Stark sleeps a widow!"

It was a sweeping victory, the Americans capturing seven hundred prisoners and hundreds of stands of arms and other military accoutrements. Congress, which a short time before had treated Stark unfairly, tendered him a vote of thanks and made him brigadier-general.

Eleven children were born to General and Elizabeth Stark, five sons and six daughters. Two of the sons, Caleb and Archibald, served in the Revolution, the latter under General Sullivan as lieutenant, and Caleb with his father, under whom he rose to the rank of major.

Many stories are told illustrative of the courage and kindliness of Elizabeth Stark. The winter that her husband was stationed with his men in the vicinity of Ticonderoga, a number of them were stricken with small-pox. She insisted on their being sent to her home where she nursed them through the sickness along with two of her own children, having at one time twenty patients

on her hands. That was in the big house at Derryfield. It was while living in the same house that one morning she heard the dogs making an unusual outcry in the woods near-by. She hastened down-stairs to where the old gun stood near the door and with it she hurried up the hill a few rods from the house where she beheld a bear stretched on a limb of a big tree. She brought him to the ground, securing enough good meat for several days.

When she died in 1814, the General was eighty-six years old. As the funeral procession left the lawn, we are told, the old General, too feeble to go to the grave, tottered into his room, saying sadly, "Good-bye, Molly, we 'll sup no more together on earth."

Abbie Bailey Morgan

Abigail Bailey, a farmer's daughter of Jefferson County, Va., who became the wife of Daniel Morgan, was a woman of more than ordinary strength of character. Not much of detail has come down to us of her personality, but from the known facts concerning her life and especially from the powerful influence for good that she exerted over the sometimes turbulent, but always

courageous and honest, "Waggoner of the Alleghanies," she could not have been otherwise than a woman of marked ability and strength of mind and purpose. To understand this we must take a brief glance at the early history of the frontier teamster, who rose to be a brigadier-general in the Continental Army.

That Morgan was the son of poor parents of Welsh descent and that he was born in Hunterdon County, N. J., in 1736 and was left an orphan at an early age, is generally accepted, though of his boyhood we know little beyond this.[2] He drifted across Pennsylvania and down into Virginia to Charleston, Jefferson County, now on the eastern border of West Virginia, where we hear of him as a rough, uncouth boy of seventeen, doing odd jobs for whoever would employ him. He could barely read or write, but was frank and outspoken, with the reputation of being ready at any and all times to fight if he thought himself being imposed upon. He obtained work and in the next two years had developed into a splendid man physically, over six feet in height, athletic and muscular. Also he had come to be well liked by the people of the little frontier town. Shortly after the opening

of the French and Indian War, Morgan enlisted as a teamster in the Virginia troop of 1000 men, of which Washington was colonel. To this force was entrusted the guarding of a frontier of about two hundred and fifty miles. It was Morgan's duty to carry supplies to the various military posts along this frontier. This meant almost daily exposure to all kinds of danger. It was a rough school for a young man of twenty, but it made him an expert rifle shot and a master of Indian warfare. He was always prone to be too "handy with his fists." On one occasion, the captain of a provincial company had trouble with one of his men, a big bully who had terrorised the whole company. According to the unwritten rules of the time, it was agreed that the matter should be settled by a fight at the next stopping-place.

"You must not fight this man," said Morgan, in an aside to the captain.

"Why not?"

"Because you 're an officer, and if he whips you it 'll be a disgrace to the whole company. Let me fight him, and if he whips me it will make no difference." The captain demurred, but finally consented, knowing that he was no

match for the bully. Morgan gave the soldier so sound a thrashing that he made no more trouble while he remained in the ranks.

At another time, a British captain, offended at something that Morgan had said or done, struck him with the flat of his sword. The burly young teamster turned and knocked the officer senseless. A drumhead court-martial sentenced him to receive 100 lashes on the bare back. He stood the punishment and came through it alive and defiant.

Shortly after this, he became a private in the militia, and on one occasion helped to repulse an Indian attack upon the fort at Winchester, where it is said that he killed four Indians in as many minutes. Such was his coolness in danger, his sound judgment, and his marked influence over his men, that Governor Dinwiddie was finally prevailed upon to give him a captain's commission. Morgan made a splendid record as an officer and in 1763, when the war was over, returned to Charleston, where he was the popular hero of the town.

But, in addition to his splendid war record, Daniel Morgan brought home some other things he had learned in camp. He was a noted boxer

and wrestler, he gambled and drank, and was fast developing into a rowdy and bad character generally.

It was about this time that he met Abbie Bailey, daughter of a farmer living near Charleston, and the handsomest young woman in the community. They were mutually attracted; and at once the people began to notice that Dan Morgan was n't drinking as much as formerly and that he was throwing off his other bad habits. He was seen no longer about the tavern; had stopped fighting and gaming, and had gone to work. Soon afterwards he married Abbie Bailey, and from that time to the day of his death he lived an upright life. He purchased a tract of land about ten miles east of Winchester, where he built a two-story house that he called "The Soldier's Rest." His thrift and industry and his great physical strength and the help of his wife soon began to bring him in a competency. More than that, both he and his wife took to reading and study, and in their later years had overcome their early deficiencies in the matter of education to so marked a degree that it was a pleasing surprise to those who knew of the rough early life of the old soldier and the

humble surroundings and limited opportunities of the backwoods girl who had cast her lot with his, "for better or worse."

For several years, the Morgans lived in peace and contentment at "Soldier's Rest." Two little girls were born to them and they prospered greatly, adding other acres to their farmstead, new buildings, blooded stock, and improvements. Then the Revolutionary storm broke. Directly after the news from Concord and Lexington came, the Continental Congress called for ten companies from Pennsylvania, Maryland, and Virginia, and Governor Henry of Virginia at once sent a captain's commission to Morgan, who received it five days after the Battle of Bunker Hill. In less than ten days, at the head of ninety-six expert riflemen, he started for Boston. It was a distance of over six hundred miles and they marched it in twenty-one days. General Washington, riding out to inspect the progress of the fortifications one morning, met the little band of mountaineers. Morgan halted his men, saluted the Commander-in-Chief, shouting: "From the right bank of the Potomac, General!" Washington dismounted and, after greeting his old friend of the French and Indian

War, shook hands with each man in the company. That was the way Daniel Morgan went into the Continental Army.

Upon his history during that struggle we need not dwell. He went in a captain of militia from Virginia and came out a brigadier-general by appointment of Congress. He fought in more than fifty battles, and when the war was over was almost a broken-down old man from rheumatism and the hard life he had led. Twice during the war he had been forced to go back to his home for rest and recuperation. And each time he found that his affairs had been well looked after and he had prospered, which was more than was the case with many other officers.

For ten years after the war, General Morgan enjoyed the peace and happiness of a quiet domestic life. Twice he represented his district in Congress. He obtained by government purchase several hundred thousand acres of land on the Monongahela and Ohio rivers, and his home was visited by many people of prominence. His hospitality, the amiability of Mrs. Morgan, and the beauty of his daughters made his family one of much consideration. His eldest daughter married, in 1786, Colonel Presley

Neville, and two years later the younger daughter married Major James Heard of New Jersey. General Morgan died July, 1802, aged 66 years, after a severe illness. After his death, Mrs. Morgan lived in Pittsburg for some time with her son-in-law, Colonel Neville, after which she removed to Russelville, Ky., where her other son-in-law, Major Heard, and his wife had taken up their residence. She died in 1816 at the country home of her granddaughter, Mrs. Matilda O'Bannon, near Russelville.

Esther De Berdt Reed

Esther Reed, wife of General Joseph Reed of Philadelphia, a member of General Washington's staff, was an English girl by birth and first saw the light in London, October, 1746. She was the only daughter of Dennis De Berdt, a merchant interested in the Colonial trade. Owing to his business relations with the Colonies, his house in London was the meeting place of many young Americans, visiting, or studying in, the English metropolis, or connected with British branches of American business houses.

At that time, most Americans of wealth and social position sent their sons to England to

complete their education, either in English institutions of learning or in the counting-rooms of the great mercantile houses. Joseph Reed was one of these. He had gone to London in 1763 to complete his legal studies at the Temple. He was twenty-three years old, well-educated, intelligent, and accomplished, and soon became a welcome visitor at the home of the De Berdts. The elder De Berdt was a man of high character, a descendant of one of the French Huguenots who had settled in England on the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. His was a strongly religious nature and his daughter, beautiful, educated, and accomplished, was religiously trained. It was but natural that the young people should fall in love with each other. The father did not favour their union, partly on account of the youth of his daughter, and more because of a dread of the separation that must necessarily follow. The young woman was too good a daughter to oppose her father's will, and in 1765 young Reed returned to America and began the practice of law at Trenton, New Jersey. He was almost immediately successful.

For five years he worked and waited and wrote to the girl, who, while she remained faith-

ful to him, would not leave her father without his consent. The old man was a warm friend of America and, indeed, his home was the place of council of those who hoped to stem the tide of English aggression and oppression and still had hopes that some middle course might be found, by constitutional methods, to stay the hands of a misguided government. He was the agent of the Stamp Act Congress and afterward of the Colonies of Delaware and of Massachusetts. It was thus that Miss De Berdt came to have almost as strong a sentiment of loyalty to America as if she had been a born daughter of the Colonies. The disturbed conditions of Colonial trade brought about by these complications carried commercial disaster to the elder De Berdt, who became bankrupt. His reverses preyed so heavily upon the old man's mind that he fell ill and died, but not until he had given consent to the marriage of his daughter, and in May, 1770, the lovers were united at St. Luke's Church in London. In October of that year, after her father's affairs had been settled, they returned to America, when Mr. Reed gave up his law practice in Trenton and removed to Philadelphia.

Reed was an ardent and active patriot, at all times outspoken in opposition to the growing insolence of the parliamentary party that seemed bent upon goading the Colonies to war, and his young wife seems to have been in thorough sympathy with him. When news came of Concord and Lexington, it will be remembered that Philadelphia, the largest city of the new world, was ready and eager in its sympathy, sending money and munitions of war to New England, and we find the name of Joseph Reed among the most active.

In June, 1775, when Colonel George Washington of Virginia was chosen by the Continental Congress as Commander-in-Chief, he set out almost immediately for Boston, to enter upon his duties. A number of prominent citizens accompanied him. Among them was Mr. Reed, who intended going only as far as New York. The fates decreed otherwise. From New York he wrote to his wife that at the earnest insistence of General Washington he had turned soldier and joined his staff as aide.

Mrs. Reed made no murmur, though it meant a painful separation and, as she well knew, financial loss to the young lawyer. She wrote that

she would "not have her dear Mr. Reed to act so cowardly as to fly when his country needed his assistance." The cause was "glorious—every person should be ready to sacrifice his personal interest in this glorious contest." In one of her letters about this time is found one of the earliest expressions of independence: "If the last petition is not granted," she wrote, "I imagine we shall declare for independence and exert our utmost to defend ourselves." When in 1776 Reed was asked by General Washington to become his military secretary, she wrote urging him to accept, though it meant continued separation and business loss. "One must cheerfully give up profits. There are so many things that are unnecessary."

She remained in Philadelphia during the year 1775, with her two children, but in the following summer took them to Burlington, N. J., and in the winter, on the approach of the British, went to live at a farm-house near Evesham. Here her third child was born. Her life must during this period have been one of terror. She was in feeble health and with her were her aged mother, her three children, and a female friend, also a soldier's wife; their only male

attendant was a boy of fourteen. The country was overrun with British and Hessians or American refugees, rendered desperate by their sufferings, and neither life nor property was safe. After the British reverses at Trenton and Princeton, the British troops and Tories were driven out and Philadelphia was relieved, and then Mrs. Reed was able to return to her home.

During the winter of 1777, General Reed, who had been chosen as a member of the Continental Congress and as one of the advisory committee appointed for the purpose, was with Washington at Valley Forge. Mrs. Reed and her mother and children took refuge at Flemington, in the northern part of New Jersey, where they remained until the evacuation of Philadelphia. It was at Flemington that one of her children died of small-pox. In 1778, Reed was elected President of Pennsylvania, after a campaign filled with bitter opposition and misrepresentation, through which the constant sympathy of his wife was his greatest solace. In May, 1780, Mrs. Reed's youngest son was born and named after General Washington, and this brought to the parents a letter from the Commander-in-Chief as fol-

lows: "I warmly thank you for calling the young Christian by my name." [3]

In the fall of this year, the ladies of Philadelphia raised a large sum of money which they spent in buying clothing for the soldiers. Mrs. Reed was elected president of this organisation. M. de Marbois, Secretary of the French Legation, wrote of her as "the best patriot, the most zealous and active and the most attached to the interest of her country." These women, inspired by the action of Martha Washington at Valley Forge, solicited money and other contributions, sewed and raised money in other ways, until they had altogether about $7500 in specie at a time when hard money was difficult to obtain.

President Reed's biographer says: "All ranks of society seem to have joined in the liberal effort, from Phillis, the coloured woman with her humble seven shillings six pence, to the Marchioness de La Fayette, who contributed $100 in specie, and the Countess de Luzerne, who gave $6000 in Continental paper."

General La Fayette wrote to Mrs. Reed as follows upon this occasion:

HEADQUARTERS, June 25, 1780.

MADAM:

In admiring the new resolution, in which the fair ones of Philadelphia have taken the lead, I am induced to feel for those American ladies who being out of the Continent cannot participate in this patriotic measure. I know of one who, heartily wishing for a personal acquaintance with the ladies of America, would feel particularly happy to be admitted among them on the present occasion. Without presuming to break in upon the rules of your respected association, may I most humbly present myself as her ambassador to the confederated ladies and solicit in her name that Mrs. President be pleased to accept her offering.

With highest respect, I have the honour, Madam, to be,

Your most obedient servant,

LA FAYETTE.

On the 22d of August, Mrs. Reed wrote from her country residence on the Schuylkill: "I am anxious to get back to town, because here I can do so little for the soldiers." Less than a month later her frail body was stricken with a

fatal disease and September 18th she died, aged thirty-four years.

Sarah Livingston Alexander (Lady Stirling)

Sarah Livingston, sister of Philip Livingston, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, and of William Livingston, the first popular Governor of New Jersey, became the wife of William Alexander, a wealthy and prominent young man of New York, about the time of the breaking out of the French and Indian War. William Alexander was a son of James Alexander, an eminent Colonial lawyer, and his wife, who was the widow of Samuel Provost. James Alexander died in 1756, leaving a large estate. Mrs. Alexander, who was one of the De Peyster women, had carried on during her period of married life with Mr. Alexander the large mercantile business which she inherited from her own mother and had also accumulated a fortune. Young Alexander secured some valuable contracts from the British Government for furnishing provisions and other supplies to the army during the French and Indian War and this led to his making two acquaintances who were to play an important part in his

after life. One of these was Lord Shirley, the British Commander-in-Chief in North America, and the other Colonel George Washington, an officer in the Provincial army.

General Shirley took the young civilian with him when he returned to England, to help him out of some legal entanglement he had gotten into, and growing out of his actions as head of the army. While in England, William Alexander, Fifth Earl of Stirling, died, leaving no heir to his title or estates nearer than the young American, who at once began proceedings to secure both, but was unsuccessful so far as the estate was concerned. He had also been put to great expense by reason of the legal battle, which lasted for several years, and had been compelled to mortgage his great land-holdings in Orange, Ulster, and Albany Counties, New York, but he retained a fine estate in New Jersey, at Basking Ridge.

Sarah Livingston Alexander spent considerable time abroad with her husband during the progress of their contest for the Scotch estate and was generally known as Lady Stirling, as her husband was accorded his rightful title, even though the technicalities of the Scottish

law prevented his gaining possession of the estate. But their residence abroad, or the title which they had inherited, made them no less loyal Americans, and with almost the first guns of the war for independence we find Lord Stirling at the head of a troop of Jerseymen, capturing a British transport, an act for which the Continental Congress that same year, 1775, made him a brigadier-general.

Lord Stirling and his wife had two children, both daughters grown to maturity, and Mary, the eldest, married to Samuel Watts, a wealthy New York business man who was maintaining a strict neutrality in the contest. The younger daughter, "Lady Kitty," was a girl of rare beauty and accomplishments and as ardent a patriot as her cousins, "The Three Graces," the daughters of Governor Livingston.

Lord Stirling and General Washington had always retained the friendship established between them during the French and Indian War, and it is evident that Washington thought highly of the military qualifications of Lord Stirling, for there were few generals of the army kept in more continuous service during the entire seven years. It is claimed that during

that period Stirling at one time or another commanded every brigade in the army except those of South Carolina and Georgia

Lady Stirling and her daughter lived at Basking Ridge during most of the campaigns, but generally spent a considerable portion of the time the army was in winter camp, between campaigns, with Lord Stirling. Both were at Valley Forge a portion of the winter that the Continental Army was encamped there, and again at Morristown, where "Lady Kitty" danced the minuet with Washington and was the "belle of the ball," at one of the impromptu functions with which the officers' wives broke the monotony of camp life. When not at Basking Ridge, the mother and daughter stayed with Governor Livingston at "Liberty Hall," his home near Elizabethtown, N. J., or at Parsippany, the other home to which he was forced to flee when the English and Tories invaded Elizabethtown and set a price on his head.

In 1778, while Lord Stirling was in command at White Plains, he secured permission for Lady Stirling and her daughter to pass the British lines and enter New York to visit her eldest daughter Mary, who was in ailing health. The

letters of both ladies to Lord Stirling are preserved in the Historical Collections of New Jersey and are interesting as descriptive of the times and as giving an insight into the minds of the two women.

Sir Henry Clinton, the British commander, seems to have been very civil, sending his cards to the ladies, with whom he was already acquainted, and extending other courtesies. "Mr. Elliot," an old friend (Collector of the Port), was most polite, calling two or three times and telling Lady Stirling that if she "wanted to take anything out of town" she had the privilege. Especially, he urged her to "take a *box of tea*," but Lady Stirling, while appreciating his little joke, writes that "she stuck to her text," and told him that she was come only to see her daughter and not to carry anything away. She found Mrs. Watts doing well and their baby growing finely.

Kitty's letter, not quite as domestic as her mother's, was in a lighter vein. She writes from Parsippany, where Governor Livingston's family was staying:

"I have made several attempts to obey an injunction laid upon me by my dear papa in

Lady Catherine Duer.

From an engraving of the painting owned by William Bitts, Esq.

his letter to General Maxwell, but have always been interrupted or entirely prevented by trivial accidents, which, while important enough to prevent my writing, are scarce worth mentioning to you. Colonel Livingston's going to camp at last, furnishes me with opportunity of acquainting you with everything my memory retains of our visit to New York.

"In the first place we had the satisfaction of being treated civilly by the British officers. One indignity indeed we received from General Grant, who ordered a *sergeant* to conduct the Flag to town instead of an *officer;* but we were so happy at getting this permission to go that we readily excused this want of politeness. Our acquaintances in town were remarkably attentive; but whether it proceeded from regard to themselves or us, is hard to determine. The truth is, they are a good deal alarmed at their situation and wish to make as much interest as possible on our side. The sentiments, I really believe, of a great number have undergone a thorough change since they have been with the British Army, as they have many opportunities of seeing acts of flagrant injustice and cruelty which they could not have believed their

friends capable of, had they not been eye witnesses. This convinces them that if they conquer we must live in abject slavery.

"Mama has, I suppose, mentioned to you the distressed condition in which we found poor Mary. The alarms of fire and of the explosions, added to her recent misfortune, kept her for several days in a very weak state; but we had the satisfaction to leave her perfectly recovered. The child she now has is one of the most charming little creatures I ever saw, and by all accounts is more likely to live than either of the others. Mr. Watts, I am happy to find, is among the number of those who are heartily sick of British tyranny, and as to Mary, her political principles are perfectly *rebellious*."

Lord Stirling died a few days after the Battle of Yorktown. His daughter, "Lady Kitty," married William Duer, a member of the Continental Congress and for many years a prominent and honoured citizen of New York. Lady Stirling survived her husband for a number of years. The letter of condolence written to her by General Washington after the death of her husband is preserved in the Historical Collections of New Jersey.

Mary Brownson Allen

Mary Brownson was the wife of Ethan Allen of Vermont during the most turbulent portion of his tempestuous career, and in consequence the current of her life must have been anything but smooth and placid in its flowing. To-day, however, there is little known of her beyond the record of her marriage and of her children. We have no knowledge of her personality or character, except that she was a good wife and mother and was held in great respect and affection by her immediate descendants.

Mary Brownson was the daughter of a farmer living near Roxbury, Connecticut, and was twenty-nine years old when she was married to Ethan Allen in June, 1762. Allen, who was but twenty-four at that time, was in the iron business in Salisbury, Conn., where with several associates he had set up a furnace and forge. By this marriage, Allen had five children, one son who died at the age of eleven years, while his father was in prison in England, and four daughters. But two of the daughters were married, one to Eleazar W. Keyes and the other to Hon. Samuel Hitchcock, both of Burlington.

In 1769, Allen removed his family into the western part of the New Hampshire Grants, where he and his brothers had secured a considerable tract in one of the townships held under a grant from Governor Wentworth. This land was also claimed by New York, and soon Allen found himself drawn into the struggle over the titles in the New Hampshire Grants, which was long and bitter and which led to the formation of the State of Vermont. The contest grew very bitter and Allen, as one of the leaders, organised his "Green Mountain Boys" to resist the encroachments of the New York settlers. The issue had not been settled when the Revolutionary War broke out and Allen and his friends became open rebels against the British Government. He signalised his earnestness as well as his bravery and audacity by taking Fort Ticonderoga and Crown Point, May 10, 1775, a coup that was planned three weeks before the engagements of Concord and Lexington. In September of that year, Allen was taken prisoner in a rather ill-advised attempt to capture Montreal with a few of his Green Mountain Boys and a force of French Canadians who failed him at the last minute. Allen and his men were carried

to England and were treated with brutal severity. Finally, after a captivity of two years and a half, Allen himself was exchanged for a British officer named Campbell. He visited Washington at Valley Forge and then started for his home in Sunderland, Vermont, where he found his wife and daughters. How Mary Allen had passed the long interval of their separation can only be conjectured. Allen and his two brothers were possessed of considerable property in land and it is probable that she was well provided for. She was a capable woman, reared in a farming community; Allen's brothers were well to do and men of standing and prominence, while his own struggles in behalf of the settlers in the matter of their titles, his bravery at Ticonderoga and Montreal, and the story of his sufferings in the British prisons had made him a popular hero; it is probable, therefore, that Mrs. Allen was well cared for. Of their home in Sunderland, not much is told in the stories of his life; some of his letters are dated from there after his return, but more of them from Bennington. He was elected to the Legislature from Arlington, though giving his address at Sunderland. For the next few years we find Allen

taken up with public affairs, trying to make the Continental Congress recognise the new State, straightening out legal tangles growing out of the multiplicity of land titles and the changes of government, and writing letters, pamphlets, and volumes on religion, politics, and other things, that give evidence of his ability and public spirit. We find, however, not a line about his wife or children, which would seem to show that he was not much of a domestic man. Mrs. Allen died about the close of the Revolutionary War.

Ethan Allen's second wife was Mrs. Frances Buchanan, a lively widow of twenty-four who was living with her mother in Westminster. The story of his proposal to Mrs. Buchanan, who was a young woman of sprightly wit, has something characteristic of the man. It was during a session of the court that General Allen drove up to the house in a sleigh drawn by a handsome pair of black horses driven by his own negro driver. Chief Justice Robinson and Stephen R. Bradley, a prominent lawyer, were at breakfast, and asked Allen to join them. He replied that he had breakfasted and would step into the sitting-room and speak to Mrs. Buchanan.

That young woman was standing on a chair, dressed in her morning-gown, arranging some glass and china on an upper shelf. She greeted him laughingly, and made some remark about a broken decanter in her hand. Then the General said: "Fanny, if we are to be married, now is the time, as I am on my way to Arlington."

That was the first that she had heard of it, but she was evidently expecting something of the sort, for with a laugh she said: "All right, wait till I put on my josie."

In a few minutes she appeared, all ready, and General Allen called in Justice Robinson.

"Judge Robinson," he said, "this young woman and I have concluded to marry each other, and to have you perform the ceremony."

"When?"

"Now! For myself I have no great opinion of such formality, and from what I can discover she thinks as little of it as I do, but a decent respect for the opinion of mankind seems to require it, so you will proceed."

"General," said the Chief Justice, seriously, "this is an important matter. Have you given it your serious consideration?"

"Well," said the General, with a proud glance at the handsome and accomplished young woman beside him, "do you think it requires much consideration in this particular case?" It was evident that the Chief Justice agreed with him for he ordered them to join hands and began:

"Do you, Ethan Allen, take this woman to be your lawful and wedded wife? Do you promise to love and protect her according to the laws of God——"

"Stop, Judge, stop—the laws of God," said Allen, pausing and glancing out over the snow-covered fields. "Yes, the law of God as written in the great book of Nature. Go on, my team is restless."

Soon the bride's trunk and guitar were brought out and put in the sleigh, and with bells jingling merrily they started away. Three children were born from this marriage: one daughter, who died in a convent in Montreal, and two sons, both of whom went into the army.

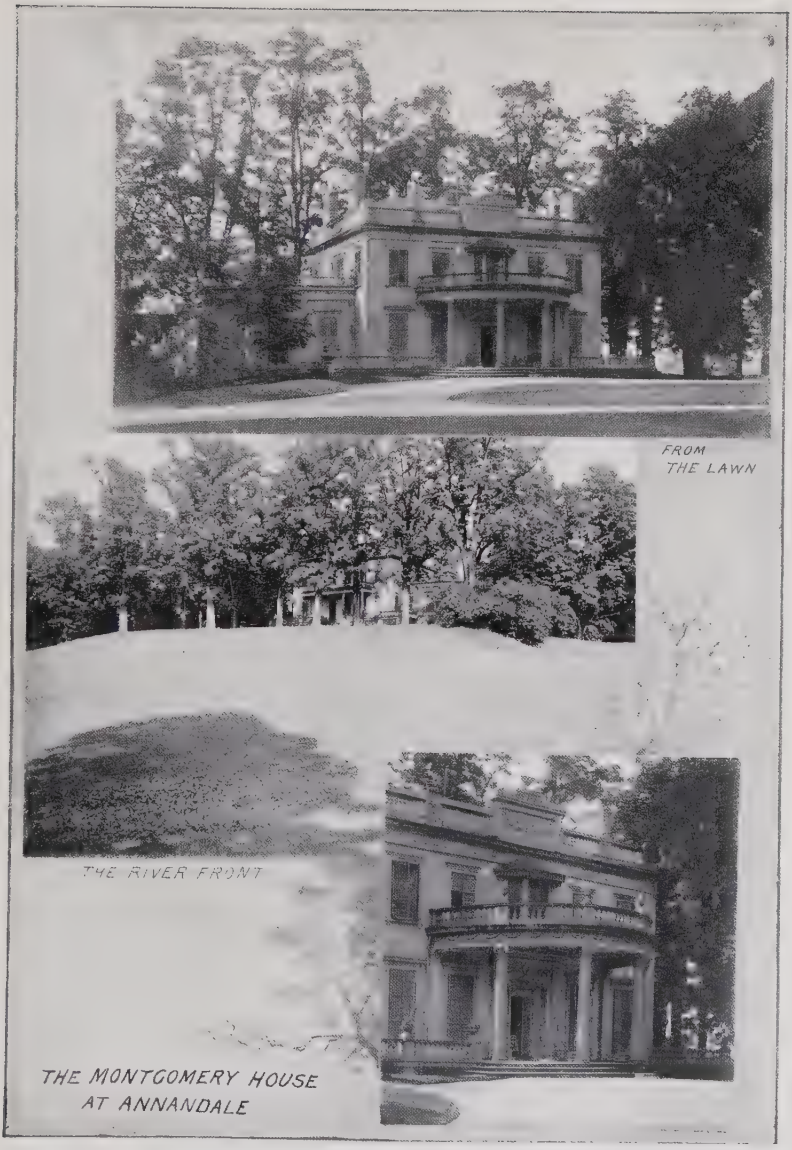
General Allen died of apoplexy, in 1789. His widow afterward married Dr. Penniman of Colchester, Vermont, where she spent the remaining years of her life. By this marriage she had several children.[4]

Janet Livingston Montgomery

Owing to the tragic and untimely death of the gallant young Irish patriot, Richard Montgomery, to whom she had but recently been married, as well as to her own beauty and social prominence, the story of Janet Montgomery is one of the romantic tragedies of the Revolution. Her family was one of the wealthiest in the province of New York, as well as one of the most influential. She was the daughter of Robert R. Livingston, Judge of the Supreme Court and owner of a large estate at Clermont in Columbia County. Her brother, also named Robert R., was Chancellor, and Philip Livingston, proprietor of the great Livingston Manor, was a cousin, as was William Livingston of New Jersey, and his sister, Lady Stirling.

Janet Livingston was the eldest daughter of Judge Livingston, and was reared on the estate, but was educated largely in New York City, where she acquired all the graces and accomplishments of a gentlewoman of her day. To these she united a sunny disposition and ready and kindly wit that had made her noted throughout the Province.

Richard Montgomery was the son of Thomas Montgomery, an Irish member of the British Parliament, and was born at Conroy House, his father's estate near Raphoe, Ireland, in 1736. After graduating from Dublin University, he secured a commission in the British Army, and joined the expedition sent out against Louisburg. Personal bravery and a particular thoroughness in the manual of arms won him a lieutenancy. He served with Amherst in the Canadian campaign and, after the reduction of Montreal and Quebec, accompanied the expedition against the French and Spanish West Indies, where he conducted himself so gallantly that he was given the command of a company. The Treaty of Versailles, in 1763, closed the war and he returned to his home. In 1771, he sold out his commission and emigrated to America. He purchased a farm on the Hudson, at Kingsbridge, above New York, and in 1773 married Janet Livingston and went to live on her estate at Rhinebeck. He was at the time planning to build a magnificent home on his own estate, having fully decided to devote himself to agricultural pursuits. In 1775, he was elected, from Dutchess County, a member of the first Provin-



The Montgomery House at Annandale.

cial convention of New York. Almost from the first Montgomery had taken a decided stand on the side of the people as against the crown, but he had no taste for public life and would have preferred the quiet of his country retreat to almost any other place. Such quiet was not to be his lot. Though a man of almost marked reticence, his views were well-known, as were his training and ability, and upon the appointment of officers by the Continental Congress he was made one of the eight brigadier-generals. It may have been the importance of his family connexions that helped to secure the appointment, but, so far as Montgomery himself was concerned, the honour came unsought and undesired. A friend who knew that he had other plans wrote to him about it, and in his reply General Montgomery said:

"The Congress having done me the honour of electing me brigadier-general in their service, is an event which must put an end for a while, perhaps forever, to the quiet scheme of life I had prescribed for myself; for, though entirely unexpected and undesired by me, the will of an oppressed people compelled

to choose between liberty and slavery, must be obeyed."

That ended the home life of General Montgomery. Of his famous siege of Quebec, of his death while leading the heroic, almost foolhardy attack upon the impregnable heights, the writers of history have graphically told. But of the grief of the young wife, widowed almost before the honeymoon was ended, we can only conjecture. That her hand was sought by many suitors during the half century and more that she survived him, remaining ever faithful to his memory, is sufficient proof of the depth of her affection and the sincerity of her grief. Possibly the sorrow of the young wife was lightened by the generous expressions of sympathy that came to her from every side. Letters from Martha Washington, Mercy Warren, Abigail Adams, and many others led to lasting friendships. Mrs. Warren, writing to her in November, 1777, says:

"The sensibility of soul, the pathos of grief so strongly marked in your letters, have convinced me that the brave Montgomery had a partner worthy of his character."

The following is an extract from her reply to Mrs. Warren:

"My Dear Madam:

"The sympathy that is expressed in every feature of your letter claims from me the warmest acknowledgments; and the professions of friendship, from one who so generously feels and melts at the woe of a stranger, not only soothe but flatter me.

"It is very kind of you, madam, to seek for alleviating consolations in a calamity (though of so much glory). I thank God, I feel part of their force, and it is owing to such friends as you, that have lightened the load of misery.

"As a wife I must ever mourn the loss of a husband, friend, and lover; of a thousand virtues, of all domestic bliss; the idol of my warmest affections, and in one word my every dream of happiness. But, with America, I weep the still greater loss of the firm soldier and the friend to freedom. Let me repeat his last words to me when we parted: 'You shall never blush for your Montgomery!'

"Nobly has he kept his word; but how are my sorrows heightened! Methinks I am like the

poor widow in the Gospel, who, having given her mite, sits down quite destitute. Yet would I endeavour to look forward to the goal with hope; and, though the path is no longer strewn with flowers, trust to the sustaining hand of friendship to lead me safely through, and, in assisting me to rise superior to my misfortunes, make me content to drag out the remainder of life, till the Being who has deprived me of husband and father will kindly close the melancholy scene, and once more unite me to them in a world of peace, where the tyrant shall no more wantonly shed the blood of his innocent subjects, and where vice and virtue will receive their reward."

An excerpt from a letter written to Mrs. Warren, three years later, finds her still dwelling on her loss, but the sorrow is mingled with ardent patriotism. She writes:

"I have been interrupted. Another alarm of the enemy's being in full march for Saratoga, and the poor harassed militia are again called upon. My impatient spirit pants for peace. When shall the unfortunate individual have the gloomy satisfaction of weeping alone for his own particular losses! In this luckless state,

woes follow woes—every moment is big with something fatal. We hold our lives and fortunes on the most precarious tenure. Had Arnold's plan taken place, we could not have escaped from a fate dreadful in thought; for these polished Britons have proved themselves fertile in inventions to procrastinate misery."

Later, upon the eve of starting to visit her husband's relatives in Dublin, accompanied by her nephew, she writes: "I hope when I return, to find my dear country, for which I have *bled*, the envy of her enemies and the glory of her patriots."

In 1818, the New York Legislature passed an "act of honour," in behalf of Mrs. Montgomery, petitioning Sir John Sherbrooke, then Governor-General of Canada, to allow the remains of General Montgomery to be brought to New York. It was granted and Governor DeWitt Clinton appointed Lewis Livingston to accompany the remains from Canada through to their final resting-place.

It is related that when the funeral cortege, moving down the Hudson, neared the home of Mrs. Montgomery, she took her place on the veranda and requested that she be left alone.

After the procession had passed she was found where she had fallen unconscious.

The remains of General Montgomery rest in the grounds of St. Paul's Chapel in New York City. Mrs. Montgomery died in 1828, having survived her husband fifty-two years.

Polly Penrose Wayne

Mary Penrose, of Philadelphia, was married to Anthony Wayne of Waynesborough, Chester County, Pa., in 1767. She was the daughter of Bartholomew Penrose,[5] a prominent merchant of Philadelphia and a young woman of considerable dignity and character, as well as a well-trained mind. Wayne was but twenty-two at the time of his marriage, and she was slightly his senior, though from his early responsibilities and training he appeared more matured than many men of affairs several years older.

Leaving school shortly after he was eighteen, he at once began the practice of his profession as surveyor. Very soon afterward his work brought him to the attention of Benjamin Franklin, who had large holdings of wild lands in the central part of the Province and gave employment to Wayne, trusting more and more

to his judgment and honesty. It was a life well suited to the young man, for the work took him into the wilderness where the days were passed in running lines over mountains and across valleys and gorges. There were dangers enough to excite his love of adventure, including the chance of an encounter with stray Indians looking for private revenge for old injuries. After about two years of this work, Franklin directed the young man's energies into a larger field. In 1764, Franklin, together with a number of others, organised a company for the purpose of purchasing and settling a large body of land in the Province of Nova Scotia. Wayne was put at the head of the first colony of settlers who left Philadelphia in March, 1765, and went directly to Nova Scotia, where a tract of 100,000 acres was secured on the St. John river and a similar tract on the Piticoodzac. He conducted the affairs of the Colony successfully for two years and then returned and married the sweetheart of his youth and took up his residence in Chester County, where Isaac Wayne, his father, had a farm of five hundred acres.

Polly Wayne, as she was generally called, took up her new life on the farm with the zest and

energy to have been expected from one of her thrifty family. Wayne built a tannery, carried on his trade of surveying, and farmed. He found time also to pursue the study of mathematics and astronomy and to carry on considerable reading, mostly of a military or historical character. Of Mrs. Wayne, we hear but little during these years. Her life seems to have been so peaceful and uneventful as to have left nothing to record. All the time, however, the young man was becoming more prominent as a citizen and man of affairs. In 1774, he was elected a member of the Provincial Legislature. His father died the same year and the direction of his estate fell entirely upon his son Anthony, who had no brothers. The spirit of growing opposition to British aggression was being felt around Philadelphia, and we find Wayne, like Nathaniel Greene, studying military tactics, reading Marshall Saxe's *Campaigns*, and other books of military practice. He was chosen head of the Chester County Committee and soon after promoted to the Colonial Committee of Safety by the Provincial Assembly, along with Benjamin Franklin, John Dickinson, and Robert Morris. Next, he was appointed Colonel of the

Fourth Battalion of Pennsylvania troops, and that ended the home life of Anthony Wayne for years.

Of the life of Mary Wayne during these years we have little record. That she entered heartily into all his plans, sympathised with his hopes and ambitions, is evidenced by the confidence and consideration which his letters to her contain. Only a few of these letters are preserved, but these show so much of trust and confidence between the man in the field and the woman at home looking after his affairs, that they afford a rare insight into her character.

When Wayne joined Washington at Valley Forge, in 1777, he had not been home in sixteen months, and in explaining why he could not come at the time, he writes to his wife: "I can't be spared from camp. I have the confidence of the General and the hearts of the soldiers who will support me in the day of action. . . . The Times requires great Sacrifices to be made. The Blessings of Liberty cannot be purchased at too high a price. The Blood and treasure of the Choicest and Best Spirits of the land is but a trifling consideration for the Rich Inheritance."

In June, 1777, General Wayne writes from "Camp at Mt. Prospect," as follows:

"My Dear Polly,—I this moment rec'd yours of the 31st May—and am extremely sorry to hear of your bad state of health. . . . I would advise you to use every Possible endeavour to get in your Harvest yourself and not put it out on Shares on no Acc't. as grain and Hay will be at a Prodigious price next winter. Have we no kind Neighbours to lend a helping hand? I am sure the Bartholomews & Davis families will have goodness Enough to give you their Assistance and Advice. . . . The Education of my Little Children is a matter that gives me much Concern and which (I hope) you will not neglect. . . ."

In August, 1777, Washington, having learned definitely that Howe was to attack Philadelphia, marched south to meet him and sent Wayne to organise the Pennsylvania militia to assist the regular army. This took Wayne into his own County of Chester, yet, on August 25th, he was obliged to write this to his wife:

"My Dear Girl,—I am peremptorily forbid by his Excellency to leave the Army—My case is

hard. I am obliged to do the duty of three General officers but if it was not the case, as a Gen'l officer I could not obtain leave of absence."

He begs her in the letter to come to him the next day and bring their two children (a son and daughter) with her. Wayne almost invariably addressed his wife as "My Dear Girl," or "My Dear Polly." After the Battle of Germantown, when the air was filled with complaints from every side, we find Wayne, who had reason to complain, writing cheerfully to "Dear Polly," as follows: "Upon the whole it was a Glorious day. Our men are in High Spirits, and I am confident that we shall give them a total defeat in the next action."

Wayne's son Isaac became an officer in the U. S. Army, and the daughter grew up to become the wife of William Atlee, a lawyer of prominence and one time Judge of Delaware County. Polly Wayne died at her home in Waynesborough in 1793. The General survived her three years, and his remains, after several years, were brought back from the grave in which they reposed, on Presque Isle, Lake Erie, placed beside

those of his wife, and surmounted by a monument erected by the State Society of the Cincinnati.

Mary Valence Gates

Mary Gates, wife of General Horatio Gates, was a woman of sterling character, whose many amiable traits and kindliness of heart endeared her to every one who knew her. She was an English girl by birth, the daughter of James Valence[6] of Liverpool, a wealthy citizen who, dying, left her £90,000. No small portion of this fortune was spent in improvements upon the estate which General Gates had purchased in Berkeley County, Va., soon after the French and Indian War. General Gates, who came of a good English family, had served in the army almost from boyhood and was prone to good fellowship and hospitality. His wife, who was well-educated and accomplished and loved company, was equally hospitable and they entertained widely. In consequence, it is said, the cost of maintenance of General Gates's estate was considerably beyond the income from his planting.

At the opening of the Revolutionary War, Gates, who was an active and ardent patriot, was appointed Adjutant-General by Congress

and took up his residence at Rosehill, an estate which he purchased near New York. Here Mrs. Gates remained most of the time during the war, occasionally joining her husband in the field for a few weeks, and always entertaining with great hospitality. Army officers, especially the friends of her husband, received warm welcome at her house, and sick and wounded officers found the comforts and care of home at Rosehill. The Polish patriot, Kosciuzko, when wounded, lay for six months at the home of Mrs. Gates, who nursed him back to health.

Mrs. Gates was not so much interested in the war for independence as she was in the success of General Gates, and in her eyes he was the greatest living general, an opinion in which her husband was unfortunate enough to concur. She must, therefore, have suffered most keenly at the censure that was bestowed upon him during the latter part of his career,—some of it as unjust as was the flattery and overpraise that came to him after the capture of Burgoyne's army. No word of complaint was heard from her, however, and she was ever a sympathetic and helpful companion. A number of the letters written to her by General Gates are still preserved

as well as a few written by her. One, written to Count D'Estaing in acknowledgment of a compliment paid to her husband, shows that she could write with both ease and grace. It is dated from Danbury, in October, 1778, and is as follows:

"Sir: The terms in which your Excellency has expressed your esteem for General Gates are so personally obliging, that I am afraid I am rather more grieved than pure patriotism permits that I cannot at this time send you his portrait. It is in Virginia.

"If I can have it in time before you leave these parts, I need not assure you, Sir, that my partiality to the General will be such powerful inducement to my transmitting it to the painter you have directed to copy it, that you may depend on the gratification of what your kindness to the General has made you wish for.

"With all the gratitude which the honour you feel inclined to confer on General Gates entitles you to from his family, and with the respect your personal merit commands from all, I have the honour to be,

"Sir, your Excellency's most humble

"And most obedient servant."

When General Gates was put in command of the southern army in 1780, Mrs. Gates returned to her Virginia home, and there the General followed her when the war was over. In 1790, after emancipating their slaves, General and Mrs. Gates removed to New York again, and there he died in 1806. In his later years the old General appears to have lived in great peace and content, visited frequently by many of his old companions-in-arms, for whom "My Mary," as he always called his wife, had a cordial welcome. She survived him several years and, dying, left a considerable fortune to relatives. Their only son was an officer in the Continental Army, who was killed at the Battle of Camden, S. C. Notwithstanding the differences that had existed between General Gates and the Commander-in-Chief, General Washington, upon this occasion, wrote a feeling letter of condolence.

Rebecca Calhoun Pickens

A rarely interesting character was that of Rebecca Calhoun Pickens, wife of General Andrew Pickens of South Carolina. She was the daughter of Ezekiel Calhoun and was born in 1745, on his estate in the Calhoun settlement

in the Abbeville district. Ezekiel Calhoun was a man of considerable importance, educated, well connected, and owning a property which in that day was considered almost a fortune.

In 1761, the Calhoun settlement was raided by Indians, upon the occasion of the Cherokee uprising, and a number of the most prominent settlers were murdered. Ezekiel Calhoun with his family escaped from their home on the Long Cane Branch of the Broad River to the Waxhaws, on the Broad, where they were placed in safety to await the settlement of the issues with the Indians. Rebecca was sixteen years old at the time and reckoned to be the prettiest girl for miles around. She was fairly well-educated for the times and was, moreover, a splendid horsewoman and an expert shot. It was at this time that she became acquainted with Andrew Pickens, of the South Carolina militia, sent out to quell the Cherokees. He was a handsome, dashing young man of twenty-two who had volunteered for the campaign. Two years later, young Pickens came again to Calhoun settlement and married the maiden whom he had first met at the Waxhaws.

The wedding was an event long remembered

on the frontier. The beauty of the bride and her connection with many of the prominent families of the State, together with the well-known hospitality of the Calhouns, brought guests from far and near. Invitations were not needed in these early times and all were sure of a welcome. The festivities, it is said, lasted three days.

After their marriage, young Pickens purchased a large tract of land in the vicinity of where the courthouse of Abbeville was afterward built, and on it erected a house and near it a blockhouse, where his family and others of the settlement could retreat for safety in case the Indians should become troublesome. When the war for independence broke out, Pickens was made a captain in the Provincial militia and from that time was very active. The care of their little family and of their property was left largely to Mrs. Pickens. There was constant danger from Tories and Indians as well as British troops. It was during this period that the courage and devotion of his wife were a constant inspiration to Pickens. On many occasions, Mrs. Pickens was obliged to leave her home with her little children and hide, depending on their negroes

for their support. Time after time, she with her family and others of the settlement were driven into the blockhouse for refuge, and many a half-grown boy who afterward became a soldier in the field received there his first training in warfare.

Congress voted Pickens a sword for his bravery and made him a brigadier-general for his services, and these were compensation enough for his wife so long as they came with independence of British rule. Other honours, both State and National, came later to General Pickens, in all of which she shared unnoted, but proud of the recognition he had won.

She had three sons and six daughters. Her sons graduated from northern universities and two of them became eminent lawyers and one, Governor of his native State. She died in 1815 and sleeps in the burying-ground of the Old Stone Meeting House of the Presbyterian Church of Pendleton, S. C., by the side of her husband, who survived her but two years.

Sarah Trowbridge Ward

Sarah Trowbridge, who married Artemas Ward in 1750, was the daughter of Rev.

Caleb Trowbridge of Groton, Mass. Her mother, Hannah Trowbridge, was the daughter of Rev. Nehemiah Walters of Roxbury, Mass., and her grandfather on her maternal side was the Rev. Increase Mather, the famous Boston divine and statesman. She was well-educated and was considered to be a young woman of more than ordinary intellectual attainments.

Artemas Ward was graduated from Harvard College in the class of 1748, and two years later was married. He came of a good family and was a young man of some prominence in the community and became wealthy. He served in the French and Indian War, receiving several promotions, and after its close was elected a member of the Massachusetts Legislature and afterward a member of the Common Council. At the outbreak of the Revolutionary War, he was Judge of the Court of Common Pleas of Worcester County, as well as commanding officer of the Massachusetts Provincial troops. He was known to be a staunch patriot and consequently, when Congress appointed officers, the first major-general named was Artemas Ward. He fought at Bunker Hill along with his old companions-in-arms, Israel Putnam, John

Stark, and others, and during the siege of Boston Washington placed him in command of the right wing of the army at Roxbury. That was about the end of General Ward's military operations, as failing health compelled him to resign shortly afterward and he retired to private life. He remained to the end an active and ardent patriot as he was a public-spirited citizen and a man of uncorruptible integrity. Mrs. Ward was thoroughly in sympathy with his patriotic views, but of her private life we know little, except that she was an earnest Christian woman, and charitable to a degree.

General Artemas Ward died in 1800, aged seventy-three years. His wife died two years before him at the age of sixty-four. They had eight children, five sons and three daughters.

Their second son, Nahum, was a captain in the Continental Army and died in Boston in 1788, a few days before his mother. Descendants of the family are numerous and prominent.[7]

Mary Clap Wooster

Mary Clap Wooster was a daughter of Rev. Thomas Clap and his wife Mary Whiting of New Haven, where she was born in 1729.

Home of Major-General Artemas Ward, Shrewsbury; Built in 172–, Modernised 1785.

Property of Artemas Ward, Esq., New York. Original hand-split shingles are on the house.

Rev. Thomas Clap, fourth president of Yale College, was a direct descendant of John Howland of the *Mayflower*, and his wife was of direct descent from Governor Bradford. When she was only sixteen years old, Mary Clap was married to Captain David Wooster, commander of the sloop *Defiance*, the first war vessel built in Connecticut. Captain Wooster was at the time of the marriage thirty-five years old and was a man of considerable wealth and distinction. He served through the Colonial war with credit, receiving signal marks of royal favour for personal gallantry displayed at the capture of Louisburg. During his absence, his wife lived in New Haven, most of the time in the "General Wooster House," which is still standing.

During the peace that followed the treaty of 1763, the Woosters led a happy and contented life. Captain Wooster was retired on half pay as an officer in His Majesty's Fifty-first Regiment of Foot, and was also Collector of the Port of New Haven. He introduced the masonic order into the Province; and their home was known as one of the most hospitable in Connecticut, where were frequently gathered

the most prominent men and women of the day.

When the Revolutionary War came on, Captain Wooster was one of the first to espouse the cause of the patriots, notwithstanding the pecuniary loss his decision involved. He was offered a commission in the British Army but declined this and proffered his services to the Province in which he lived. His offer was accepted and at a special session of the Connecticut Assembly, held in April, 1775, he was appointed commander of the Connecticut troops with the rank of major-general. From that time his young wife saw but little of him until she was called to his bedside when, at Ridgefield, in April, 1777, he received the wound from which he died five days later.

Mary Wooster was as strong and loyal in her patriotism as was her husband and upheld him when he refused the offer of a British commission. Later, when money was needed to pay officers and men and purchase supplies, it was with Mrs. Wooster's full knowledge and approbation that the General advanced funds from his private purse. She was to suffer bitterly for her loyalty, in more ways than one.

In 1779, British and Hessian troops under Tryon invaded Connecticut, laying waste the towns of Norwalk, Fairfield, and New Haven. Mrs. Wooster was warned of their approach and advised to seek safety in flight. She refused, saying: "I am not afraid to meet British soldiers. I have been the wife of a man who once fought with British soldiers and who dared when duty called to fight against them." She sent a young niece to Farmington, under an escort, and remained in the house in company with an old coloured woman who would not leave her mistress. In the house also were two or three sick soldiers who were being cared for. Of her treatment on that occasion we have the following from Hinman's *Connecticut in the Revolution:*

"Sworn to, July 26, 1779, before Samuel Bishop, Justice of the Peace, in New Haven: John Collins, formerly an officer in the Continental navy, sick at the home of Captain Thomas (David) Wooster, in New Haven, testified that on the fifth day of July, 1779, soon after the British took possession of New Haven, a number of British soldiers entered Mrs. Wooster's home (the widow of General Wooster) and demanded

of her her silver and silver plate. She told them she had none in the house. They then demanded her pocket, which she refused. One of the soldiers seized her by the shoulder, swore she had plate, and he would kill her unless she delivered it. She took a watch from her pocket and gave it to him, and laid some other trifles on the table, and attempted to escape at the door. They cried, 'D— her, stop her!' and laid violent hands on her, and one levelled a gun at her breast, damned her, and swore if she moved a step he would shoot her dead. They then demanded her rings and her handkerchief from her neck. She asked them if they were not ashamed to treat a woman thus. One replied: 'D—you, do you think you must wear a silk handkerchief when I have none?' As they were about to use violence to obtain them, Mrs. Wooster delivered them up. They then turned their attention to Mr. Collins and made him prisoner, when Mrs. Wooster escaped."

Mrs. Wooster hurried to the home of Mr. John Miles, a Tory who took no active part in the war. A guard had been placed at his house and a number of his friends had come there for

protection. On her way there British soldiers, knowing that she was the widow of General Wooster, struck her with the flat of their swords and called her a "d— rebel." Among the many things carried away from Mrs. Wooster's home at this time were a quantity of President Clap's papers and manuscripts, educational treatises, and astronomical calculations. Both Mrs. Wooster and President Stiles of Yale College wrote to the British commanders in an effort to regain these papers, but were informed that they had been thrown overboard from one of the war ships to which they had been taken.

Mrs. Wooster survived her husband for more than thirty years, living quietly, famed as a housewife, entertaining her many friends and caring for her children. Four children were born to General and Mrs. Wooster, only two of whom lived to grow up: Thomas who married Lydia Shelton of New York, and Mary who became the wife of Rev. John C. Ogden of Hanover, N. H. Mrs. Wooster was much embarrassed in her declining years by her impoverished condition. General Wooster had advanced considerable sums of money for the

payment of officers and men during the years he was in the service, and the vouchers for these were all destroyed or carried away at the time of Tryon's raid, and consequently his widow never recovered. She died in 1807, aged seventy-eight years, and was buried in the old New Haven cemetery.

Mary Videau Marion

Mary Videau, described as "a maiden lady of Huguenot descent, of considerable wealth and most estimable character," became the wife of General Francis Marion in 1784. The "Swamp Fox" was then fifty years old, admired by his State and Nation, no less for his dashing bravery and proved patriotism than his chivalrous sense of honour as a soldier and a citizen. When the war closed, General Marion left his brigade and returned to his plantation in St. John's Parish and set to work to repair the damages done his property by war. He was almost immediately elected a member of the Senate of South Carolina, his native State, which voted him a gold medal, "as a mark of public approbation for his great, glorious, and meritorious conduct." In the same year he was appointed

to the command of Fort Johnson, in Charleston harbour, with a salary of £500.

It was after he had received this appointment that he married Miss Videau, who was a few years his junior and a distant relative. She was wealthy and they lived quietly and happily on his plantation until General Marion's death in 1795. They had no children and the widow never married again.

Ruth Floyd Woodhull

Ruth Floyd, daughter of Nicoll Floyd of Wantage, L. I., and a sister of William Floyd, a signer of the Declaration of Independence, was married to Colonel Nathaniel Woodhull of Suffolk County, L. I., in 1761.

Colonel Woodhull was born on Long Island, where his father owned a large estate, and after completing his education became a major in the Provincial troops raised to take part in the French and Indian War. He was with Abercrombie at Crown Point and Ticonderoga, and promoted to a colonelcy with Amherst at Montreal, in 1759 and 1760, when with his troops he was mustered out and returned home. He was elected to the Provincial Congress at White

Plains, over which he presided. He was made General of the brigade which the counties of Queens and Suffolk raised for the Continental Army. At the time of his capture, August 28, 1778, General Woodhull was engaged in driving the cattle along the sea-coast of Long Island back towards the interior to keep them from the British. He had sent his company to a point about four miles east of Jamaica while he waited, expecting a dispatch from Washington. He was surprised by a detachment of seven hundred British soldiers, as he was about to mount his horse. Major Baird, of the British troops, riding up ordered him to say "God save the King!"

"God save us all and the Continental Army!" said General Woodhull, upon which the British officer attacked the unarmed man, slashing him repeatedly across the arm with his broadsword until stopped by Colonel Oliver DeLancey, the Tory from New York. Woodhull had received one blow on the head and his arm was nearly dismembered. He was sent to prison, where he died from gangrene, though an attempt was made to save his life by amputation, as he lay in the old church in New Utrecht, which was

used as a prison. There for the first time he was allowed to communicate with his wife. In this communication he wrote to her to come and bring all the money she had in her possession and all that she could procure. She did, and he distributed it among his fellow prisoners, so as to alleviate their sufferings as far as possible. He died, September 20th, a few hours after her arrival, and she was allowed to carry the body back to his old home for burial. The killing of General Woodhull was generally regarded as a wanton murder, not to be justified by any rules of warfare, and an act that greatly incensed the Americans.

General Woodhull left one child, a daughter, who married Henry Nicoll for her first husband and General John Smith for her second. Very little has been written of the private life or personality of either Mrs. Woodhull or her daughter, though the former was noted for her patriotism and her charities.

Elizabeth St. Julien Moultrie

Major-General William Moultrie, who was the second son of Dr. John Moultrie, married, at the age of twenty-one, Elizabeth Damaris

de St. Julien, a daughter of the third Pierre de St. Julien. Two children were born to them, a little daughter who died at the age of thirteen, and a son, William, born in 1752, who entered the Continental Army in 1775 and rose to a captaincy. Elizabeth Moultrie died early in the war, and in 1779 General Moultrie married Mrs. Hannah Lynch, widow of the Hon. Thomas Lynch, and daughter of Jacob Motte, at one time Treasurer of South Carolina. It was less than a year after his second marriage that Moultrie was taken prisoner by the British and held for two years. The old hero, who in addition to his eminent military services was twice Governor of his native State, died in 1805, and sleeps at Winser Hall, fourteen miles from Charleston. The Society of the Cincinnati have placed a tablet to his memory in St. Philip's Church, Charleston.

Elizabeth Hooton Warren

General Warren was but twenty-three years of age when he married Elizabeth Hooton, and she was but fourteen. A newspaper describing the event says of her that she was "an accomplished young lady, with a handsome fortune."

It was a happy circumstance for the young lady that she had the fortune. Dr. Warren became so wrapped up in the patriotic cause that he practically gave up all of his time to it, leaving his practice and his affairs generally to look after themselves. Elizabeth Warren seems, however, to have entered heartily into all of his hopes and aspirations, and she was looked upon in Boston as almost as ardent a patriot as her husband. Dr. Warren was killed at Bunker Hill, June 17, 1775, and she died before the war ended. They had four children, two sons who died unmarried; one daughter who married General Arnold Welles, and died leaving no children; and another, who married Judge Horace Newcome. Their son, Joseph Warren Newcome, married Mary Sumner of Hartford, a great-granddaughter of General Israel Putnam. A son from this marriage, an officer in the U. S. Army, and his two daughters are said to be the only living descendants.

Phœbe Bayard St. Clair

General Arthur St. Clair married Phœbe Bayard, daughter of Balthazar Bayard, one of the prominent early settlers of Western Pennsyl-

vania, shortly after the close of the French and Indian War, in which he had earned the rank of lieutenant. He settled in the south-western part of Pennsylvania and almost immediately began to take an active part in public affairs. He purchased a tract of land in Westmoreland County in the Ligonier Valley, and there became prosperous. Lieut. St. Clair was one of the most public-spirited citizens of the western end of the Province, and shortly after the Revolutionary War began he was made a major-general. Like many other officers, General St. Clair advanced money from his private fortune for the use of the army. This he was unable to recover and in his old age was seriously impoverished. There were six children born to General St. Clair and Phœbe Bayard his wife. The eldest daughter, Louisa St. Clair, became the wife of Lieutenant Samuel Robb, another name prominent in Western Pennsylvania, from Revolutionary times down to the present.

Elizabeth Lloyd Cadwalader

General John Cadwalader, of Maryland, married Elizabeth, daughter of Edward Lloyd, of Talbot County, Md., son of the Governor

Lloyd, seventh royal Governor of Maryland. Edward Lloyd was a member of the Assembly and a wealthy citizen of prominence. The daughter was well connected, highly educated and accomplished, and an acknowledged belle in the early days. They had three children, all girls. Annie, the eldest, married Robert Kemble, and their only child became the wife of General William Sumner of Massachusetts. Elizabeth married Archibald McCall of Philadelphia, and their son became Major-General George A. McCall, U. S. Army. Marian, the youngest, was married to General Samuel Ringgold, a member of Congress from Maryland.

General Cadwalader was married twice, his second wife being Wilhelmina, daughter of Dr. Thomas Bond, of Philadelphia. Three children were born of this second marriage, John, Thomas, and Frances, who married David Montague, son of Lord Erskine, at one time British Minister to the United States.

Lydia Wooster Sullivan

Lydia Wooster, of Durham, N. H., was married in 1765 to John Sullivan, a leading lawyer in New Hampshire, and they went to live

in a fine house which the young lawyer had prepared for his bride and which is still standing.[8] For the next ten years they passed a quiet, happy life, he building up a lucrative law practice and amassing a considerable fortune, while she cared for her little family. In 1775, Sullivan was elected a delegate to the first Continental Congress. He so impressed that body that the next year, notwithstanding the fact that he had had no military training, he was made a brigadier-general. From that time forward, Sullivan gave himself up to the cause. His wife was left in entire charge of his business and saved his property from becoming hopelessly involved. Sullivan was not only compelled to draw upon his private purse for his personal expenses, but advanced money for army supplies and loaned largely to others, whom he would never press for payment. In after years, he became wealthy as well as highly honoured in his profession in his State, but at various times during the war their fortunes were at low ebb. They had six children, three sons and three daughters. Lydia, one of the daughters, married Jonathan Steele, who afterwards became Judge of the Supreme Court of New Hampshire;

General Sullivan's House, Durham, N. H.

while one son, George Sullivan, became Attorney-General of his native State.

Isabella Gordon Mercer

General Hugh Mercer of Virginia was married in 1767 to Isabella Gordon of Fredericksburg. They had five children. The youngest, Hugh Tenant, who was born in 1776, was educated at the expense of the government. Anna, the eldest daughter, married Robert Patton of Fredericksburg. General Mercer and Washington were friends before the war and fellow members of the masonic order, and their families exchanged visits. Beyond the fact that she came of an old and highly respected family, but little is known of Mrs. Mercer.

NOTES TO CHAPTER III

[1] Near the last resting place of the widow of General Greene sleeps one of her husband's warmest friends and most gallant officers, "Light-Horse Harry" Lee, who died at the home of Mrs. Shaw, a daughter of General Greene who inherited Cumberland Island from her mother. There is a story told of Mrs. Greene to the effect that when Aaron Burr went south after his duel with Alexander Hamilton, he requested permission to stop at the house. She could not refuse the demand upon her hospitality, but Alexander Hamilton had been the close friend of her husband and herself and she would not meet him. So she ordered her carriage and quitted the house until Burr had come and gone.

[2] William W. H. Davis, A.M., in his *History of Bucks County, Pa.*, adds some interesting facts about Daniel Morgan's life. He says:

"All the Heinleins in America are descendants of Matheis Heinlein, who, with his wife, son George, and daughters Sarah and Eva, took passage in the ship *Bannister*, Captain John Doyle, from Amsterdam, and qualified at Philadelphia, Oct. 31, 1754. He settled at Durham township (Bucks County) on a tract of land on the southern slope of Bucher Hill. . . . This entire tract became the property of his son George. Eva, the oldest daughter, became the wife of George Bernhard Horn. Sarah, the other daughter, became the second wife of James Morgan, ironmaster of Durham furnace, and father of Daniel Morgan, the famous General of the Revolution.

"Daniel Morgan's biographer, in a fit of romance, tells the story that the General, when a boy of fifteen, left his home solely by reason of his dislike for his step-mother. At the same time, he sets Daniel's departure in the year 1752, which is the correct period, and just two years before Sarah Heinlein arrived in America. She was married to James Morgan in 1765 and tradition says 'made an excellent wife for her husband, helping to rear the children from his first wife.' These were Mordecai, Abel, James, Samuel, and Olivia.

"Abel became a noted physician in Philadelphia and during the Revolution was a surgeon in the Eleventh Regiment of the Pennsylvania line. Mordecai, James, and Samuel were lumbermen, and were purchasers of a large tract of land in the Delaware and Susquehanna River country. Mordecai and James finally settled at a place called Morgan's Hill in Wayne County, Pa., where their step-mother passed her widowhood. General Daniel Morgan made a visit to his brothers on one of his trips to the north.

"Probably Daniel's cause for leaving home was more through a spirit of adventure than for any other reason. This same characteristic we find in his favourite cousin, Daniel Boone (Boone's mother was Sarah, a sister of James Morgan, Daniel's father). The Boone family lived about this time near the Lehigh River in Allen township, Northampton County. Squire George Boone (Daniel's father) and James Morgan were close friends. Daniel Morgan was born on Plat No. 30, near the iron works, Durham, Bucks County."

[3] George Washington Reed was a Commander in the U. S. Navy and died a prisoner of war in Jamaica in 1813. He refused a parole, being unwilling to leave his men in the pestilential atmosphere, and was stricken down himself.

[4] Gen. Ethan Allen Hitchcock was a grandson of Ethan Allen

The Sullivan Slave House.

through his first wife. The late Ethan Allen of New York was a grandson by the second wife. Two sons by the second wife were in the U. S. Army and died in Norfolk, Va.

[5] Hon. Boies Penrose, U. S. Senator from Pennsylvania, is a descendant of the same family.

[6] Mrs. Ellett, in her *Women of the Revolution*, gives Mrs. Gates's maiden name as Mary Phillips, but the weight of evidence is in favour of Valence, though neither name, so far as known, appears in the correspondence of either the General or his wife, now in possession of the New York Historical Society.

[7] Artemas Ward, Esq., of New York, and father of Assemblyman Artemas Ward, Jr., is a great-grandson of General Artemas Ward.

[8] The old house was recently purchased by Lynde Sullivan, an attorney of Boston and a direct descendant of Governor Sullivan of Massachusetts, a younger brother of Major General Sullivan.

[9] The wives of a number of other officers of more or less prominence will be found in other chapters, "Wives of the Signers," "Patron Saints," etc.

WOMEN OF THE REVOLUTION

WOMEN of lineage high, whose tender feet
Encased in silken hose and pointed shoes
The minuet danced, or proudly paused to greet
Patrician lords,—not theirs to lose
One whit of real nobility when they
Exchanged the silken hose for homespun grey,
And dancing days for working days, more meet
For dames whose soldier husbands were away.

Perchance our mothers lost somewhat of those
Graces accredited as wholly feminine,
And woman's fortitude to bear the blows,
Outraged, became a courage masculine
Not lacking tenderness, and thus she grew
Helpmeet for man as even less she knew
Of selfishness the more dependent shows,
And soul as well as heart of man she drew.

. . . . . .

And when, God pity them, was sadly borne
A husband, brother, father, or a son
At morn from battlefield, not theirs to mourn
In bitterness of grief but just begun;
But from the arms of love, death cold, they turn,
While yet for kiss on dear dead lips they yearn,
To bind the sword before the day is done
On yet another well beloved one.

Mrs. W. W. Rich, in *American Monthly Magazine.*

Chapter IV

Daring and Devotion of the Women of '76

Instances of the patriotism and courage that animated our pioneer mothers of the Revolutionary period—Betsy Hager, the blacksmith's helper, who captured British cannon for the minutemen—Mary Ludwig Hays, "Molly Pitcher," and her prototype, Margaret Corbin, who took their husbands' places in battle—Sarah Bradlee Fulton, "Mother of the Boston Tea-party"—Lydia Darrah's eavesdropping saves Washington—Nancy Hart, "The War Woman of Broad River"—Emily Geiger, "The Maid of the Congaree," dupes Lord Rawdon's scouts—Deborah Sampson, who served two years as a common soldier—Cornelia Beekman thwarted plan to save André the spy—Milly Barrett, the cartridge maker of Concord—Rebecca Motte furnishes the fire arrows to burn her own home—Mary Redmond, "The Little Black-eyed Rebel"—Dicey Langston, "The Rebel Maid of the Enoree"—Captain Prudence Wright and the Pepperell Home Guard—The Fighting Martins of "Ninety-six."

IN the following random sketches, illustrative of the patriotism and courage that animated, to so large an extent, the women of the Colonies during the Revolutionary period, no attempt has been made at systematic arrangement, chronological or otherwise. The stories are told as we chanced to find them,

pains being taken to verify their accuracy, in so far as possible. Where we have not been able to satisfy ourselves as to the authenticity of an incident, we have either omitted it or given it as a family tradition. But these incidents, while given as isolated episodes happening at widely separated points and the persons chiefly concerned being of different social conditions, will be found to possess a certain definite connection—a running thread of story that brings out better than could be shown in any other way the part that the women played in that great struggle and that presents also a composite picture of the times.

Elizabeth Hager

There was a "bound girl," an orphan without home or kindred, living near Boston at the breaking out of the Revolution, who was as loyal a patriot as was ever Samuel Adams or John Hancock, and who, in her circumscribed sphere of action, did as much for the cause of independence as any man who carried a musket or sabre under George Washington.

"Handy Betty," or "Betsy the Blacksmith,"

as she was sometimes called, because of her ability to use tools of almost any kind, though her right name was Elizabeth Hager, first saw the light of day in Boston in 1750. Her parents, very poor people, died when she was about nine years old. After the custom of the time, she was "bound out" to a farmer living in the vicinity of Boston, thereby insuring the thrifty city fathers against her becoming a public charge. In other words, it meant that the little girl must remain with the farmer as one of his family until she was of age legally, doing such work as should be required of her. In return, the farmer covenanted with the authorities to feed and clothe the maid, care for her when she was sick, and also to give her a certain amount of religious and moral instruction, which was specified in the bond. The girl became strong and healthy, a willing and capable worker, skilled in the many and varied employments that came to the farmers' wives and daughters of the pioneer days. Especially was she expert as a weaver, and, what was more, she could set up or take down her loom or make or repair any part of it. Indeed, she is said to have been noted throughout the neighbourhood as being

able to make almost anything out of iron or wood that she could see made.

In addition to her household and farmhold accomplishments, "Handy Betty" had acquired a smattering of education, could read and write and keep accounts, as would be expected of a New England girl. That she was as strong as a man, though only of medium size, and of a "modest and virtuous temper," is set down in the records.

After serving out her 'prenticeship, we find the practical Miss Hager working around among the farmers of the community, where she had been reared, at such employment as came to her in the dairy, in the kitchen, sowing and reaping, carding, spinning and weaving flax of her own raising and wool of her own shearing. There was not much specialising in women's work in the early days and Betty's education seems to have been of considerable breadth, even though she had gathered but little of book learning.

For weeks before the war really broke out at Bunker Hill, there had been a thrill of excited expectancy in the air; it was surcharged with a militant patriotism, anxious, yet eager for the outcome. Secret though crude preparations

were being made for the conflict which every one had felt to be inevitable since the Boston Tea-party, and the farmers' boys and the minute-men were organising secretly, and drilling in lonesome places, whenever a veteran of the French and Indian wars could be found to put them through the manual of arms or the goose-step.

Betsy Hager was working at the time for Samuel Leverett, a blacksmith and farmer in a small way. Leverett was an outspoken patriot, but not more so than was the buxom young woman who was his helper at both forge and farm. Every minute that Leverett could spare from shoeing the oxen and horses of his neighbours or mending their waggons and ploughs he was secretly at work in a room adjoining the smithy, refitting and repairing old matchlocks and muskets. And as he pounded out gun-locks and powder pans and other appliances, or fitted new stocks of black walnut or curly maple to the old barrels of Queen Anne's day, Betty filed and ground, polished and put together the pieces as fast as Leverett turned them out. Dozens and scores of such weapons they made serviceable, though many of them had not been used

since the days, years before, when every man outside the towns went to his work with a gun over his shoulder for fear of a lurking Indian in the bush. All this work was done gratuitously, both the blacksmith and helper having volunteered to put in condition every gun brought to them that was destined for use against the common enemy.

At the battle of Concord the British soldiers left six brass cannon behind them, waiting only to spike the guns before flying from the field. Betsy Hager, who had been one of the first of a score of self-constituted nurses to hurry to the battle-ground with bandages and liniments and who had worked for hours caring for the wounded, noticed these cannon and, giving them a semi-professional examination, hurried back to Samuel Leverett with the breathless information: "The King's men left six of their brass field pieces down there and we can make them as good as new."

Back with the girl went Samuel Leverett and he, too, saw how the guns, which had been "silenced," could be made to speak again. Before morning the six pieces of artillery were safely hidden in the back room of the smithy,

where the pair, working in secret at night, drilled out the spikes and refitted the locks, after which they were turned over to the American commander just six weeks after the battle.

After the cannon were refitted and turned against the British, Mistress Betsy took to preparing ammunition for their use, and it is told that upon one occasion where it was needed in making the cartridges she ran out of flannel with which she wrapped the charge, and unable to get more, she cut up and used her own underclothing. Such were the self-sacrificing services rendered by Betsy the Blacksmith during all the long seven years' war, and always she was ready to visit the sick and suffering, especially among the families of soldiers, becoming more and more skilled in the use of such medicaments of roots and herbs as composed most of the materia medica of our grandmothers' days.

Shortly after the close of the war, she was married to John Pratt, who had been one of the minute-men to carry one of the guns that she had repaired in the shop of Samuel Leverett. Pratt was a farmer and had but little of this world's goods with which to endow his bride—not as much as had Handy Betty, who notwith-

standing her charity might have been called "Thrifty Betty." Anyway, they rented a farm and the wife stocked it and they prospered, though the times were hard and business of all kinds nearly at a standstill.

The times grew harder, not only in Massachusetts, but all over the country. Independence had been won, but almost immediately the young republic was faced with difficulties in the way of getting organised and the wheels of governmental machinery running smoothly—difficulties almost as great as it had experienced in throwing off the British yoke. Especially was this true in organising its finances. The Continental currency issued by Congress depreciated in value day by day until the small amount of scrip that John Pratt brought back as his pay as a soldier had not enough of real purchasing value to pay for a week's keep in Boston. Naturally people were loath to accept the currency in payment for debt, yet there was no other. Imprisonment for debt was then legal and customary and great hardship followed.

Some of the people of Massachusetts and of other States seemed to have grown into the habit of rebelling, and one of them, Daniel Shays,

led in an insurrection against the authority of the courts and the government that called for the army to put down. This was civil war brought home. Before, there were a few Tories, who sympathised with the King, but otherwise their enemies had been foreigners, invaders of their homes whom they were called upon to fight. Now the conflict was between friends and neighbours, for Shays seemed to have the popular side of the question, and the country people flocked to his standard.

But not John Pratt. Betty would n't let him. "Now, John," said she, "we know that things are going wrong, but Washington will bring them out all right, and we are not going to be of those who make it harder for him. You take your gun and go and fight Shays and I 'll raise the crop."

And she did, and a remarkably fine crop it was that Betty raised and harvested, while John Pratt marched with General Lincoln during that awful winter of 1786–87, played his part in the saving of the arsenal at Springfield, which Captain Shays had set out to capture, and finally in the putting down of the rebellion.

In 1816, the Pratts removed from Massachu-

setts to Northern Pennsylvania and bought a partially cleared farm in Bradford county, a part of the old "Connecticut reserve," over which there had been many years of bitter contention between Colonists holding land with Connecticut titles and the "Pennamites" holding titles under the original grant to William Penn. The county, which lies along the New York State line, is now one of the richest and most populous agricultural counties in Pennsylvania, but was then almost a wilderness, excepting where, here and there, a little settlement had sprung up. Betsy Pratt and her husband were well along in their sixties, and with their oldest child, Thomas, a half-grown lad, they travelled into Pennsylvania and started in to build up a home in the woods. They became prominent and respected members of the community, Mrs. Pratt being especially well known as a "doctor." She had learned the practice of inoculation for the cure of smallpox when that dread disease broke out in the Continental army, in New England. Consequently when an English doctor named Lee tried to introduce vaccination she bitterly opposed the treatment. She was not the only one, and when the rumour

was soon circulated that Dr. Lee was a British emissary, with British gold in his pocket for spreading a fatal disease among the American people, he was chased out of the country, and the controversy ended almost before it began. Betsy Hager survived her husband for several years, and died at the age of ninety-three, and, with her husband, lies buried in Granville, a few miles from her old home. Their descendants are prominent people in Northern Pennsylvania to this day.

Mary Ludwig Hays, "Molly Pitcher"

There were two brave women during the Revolutionary War who once fought as common soldiers—fought as men fight in battle, with arms and necks bared, faces and hands smoke-stained and dust-begrimed—fought with the wild, fierce lust of battle, to kill, maim, destroy. In the hazy lapse of the long years that have passed, the name of one of these heroic women has been almost lost sight of, but the other will be known as long as the story of the battle of Monmouth is spread on the pages of history as "Molly Pitcher."

"Moll o' the Pitcher" it was at first, when with her old stone ewer with its broken spout she carried water to the thirsty lads of Captain Francis Proctor's company while in action and won their lasting affection, as her fearlessness and loyalty had already won their admiration. Her real name was Mary Ludwig Hays. She was the daughter of John George Ludwig of Mercer County, N. J., a thrifty German farmer from the Palatinate, who had settled there some years before, and was born, October 13, 1754. But little record of her girlhood is left except that she was a large woman, very strong and a good worker, as farmers' daughters among the Germans are apt to be. It is in the records that she was red-haired and full of animal spirits and afraid of nothing, also that at the age of fifteen she went to live in the family of General Irvine of Carlisle, Pa. The same year she was married to John Hays, a barber, owning his own shop in Carlisle. When the struggle for independence began, John Hays enlisted in the company raised by Captain Francis Proctor. In almost every command at that time a certain number of married women, wives of soldiers, were allowed to accompany their husbands, doing the

washing and mending and sometimes even the cooking for the men. Molly Hays considered herself fortunate in being allowed to join her husband and share in his privations. She had no children, and the dangers and hardships were, to one of her strength and spirits, far more to be desired than the weary waiting at home. For two years and more she shared her husband's life, on the march, in camp, and on the battle-field. Hays had risen to the rank of sergeant and at the battle of Monmouth, where he had charge of a gun, was wounded just as he was sighting his piece. Molly had been with him ever since the opening of the engagement, most of the time carrying water for the thirsty soldiers of the company. As he fell she ran to his assistance and helped him back to a sheltered place where he could rest most comfortably until the surgeons could care for him. Then, at his bidding, she went back to the gun, which the commander was just about to have removed, as there was no one to serve it. "Here, I can take care of that gun," she said. "Don't take it away."

"Let her try it," said the officer, who had come to know her well. All the rest of the long, sultry

day "Moll o' the Pitcher," as the men had come to call her (for Monmouth was not the first action in which her stone water jug had brought drink for the thirsty), served her gun, loading and firing, except at intervals when she made hurried trips with her broken-nosed ewer for water for her husband.

That night, it will be remembered, Clinton slipped away with his troops and the battle which Lee had almost made a defeat was by Washington turned into something like a victory. With the break of morning, Molly Hays had made arrangements to get her wounded husband back home, but not until General Washington had himself come to call upon her and thank her for her services and her bravery. It was upon the report of the great commander himself that the Continental Congress voted her a sergeant's commission and half pay through life. Her native State of Pennsylvania also granted her an annuity.[1] John Hays died from the effects of his wounds about the close of the war, his wife caring for him to the last. Some years later she was married to George McAuley.

There has been much written about brave old "Moll o' the Pitcher," not a little of which has

been untrue and some of it absolutely libellous. Yet her story is a simple one and easily authenticated. She has been pictured as a brawling virago, coarse and illiterate, and by some writers as a somewhat disreputable camp-follower. She was nothing of the sort. One who knew her in private life has written: "Big and boisterous she always was, and always ready for a merry jest, but never coarse or vulgar, and always she retained the respect of the soldiers with whom her husband's lot had been cast."

"Molly Pitcher" died January 22, 1832, and was buried in the old graveyard in Carlisle, and the Carlisle *Herald* of Thursday, January 26, 1832, in its list of "Death Notices" has the following: "Died on Sunday last, Mrs. Mary McAuley (better known as Mollie McAuley), aged ninety years. The history of the woman is somewhat remarkable. Her first husband's name was Hays who was a soldier in the war of the Revolution. It appears she continued with him in the army and acted so much the part of a heroine as to attract the notice of the officers. Some estimate may be formed of the value of the service performed by her, from the fact that she drew a pension from the Government during the

latter years of her life." Her age as given above was an error which was corrected by the citizens of Carlisle who erected a headstone over her grave in 1876, giving the correct dates. The inscription is as follows:

MOLLIE MCAULEY
Renowned in History as
"MOLLIE PITCHER,"
The Heroine of Monmouth,
Died, January, 1832.
Aged 78 years.

"All day the great guns barked and roared;
All day the big balls screeched and soared;
All day, 'mid the sweating gunners grim,
Who toiled in their smoke—shroud dense and dim,
Sweet Molly laboured with courage high,
With steady hand and watchful eye,
Till the day was ours, and the sinking sun
Looked down on the field of Monmouth won,
And Molly standing beside her gun.

"Now, Molly, rest your weary arm!
Safe, Molly, all is safe from harm.
Now, woman, bow your aching head,
And weep in sorrow o'er your dead.

"Next day on that field so hardly won,
Stately and calm stands Washington,
And looks where our gallant Greene doth lead
A figure clad in motley weed—
A soldier's cap and a soldier's coat
Masking a woman's petticoat.

He greets our Molly in kindly wise;
And bids her raise her tearful eyes;
And now he hails her before them all
Comrade and soldier, whate'er befall,
And since she had played a man's full part,
A man's reward for her loyal heart!
And Sergeant Molly Pitcher's name
Be writ henceforth on the shield of fame!

"Oh, Molly, with your eyes so blue!
Oh, Molly, Molly, here 's to you!
Sweet honour's roll will aye be richer
To hold the name of Molly Pitcher."

Laura E. Richards.

Margaret Cochran Corbin

Another woman, whose patriotism led her into active participation in the Revolutionary struggle, was Margaret Cochran Corbin, who was born in Western Pennsylvania, November 12, 1751. During one of the marauding expeditions of the Indians, her father, John Cochran, was killed and her mother was carried away. Margaret and her brothers were living at the home of a maternal uncle at the time and never heard from the mother again except when, a few years later, an old hunter and trapper told them that he had seen the mother among the Indians about one hundred miles west of the Ohio river.

The uncle made every effort to find his sister, but never found trace of her. In 1772, Margaret was married to John Corbin, who at the beginning of the Revolutionary War enlisted in the First Artillery of Pennsylvania and was accorded the privilege of having his young wife accompany him.

The First Artillery was a part of the six regiments which the Committee of Safety of the Colony of Pennsylvania turned over to the Continental Congress for the national defence. They were at the disastrous battle of Long Island and soon after were at Fort Washington when that stronghold was taken by the Hessians after a determined resistance. It was at this attack upon Fort Washington that John Corbin was killed by a shot through the head while serving his gun. His wife, who was near him at the time, was half crazed with grief. They were known as a very affectionate couple and the young wife, a rather shy and retiring person, was devoted to her husband. There was no one to take his place at the gun, which he had been firing, and the commander gave orders that it be drawn back out of the way. Judge of his surprise when a wild-eyed and weeping young

woman, with hair flying, rushed up and besought him not to remove the gun. "I know all about it," she said. "Jack has shown me. Let me fire it." The officer consented gladly and, with a coolness and desperation that surprised her comrades, she served the gun for several hours until she herself was severely wounded and was carried to the rear and cared for with all the rude skill that the times and the occasion afforded. Her pathetic story, the skill and fortitude which she showed under the most trying circumstances, won for her the sympathy of officers and men alike, and, after the fort was taken, she was allowed to pass out as one of the non-combatants.

A statement of her case was laid before the authorities at Philadelphia, and her native State made prompt provision for her. A little later the executive council called the attention of Congress to her, and that body took action June 29, 1779, by ordering "that the case of Margaret Corbin, who was wounded and utterly disabled at Fort Washington, while she heroically filled the post of her husband, who was killed by her side, serving a piece of artillery, be further recommended to the Board of War,

this council being of the opinion that notwithstanding the ratings which have been allowed her she is not provided for as her helpless situation really requires."

A few days afterward Congress resolved, "That Margaret Corbin, wounded and disabled, while she heroically filled the post of her husband, who was killed by her side, while serving a piece of artillery, do receive during her natural life, or continuance of such disability, one-half the pay drawn by a soldier in the service of these States, and that she now receive out of the public stores one suit of clothes or the value in money."

Her name again appears in the public archives on the roll of the invalid regiment when it was discharged in April, 1783. At the close of the war, Margaret Corbin was awarded a pension by the State of Pennsylvania which continued until her death in 1800.

De Lancey, in his description of the capitulation of Fort Washington, wrote enthusiastically of the action of Margaret Corbin as follows: "The deed of Augustina of Aragon, the Maid of Zaragoza, was not nobler, truer, braver than that of Margaret Corbin of Pennsylvania."

It was a peculiar coincidence that both Mary Hays and Margaret Corbin should have come from Pennsylvania, that the husbands of both should have been artillerymen enlisted at about the same time, and that both rose to the occasion when the opportunity came to perform a heroic though unusual service for their country.

Sarah Bradlee Fulton

A Boston woman whose name has been written in Revolutionary history along with those of Paul Revere and Dr. Warren, and to whom Washington and La Fayette did signal honour was Sarah Bradlee Fulton, sometimes called the "Mother of the Boston Tea-party."

Mrs. Fulton was a militant patriot, which was to have been expected, coming as she did from the patriotic family of Bradlees of the patriotic old town of Dorchester, which in later days was to be swallowed up in the greater city of Boston. Her father and grandfather were prominent citizens of the rugged and self-reliant kind that New England was fashioning out of the raw and unyielding material that kingly oppression and religious intolerance had driven to her stern and rockbound coast. A slight evidence

of their independence of thought and action is shown by the fact that they were Unitarians in faith, a heresy of the day that a generation or so later was to provoke widespread controversy and win to it such men as the Presidents Adams, father and son; Nathaniel Bowditch, the astronomer; Harrison Gray Otis, William Ellery Channing, and Daniel Webster.

Of the girlhood of Sarah Bradlee not much is known except that she was a rather large and well-formed girl, attractive in face and manner, with a ready wit and tongue, and, withal, a notable housewife. In 1762, she was married to John Fulton, and ten years later they removed to Medford.

Her older brother, Nathaniel Bradlee, was married and lived in Boston, at the corner of Tremont and Hollis streets, in a house which is still standing. Attached to the home was the carpenter shop of Nathaniel Bradlee, and a favourite gathering-place of his friends, of whom he seems to have had many. Boston was at the time one of the most democratic of cities, and "Nat" Bradlee, public-spirited, fearless, independent, and a natural born leader, in fun as well as more serious things, had a following

that was not inconsiderable. The two families were very close, and Mrs. Fulton was a frequent visitor at the home of her brother, where she won no small amount of local fame in the cooking of a codfish chowder that was exceedingly toothsome. Indeed, it is rumoured, though with what authority cannot be said, that the Boston tea-party grew out of a "codfish supper" given by Nathaniel Bradlee to a party of his friends, and which was cooked by his wife and his sister. Whether this be a myth or not, it is an established fact that Bradlee and Fulton and several of their friends were among the Mohawks that gathered at Griffin's wharf, that history-brewing December night, and the two women had helped to arrange their disguises and also had water heated in order that upon their return they might wash off the red stains and revert to "white Christians," as it is quaintly put in a chronicle of the day. A spying Tory neighbour was seen peering into the kitchen windows shortly after the men had gone, and the ready-witted Mrs. Fulton, pretending not to see him, busied herself with preparations for some imaginary household duty in a way that disarmed all suspicion. It was something near a year and

a half later that Sarah Fulton, roused from sleep in her own home, heard the hurried dash of a horse's hoofs and the midnight cry of Paul Revere as he crossed the bridge into Medford town, and we may be sure that it was not many minutes until John Fulton was up and dressed and ready to gather with his neighbours for the fray which they all had dreaded, yet were to meet with the bravery of veterans.

At the battle of Bunker Hill Sarah Fulton was on hand with a basketful of lint and bandages, and accompanied by a number of her neighbours whom she had rallied for the purpose. An open space on the common was hastily turned into a field hospital. Surgeons were few outside the fighting ranks, and the nursing fell almost wholly into the hands of the women, and Sarah Fulton was selected to take charge of the work, which she never left until every wound had been dressed and every sufferer cared for.

Some time later it came to the ears of John Fulton that there was a big load of firewood, in which were concealed various other supplies, coming through Medford for the Yankee soldiers at Cambridge, and that the British were waiting to confiscate it. Wise New England husbands

in the good old days always made confidants of their wives. John Fulton at once hurried to inform his better half.

"Now, John Fulton," said Sarah, "you get right on your horse and go out the road until you meet that wood and you buy it. If it is private property the King's men won't touch it and then we 'll send it on to our boys."

John Fulton did as his wife told him, rode out and bought the wood, ostensibly, and rode back into Medford alongside the ox team that was hauling the fuel. In Medford they were met by the redcoats, a dozen or twenty of them under a subaltern, who stopped the teamster and ordered him to take the wood in another direction. In vain John Fulton protested that the wood was his, and that he was taking it home. The officer was not to be moved, and was most insulting in manner as he thrust the young countryman to one side, and it looked as if the wood and the hidden supplies that it covered were lost to the cause. Mrs. Fulton was watching them through a window. Throwing a plaid shawl of her own making over her head, she ran out.

"Here, where are you going to take that

wood?" she demanded of the officer, as he was compelling the teamster to turn his oxen around. "It 's mine, and you have no right to it."

"Taken in the name of the King, madam," said the officer pompously.

"King, fiddlesticks," said the angry dame. "If fat George wants any wood, let him go out and cut it. He will not have mine." The driver knew not which way to turn.

"Drive on," ordered the officer.

"Don't you dare," said Mrs. Fulton, as she ran out and grasped one of the oxen by his horns.

"Woman, stand back, or I 'll order my men to fire!" blustered the officer, getting red in the face.

"Shoot; I dare you to shoot!" exclaimed the angry woman, still pulling at the horns of the near ox, which had been placidly chewing his cud, but now, evidently thinking it high time to be moving and following the line of least resistance, turned back to his original trail, and his yokemate followed perforce. The driver trudged after his team. The officer was bluffed, but let himself down easy by saying: "Oh, well,

if it 's private property, I have no wish to interfere with it," and turned away. And Sarah Bradlee Fulton picked up the homespun shawl which had fallen to the ground, threw it over her head, and with great dignity followed the wood to her own yard. That night it was sent to its destination.

It was some time after this that Mrs. Fulton was called upon to perform a service for her country calling for more courage than the facing of the British soldiers who had tried to confiscate the firewood. Major Brooks, afterward General Brooks, had received despatches which must be delivered inside the enemy's lines in Boston. Knowing the patriotism of John Fulton, his reliability and his intimate knowledge of every nook and corner of the city, he came to the Fulton home at a late hour at night to find out if he would accept the trust. It was impossible for Mr. Fulton to go, but Mrs. Fulton promptly volunteered. It was late when she started, and nearly midnight when, after a long, lonesome walk, she reached Charlestown. She found a boat in which the oars had been left and quietly rowed across the river, exercising the utmost precaution to elude the British patrol.

She delivered the message and got safely back to Charlestown and her home just as the grey morning light was breaking across the east. General Washington, for whom the messages were really carried, visited her later, to personally extend his thanks. It was upon this occasion that John Fulton brewed a bowl of punch, and General Washington was served from a new silver ladle, held for some such auspicious occasion. It was a good punch, and the great Washington expressed his appreciation of the concoction. Later by several years, General La Fayette took occasion to visit her and pay his respects. He, too, drank from the old punch-bowl, which is now a cherished possession of the Medford Historical Society.

Mrs. Fulton survived her husband for many years, dying in 1835, lacking only one month of being ninety-five years old. She was buried in the old Salem Street Cemetery in Medford, where a monumental boulder marks her last resting-place. In 1898, the Sarah Bradlee Fulton Chapter, D. A. R., erected a tablet to her memory on the site of the home in Medford where she and her husband spent the greater part of their married lives.

The Memorial to Sarah Bradlee Fulton.

Lydia Darrah

The patriotic women of Philadelphia, than whom there were none in all the Colonies more loyal and self-sacrificing, were as ready, when there were brave deeds to do, as their sisters of the North or South, though of actual war they saw less than the women of New England, New York, or the Carolinas. One of the incidents of that war, which will last as long as history, was that in which Lydia Darrah, a Philadelphia Quaker, saved Washington from capture.

In the winter of 1777, General Howe had his headquarters in Philadelphia and was established in a comfortable old family mansion in Second Street. His officers found quarters around him as near as they could conveniently, and his adjutant was quartered directly across the street, where lived William and Lydia Darrah, respected members of the Society of Friends, who from their religious views were strict non-combatants. William Darrah was a school-teacher and took no part in the controversy. But his demure little wife was a strong partisan of the patriot cause, though after the manner of her people she said but little. There was a

large rear room in the second story adjoining the suite occupied by the British officer, and from its situation was frequently used for conference by the staff of the British commander-in-chief when they wanted entire seclusion.

It was late in the afternoon of December 2, 1777, that Mistress Darrah's lodger knocked at her door and said:

"Madam, you will see to it that the back room is put in order for a meeting of myself and some of my friends to-night. We are apt to be kept rather late. And, madam, you will see to it that your family are all to bed at an early hour, and I will call you to put out the fire and candles." He spoke authoritatively, though with courtesy. His seriousness and his evident reliance on her prudence and discretion, and more especially his injunction that the family must retire early, led her to believe that something out of the ordinary was under way. She went about her duties demurely and faithfully after the manner of her sect, but all the time she pondered. What was the project that the British had in mind and why this secrecy? Lydia Darrah, though a Quaker, and by her faith opposed to war and strife, was at heart an intense patriot.

The Lydia Darrah House, Philadelphia.

Redrawn from an old print of 1845.

She knew that the patriot army was in sore straits and was now shivering, half clothed and poorly fed, at Whitemarsh, where it had been driven after the defeat at Germantown. This conference must, she thought, mean trouble or danger to General Washington, but what she could do she could not yet see. About 9 o'clock that evening, the British officers began arriving and Lydia admitted them and showed them up to the meeting room. The family were all in bed but herself and after the officers had gathered, the adjutant said: "You may go to bed now, Mistress Darrah, and I will rap on your door when my guests are ready to go."

"It shall be done as thee says," replied the little Quakeress as she turned and retired to her bedroom. But she did not sleep. She felt that something was taking place that was of vital importance to General Washington and the American cause. Finally she could stand it no longer. Slipping from the bed where she had lain down without undressing, excepting to remove her shoes, she stole to the door of the meeting room and knelt to the key-hole. She was just in time to hear the adjutant reading an order from Sir William Howe to this effect:

"To-morrow night the troops will secretly quit the city to march out and capture the American army at Whitemarsh."

Without waiting to hear more, the young woman hurried back to her own room, torn with conflicting emotions. The secret was not hers and she had been guilty of eavesdropping to learn it and consequently had no right to betray the trust reposed in her by the adjutant. Then again she thought of what it meant. The little patriot army taken by surprise and Washington captured meant an end to all hopes of independence. She must warn him! After half an hour or more, there came a rap at her door. She remained quiet and again the rap came, then again loud and impatient. Slowly and sleepily she opened the door, sleepily returned the curt and half-impatient "good-night" of the adjutant, and then locked her doors and extinguished the light. Her mind was still in a tumult as she retired, though not to sleep. Washington and his army—her country itself, was in peril. How could she get the news to the commander-in-chief? Should she awaken her husband and tell him? If she did, it might be the means of getting him into trouble. By the break of day,

her mind was made up. When her husband awakened she told him that their flour was all gone and that she would have to go to Franklin, about five miles away, and get more, a duty that devolved upon her frequently.

"It is well," said her husband, "take a servant with thee." But she did not. Bright and early she appeared at General Howe's headquarters to ask permission to pass the British lines to reach the grist-mill at Franklin. This she got and was soon plodding through the freshly fallen snow on her way to the mill. Reaching there she left her bag to be filled and pressed on. At the American outposts she was halted by a sentinel who called an officer as soon as Mistress Darrah had told him her business. The officer was Lieutenant-Colonel Craig. He chanced to know her and dismounting he walked with her and she told him what she had heard. Warning him that if it became known that she had betrayed the British plans, she and hers must suffer most severely, she took her leave and hurried back to the mill where her bag of flour was awaiting her. This she shouldered and returned home as demure and calmly serious as if there was not an armed soldier in America. Such

good time had she made that her absence had not been noticed, and all day she went about her work with the same quiet dignity, though inside she was in a ferment of anxiety. Had her warning reached the great commander? Would he be on guard?

History tells the rest. At daybreak on that fated Friday morning when the British reached Whitemarsh, they found Washington's forces drawn up in line of battle, eminently fit and ready for the fray. Sir William Howe had come to have a wholesome respect for Washington's generalship and he did not want a battle. For two or three days he lay facing the American lines and then hastily decamped and returned to Philadelphia.

Washington had received the word and had acted with his usual promptness.

The British officers knew that some one had betrayed their plans, wittingly or otherwise, and set about finding out who it was. Incidentally Lydia Darrah was called before the adjutant-general.

"Mistress Darrah," he said, "were any of your family up on the night I had company in my room?"

Lydia Darrah Giving Warning.

From an engraving in *Godey's Lady's Book*, 1845.

"No, indeed, they were all in bed by 8 o'clock as thee bade me," replied the frightened woman.

He looked long and hard at Lydia.

"It is strange. I know that you were sound asleep for I had to knock several times on your door to awaken you, to let them out." That was all she heard of it, and it was months after the British had been driven from the country and then not until General Washington himself sought her out to extend his thanks, that the secret became known.[2]

Nancy Morgan Hart

Many remarkable women were developed when our country was in the making, but none more bold or picturesque than Nancy Hart of Georgia, a pioneer mother, whom the Daughters of the American Revolution and kindred patriotic persons have been proud to honour. A woman of Amazonian proportions, with personality so strong and masculine and physical strength and courage so marked that she became a terror to her enemies, of whom she made many, she was ever of militant and outspoken partisanship and zealous patriotism. This, in a community where there was little of law or order, save what

lay in a strong right arm and a quick eye, and overrun with Tories and outlaws, brought against her suspicion and persecution, which were followed by bitter and bloody retaliations that gave her the grim sobriquet, "The War Woman."

Nancy Hart's maiden name was Morgan. Of her early life little is known, except that she came of good old South Carolina stock and was married, while still in her teens, to Benjamin Hart, a brother of Colonel Thomas Hart, whose daughter became the wife of Henry Clay, and uncle on his mother's side of "Old Bullion" Thomas Hart Benton. After living for several years near Edgefield, S. C., the Harts removed to Georgia and settled on the Broad river, in what is now Egbert county, sometime before the Revolutionary War. Here she lived the hardy, busy life of the frontierswoman, caring for her husband and children, and attending to her truck patch. But while a good wife and mother, she always loved the outdoor life better than her indoor duties. She was credited with being one of the best shots on the Broad river, and her cabin walls were hung with antlers and other spoils of the chase of her own bringing in. Her

instinct in the location of a "bee-tree" was as unerring as it was valuable in a new country where sweets were scarce and hard to get. And always she was on the lookout for plants and herbs, the curative properties of which she was credited with knowing more about than any other person in the section. Indeed her skill as a doctor was called upon from far and near. Her skill and knowledge seem also to have taken a wider scope, as it is recorded that she held a tract of land by the safe tenure of a first survey which she had made herself, hatchet in hand.

Though not in the path of war and its devastations, the Harts were made to feel its blighting breath. The sympathisers with the British cause in that section of the country were numerous, powerful, and of most pernicious activity. It was a sparsely settled community. All the lazy, lawless, cattle-stealing element took advantage of the times to ally itself with the Tories as a cloak for its own depredations, and the chance it gave to pay off old grudges. Many of the Whigs, as the patriots were called, were driven to take refuge in the swamps and canebrakes, while the Tories harried the country,

shooting and hanging the Whigs wherever they could be found and stealing or wantonly destroying their property.

Benjamin Hart was a man of some means, and frequently found it necessary to gather up his stock and slaves and disappear in the cane-brakes in the fastnesses of which the Tories dared not follow. He was better off than many of the others, as he rested secure in the belief that his brave, masterful, and resourceful wife was competent to take care of herself and family. Indeed, it has been intimated that the good man sometimes welcomed these enforced periods of retirement, as it gave him relief from the scolding of his domineering and not too amiable spouse.

It was during one of these enforced absences of the many heads of families in that section that the Tories determined upon breaking into the fastnesses of the cane-brakes and capturing the Whigs, who were to be hanged or driven out of the country.

A little band of them, six in number, came to the house of Nancy Hart, not knowing that from her secret retreat in the undergrowth near her own cabin she had watched them coming

Nancy Hart Capturing the British Soldiers.

Redrawn from an old wood-cut.

across the river. From this same point her rifle, with a notched oak stump for a rest, had stopped more than one Whig-hunting Tory. The visitors demanded that she get them something to eat. She went about the task with a cheerfulness that should have warned them of danger. There was a haunch of fresh venison from a deer of her own killing hanging in the spring house. There was a bag of corn-meal which she herself had carried five miles to the mill to have ground only a day or two before. There were sweet potatoes from her own truck patch, and new honey from a bee-tree which she had rifled in the woods. All these things she brought out and began preparations for the meal which took an hour or more in the cooking. All this time the old woman was talking to her uninvited guests, bantering, joking, and getting hints as to what was going on. Finally the meal was ready and set on the table. The Tories stacked their guns and gathered around the board. Hardly were they seated when the sharp click of a gun called their attention to the fact that old Nancy Hart stood over their weapons with a rifle at full cock pointed directly at them.

"I 'll blow the head off the first man that rises or tries to eat," she said grimly, and they knew that she would do it. Then to one of her sons, she said: "You run out and tell your father that I 've got six d—n Tories, an' he 'd better come an' get 'em."

Nancy Hart was said to be somewhat cross-eyed, and it may be that each man at the table believed that rifle to be aimed directly at him. Anyway none of them moved. The Tories were allowed to finish their dinner and were then taken in charge by the Whigs. Nancy Hart gained considerable fame for her cooking, but it is doubtful if she ever cooked another meal that gave her the satisfaction of "Nancy Hart's dinner-party," as it was referred to for years.

At another time she was boiling soap over a log fire in the kitchen. It was evening and around her were grouped her children and she was telling them scraps of neighbourhood and war news that she had gathered. One of the family discovered that there was some one peeping in through a crack in the log side of the cabin and gave a quiet intimation of it to her mother. Mrs. Hart only rattled along at a livelier rate, at the same time keeping an eye

on the opening. Suddenly she dashed a ladleful of the boiling soap through the crevice. The roar of pain that followed showed that the aim had been good, and hurrying out the family found that it was a spying Tory neighbour. Mrs. Hart doctored his burns, locked him up, and next morning turned him over to the Whigs.

Tradition says that Mrs. Hart was decidedly plain looking, if not positively ugly. She was large featured, with a face that had been marred by smallpox, and wore a great mass of reddish brown hair. She had a violent temper, and notwithstanding the fact that she was a devout Methodist, would swear like a trooper when angry. Once she was on her way to the grist-mill, several miles from her home, with two and a half bushels of corn in a bag across the back of her horse, when she met a band of Tories with the British colours attached to their coats. They began making fun of the old woman and demanded her pass. "Here is my pass, d—n you; touch me if you dare," she replied, defiantly shaking her fist. One of the party ran up and unhorsed her by seizing her foot and giving it a quick lift, at the same time giving the horse a blow that started him on a run toward home.

The woman said nothing but picked up the corn and put it on her shoulder and went on to the mill. Not long after that, the young man who had thrown her off her horse got a bullet through his shoulder as a slight warning not to play practical jokes on choleric old ladies.

Many other stories are told of the fearless devotion of Nancy Hart to her country and family. She lived to see her country free and prosperous, her Tory neighbours scattered and gone, and her own family of boys and girls, eight in all, respected citizens. A few years after the close of the war she persuaded her husband to dispose of their possessions and go to Kentucky, because she said the country at home was getting old too fast. Years later she returned and spent her last days with a son not far from the scenes of her early struggles.

Emily Geiger

In that wonderful series of short campaigns near the close of the Revolution, in which General Greene, with but the ragged remnant of an army, lost every battle and won each campaign by a retreat, and which ended with the driving of the British out of every Colony

of the Southland, there was a brave deed done by a patriotic maid of South Carolina that is still told in song and story.

It came in May, 1781, at the time General Greene, sorely harassed, was forced to raise the siege of Fort Ninety-six and beat a retreat before the advancing forces of Lord Rawdon. His men, few in number, half clad, and poorly fed, were weary and dispirited. "We can get across into Virginia, and escape this way," one of his officers said, exultantly.

"We are not going across into Virginia," the general replied. "We are going to drive the British out of South Carolina or leave our bones here." Already the plans were forming in the mind of the militant old Quaker. He was about to execute another of the sorties that were slowly but surely wearing out the British forces. Rawdon, with the fatuitous judgment so characteristic of most of the titled English officers of that day, instead of pursuing Greene with all the forces at his command, had sent back a part of his troops when he had reached the Broad river. It was now the purpose of General Greene, could he get reinforcements, to round on Rawdon. To do this he must get word across the country

to General Sumter, then only fifty miles away, on the Wateree. But to get an order carried to Sumter was most hazardous. The country was overrun with British soldiery, and, what was more to be dreaded, was alive with predatory bands of Tories, vindictive and revengeful. The person caught bearing such a message would be hanged as a spy, and no trustworthy man could be found who wanted to undertake the mission.

Then it was that Emily Geiger presented herself and proffered her services. She was the daughter of a well-to-do farmer in Orangeburg county, where a settlement of emigrants from Holland had been made years before at a place still known as the "Dutch Fork" of the Congaree river. She has been described as "a slight, dark-haired girl, scarcely out of her teens, high spirited, and intensely patriotic." She was visiting in the vicinity of General Greene's headquarters when word came that he greatly needed a messenger who could ride through the enemy's country and carry an order to General Sumter. No one knew better than this Dutch-American girl of the dangers of such a venture. But she did not hesitate. She went straight

to General Greene and offered to carry his message. General Greene was well pleased. A woman of ready wit and with the spirit that she appeared to possess, and who knew the country, was apt to get through safely where a man would be taken, and if once captured would be given short shrift. Nevertheless he impressed gravely on the girl's mind the dangers which she ran in undertaking such a mission. She only smiled. "I have a fleet horse, which I broke and trained myself," she said. "I know the country, and I am sure that I can get through."

General Greene trusted her and prepared his message to General Sumter, carefully reading it to the girl in order that if she found herself in danger of being captured she might destroy it and so bear no incriminating evidence upon her person.

Mounting her horse the girl rode away, leaving the general more perturbed over her safety than she appeared to be herself. And indeed it was a hazardous undertaking. To Sumter's camp, as the crow flies, was fully fifty miles from Fort Ninety-six, across a country in which there was no semblance of law or order;

every path and highway patrolled by Rawdon's scouts and traversed by marauding bands of Tories and petty bandits who cared for nothing but to pillage and despoil. For a time she rode in an opposite direction from that she intended to pursue, and then making a wide detour shaped her course for Sumter's camp as straight as highways and byways would permit. The first day of her journey passed without incident, though she barely escaped meeting two parties of mounted men by leaving the highway and riding into the timber. That night she stopped at a farmhouse, where she found friends and sympathisers. On the second day, well along toward the noon hour, just as she was congratulating herself upon having escaped trouble until the most dangerous part of her ride was over, she suddenly found herself facing a small party of Rawdon's scouts. Her heart was in her mouth, as she afterward described it, but outwardly she was as calm and self-possessed as if she had been in her own home. How to keep that letter from falling into the hands of the soldiers was the uppermost thought in her mind. She was not as good a prevaricator as she had believed and at once forgot all the little explana-

Emily Geiger's Warning.

From a print made about 1845.

tions and excuses that she had conned over for just such an occasion as this. She blushed and stammered when the young officer in command pressed her as to where she was going and the nature of her mission.

After a short conference among themselves, the soldiers told her that they would have to hold her a prisoner for the time being, and she was locked in a room in a farmhouse. What her captors intended to do with her she did not know, but no sooner had the door been closed upon her than she tore up the letter she bore and chewed and swallowed the pieces. Barely had the last atom of the tell-tale missive disappeared when a Tory woman entered the room and she was compelled to submit to being searched. Of course, nothing of a suspicious nature was found in her clothing, and then the woman questioned her closely but to little purpose. After the ordeal was over the woman told the officer:

"Why, it is a child, a country girl, bashful and innocent. There is no prevarication there. You have frightened her till she hardly knows where she is going or where she came from. She is harmless." So they let her go her way.

Again she made a wide detour and headed for Sumter's camp, which she reached before sundown and delivered her message together with a spirited account of her arrest and release by Rawdon's scouts, which greatly amused the old "Game Cock of South Carolina," as he was familiarly known to all the country-side.

Every courtesy possible was shown the brave little maid. General Sumter's entire command acted as her escort until it joined General Greene at Orangeburg. The rest of the story is history; how General Greene marched his army across the country to Eutaw Springs, where took place one of the hardest-fought battles of the Revolution; how the British, beaten and disorganised, hastily retreated toward Charleston, and then followed the faint-hearted Cornwallis to the North, is all a part of the story of a great war, of which the daring ride of "The Maid of the Congaree" was but one of the many acts of individual heroism and self-sacrifice sometimes given women to do.

Emily Geiger was happily married after the Revolution and lived to a good old age. She was buried near Columbia, the State capital, where she lived. Her descendants are numerous

and her name is highly honoured in her home State. A handsome tablet to her memory has been erected in the State-house in Columbia by the Daughters of the American Revolution, and other honours have been paid to her name by patriotic and civic bodies.[3]

Deborah Sampson

During the Revolutionary War, there was a young woman of New England who donned the habiliments of a man and fought for nearly two years as a common soldier in the Continental Army, and curious folk, for more than a century, have been asking why she did it.

She had no lover in the ranks, near whom she wished to be in his hour of peril, or pain; had left behind no unrequited love, such as sometimes drives desperate men to seek death or distraction on the field of battle. She was not an ignorant, callow schoolgirl, to be swept away by the enthusiasm of martial music or military array, but, rather, a serious-minded young woman of some education and refinement. Then why this masquerade, with its associations, so thoroughly out of accord with all conventionality?

That Deborah Sampson of Massachusetts

did so enlist and serve as a soldier has the seal of authenticity set upon it by a resolution of the General Court of Massachusetts, where this entry was made, January 20, 1792:

"On petition of Deborah Sampson Gannett, praying compensation for services performed in the late army of the United States.

"Whereas, it appears to this court that Deborah Gannett enlisted under the name of Robert Shurtleff, in Captain Webb's company in the Fourth Massachusetts Regiment, on May 21, 1782, and did actually perform the service of a soldier in the late army of the United States, to the twenty-third day of October, 1783, for which she received no compensation;

"And whereas, it further appears that the said Deborah exhibited an extraordinary instance of female heroism by discharging the duties of a faithful, gallant soldier, and at the same time preserved the virtue and chastity of her sex unsuspected and unblemished, and was discharged from the service with a fair and honourable character; therefore,

"Resolved, that the treasurer of the Commonwealth be, and hereby is, directed to issue his note to said Deborah for the sum of 34

pounds, bearing interest from October 23, 1783."

Deborah Sampson was not yet twenty-two years old when she enlisted, having been born in Plympton, Plymouth county, Mass., in December, 1760, of a family said to have been descended from Governor Bradford. She was the youngest child, and the family was in such destitute circumstances, from an unfortunate weakness of the father, that the authorities, while she was yet a child, took her and her younger brothers and placed them with different families to raise. The little girl was "bound out" to a kindly and reputable farmer until she was eighteen years old. She was well treated, according to her own story, sharing alike the work and play, the food and clothing and the schooling of the farmer's own children. She was quick to learn and received considerable education for the times. When she was eighteen, she sought further instruction and afterward taught school. That is about all we know of her girlhood, except that she was "of flaxen hair, with blue eyes and rosy cheeks, and much given to sentimental reverie." Her brothers were all in the Continental Army, but were in as frequent com-

munication with their mother as the times would allow.

One morning in the latter part of May, 1782, it was found that Mistress Deborah had left her home between the night and morning and disappeared without leaving the slightest trace as to where she was going, or why—simply dropped out of all knowledge of friends or relatives.

There was a young man of the neighbourhood, of good repute and some property, who wanted to marry her, and her mother greatly favoured his suit. But Deborah herself would not consent, though she seems not to have been emphatic enough in her rejection to cool the ardour of his wooing. Anyway, he was half wild with anxiety when she disappeared. One of Deborah's brothers, who was home on a furlough, went east about a hundred miles to see if she had gone to visit some distant relatives, and the pertinacious suitor started west in search of her, visiting New York and West Point in his quest for the truant maid.

In the meantime, the young woman had travelled a number of miles from home the night she ran away, changing her clothing on her way

for a suit of men's garments, which she had provided, and two days after leaving she was in the town of Bellington, where she enlisted for a three years' term. She was mustered in as "Robert Shurtleff" at Worcester, and along with some fifty other recruits was sent to West Point where she took her place in the company of Captain Webb, and the regiment of Colonel Shepard and in General Patterson's brigade.

A few days later the girl received a great shock. She was on duty when she saw her rejected lover talking to several of her officers. In her uniform he did not recognise her, though her duty took her so near him that she overheard him telling the officers of her disappearance and of the grief and anxiety of her mother. This preyed on the conscience of the girl until she wrote a letter to her mother—a quaintly worded epistle—calculated to relieve the mother's apprehensions rather than to enlighten her as to the whereabouts of her erratic daughter.

Deborah wrote as follows:

"Dear Parent: On the margin of one of those beautiful rivers which intersects and winds itself so beautifully majestic through the vast

expanse of territory of the United States, is the present situation of your unworthy but constant and affectionate daughter. I pretend not to justify or even palliate my clandestine elopement. In hope of pacifying your mind, which I am sure must be afflicted beyond measure, I write this scrawl. Conscious of not having thus abruptly absconded by reason of any fancied ill-treatment from you or disaffection toward any, the thoughts of my disobedience are truly poignant. Neither have I the plea that the insults of man have driven me hence; and let this be your consoling reflection—that I have not fled to offer more daring insults to them by proffered prostitution of that virtue which I have always been taught to preserve and revere. The motive is truly important; and when I divulge it, my sole ambition and delight shall be to make an expiatory sacrifice for my transgressions. I am in a large and well-regulated family. My employment is agreeable although it is somewhat different and more intense than it was at home. But I apprehend it is equally as advantageous. My superintendents are indulgent; but to a punctilio they demand a due observance of decorum and propriety of conduct. By this

you must know I have become mistress of many useful lessons, though I have many more to learn. Be not too much troubled, therefore, about my present or future engagements; as I will endeavour to make prudence and virtue my model, for which I own, I am much indebted to those who took charge of my youth.

"My place of residence and the adjoining country are beyond description delightsome. Indeed were it not for the ravages of war, of which I have seen more here than in Massachusetts, this part of our great continent would become a paradisical elysium. Heaven condescend that a speedy peace may constitute us a happy and independent nation; when the husband shall again be restored to his amiable consort, to wipe her sorrowing tear, the son to the embraces of his mourning parents, and the lover to the tender, disconsolate, and half-distracted object of his love.

"Your Aff. Dr., Deborah."

Robert Shurtleff, whose young and jaunty appearance had won for him the name of "the blooming boy" from his unsuspecting comrades, saw something of real war. At White Plains,

where he was in his first battle, the man at his right hand was shot dead at the second fire, and he himself had two bullet holes through his coat and one through his cap. At Yorktown he served with a battery which was in active operation, but he came out unhurt. "The blooming boy" is said to have become something of a favourite with his comrades, shirking no duty and performing such services as fell to the part of a common soldier with promptness and cheerful good nature. At a subsequent engagement Robert Shurtleff was wounded twice, once in the thigh. The girl was badly scared for fear her sex would be discovered. She extracted the bullet with the aid of a penknife and a needle before the surgeon arrived, dressed the wound, and refused to go to the hospital. In the spring of 1783, General Patterson selected Robert Shurtleff as his personal attendant, and the rosy-cheeked young soldier won generous praise for his readiness and courage from the general, who called him his "smock-faced boy."

It was about this time that the young soldier fell ill with a prevailing epidemic, and during an attack of unconsciousness her sex was discovered by the attending physician, Dr. Bana. He

immediately had her removed to the apartment of the hospital matron, under whose care she remained until discharged as well.

Deborah's appearance in uniform was suggestive enough of robust masculinity to attract the attention of many young women, and she admits that she was at first not averse to receive such attention but had no expectation of arousing an interest that would compel her to reveal her sex. Consequently her chagrin was greatly deepened the third morning after the doctor's discovery, in the hospital, by receiving the following letter from a young woman in Baltimore, with whom she had become acquainted:

"DEAR SIR: Fraught with the feelings of a friend who is doubtless beyond your conception interested in your health and happiness, I take liberty to address you with a frankness which nothing but the purest friendship and affection can palliate—know then that the charms I first read on your visage brought a passion into my bosom for which I could not account. If it is from the thing called love, I was before mostly ignorant of it, and strove to stifle the fugitive; though I confess the indulgence was agreeable. But repeated interviews with you kindled it into

a flame I do not now blush to own; and should it meet a generous return I shall not reproach myself for its indulgence. I have long sought to hear of your department and how painful is the news I this moment received that you are sick, if alive, in the hospital. Your complicated nerves will not admit of writing, but inform the bearer if you are necessitated for anything that can conduce to your comfort. If you recover and think proper to inquire my name, I will give you an opportunity. But if death is to terminate your existence there, let your last senses be impressed with the reflection that you die not without one more friend whose tears will bedew your funeral obsequies."

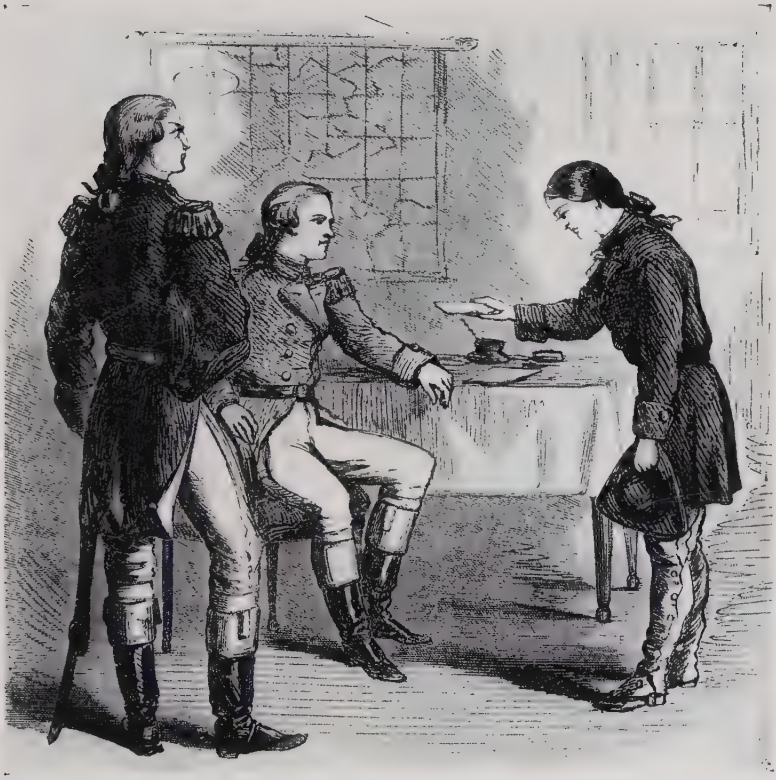
Robert Shurtleff replied to this, that he was not in need of money or anything else, but that same evening he received another missive enclosing two guineas. Like favours continued while the soldier remained in the hospital and as the enamoured maid had not yet made her identity known and therefore the money could not be returned, the situation was growing more complicated. Upon recovery, as Dr. Bana had not made his discovery known, Deborah saw no reason why she should not continue her career as

a soldier, and resumed her uniform. Then it was that she was sent upon a special mission in the course of which she was taken captive by Indians. The savage who had her in charge she was obliged to kill in self-defence, after which she and an Indian lad who was with her made their escape. It was while in the wilderness that her conscience grew to trouble her about the Baltimore maid, and Deborah wrote this letter:

"My Dear Miss: Perhaps you are the nearest friend I have. But a few hours must inevitably waft me to an infinite distance from all sublunary enjoyments, and fix me in a state of changeless retribution. Three years have made me the sport of fortune. I am at length doomed to end my existence in a dreary wilderness, unattended except by an Indian boy. If you receive these lines, remember that they come from one who sincerely loves you. But, my amiable friend, forgive my imperfections and forget you ever had affection for one so unworthy of the name of, Your Own Sex."

This contrite though lugubrious epistle was never to reach the Baltimore young woman and

Deborah was not "wafted." Instead she fulfilled her mission and returned only to find that the letter which she was told to deliver from Dr. Bana to General Patterson bore the secret she had tried to hide. General Patterson treated her with great consideration, though she expected punishment. He dismissed her from the service with commendation and gave her a letter to the commander-in-chief, but with marked delicacy refrained from any allusion to her sex, except that in giving her the letter which she was to carry to General Washington, he said that he had explained how she came to join the army as "Robert Shurtleff," and the reason that compelled her discharge. Deborah was sorely tempted to desert and not deliver the letter but overcame it and bore her message. General Washington received the letter and sent her to get some refreshment while he read it. Then she was summoned before him. The General said not a word, but handed her an honourable discharge from the service, together with a sum of money sufficient to carry her home to Massachusetts and a short letter of advice. That was the end of the army life of Deborah Sampson.



Deborah Sampson Presenting the Letter to General Washington.

After resuming female attire, Deborah visited some relatives whom she had never seen and then went back to her family. Here about the close of the war she was married to Robert Gannett and went to live in the old Gannett House in Sharon, Mass., which was still standing less than a decade ago. After Washington became President she received an invitation to visit the capitol. She went and was most courteously received and while there Congress passed a bill granting her a pension and certain lands. Mistress Gannett in later days wrote a small book, *The Female Review*, which gave many facts concerning her life. She lived to an honoured old age at Sharon where some of her descendants may yet be found.

Cornelia Beekman

Few women of Revolutionary days were made to feel more of the annoyances and hardships of the War for Independence, without actually facing the killing and maiming, than Cornelia Beekman, a petted daughter of New York's young aristocracy, and none rose to meet its rigours with more uncomplaining fortitude and sturdy self-reliance. And upon one occasion

it was given to her good judgment and firmness to perform a service to the American cause of far-reaching results.

Cornelia Beekman was the second daughter of that stanch old patriot, Pierre Van Cortlandt, New York's first lieutenant-governor, an office which he held for seventeen years. During the Revolutionary War he was so perniciously active that there was a standing reward for him, alive or dead, by the British. Her mother was Joanna Livingston and she was born in 1752 at the old Van Cortlandt manor at Croton. She was a tall, well-formed girl, educated and accomplished, as one would expect from the wealth and social position of her family. Of her girlhood but little can be told at this distance, except that, like all the Livingston women, she was a handsome, vivacious girl who would have been a belle but for the audacious fervour of young Gerard Beekman, who married her when she was but seventeen and brought her to New York to become mistress of his new house on Beekman Street, then a fashionable section of the city, where she lived until a short time before the breaking out of the war. Why her abode was then changed has to do with history.

Along in 1774, Tryon, the British governor of New York, alarmed at the growth of bitterness toward the Crown, set about winning to the loyalist cause all the men of prominence that he could reach. He was most anxious to gain the adherence of Pierre Van Cortlandt, who, as executor of the vast estate of his father and representative of the manor in the Provincial assembly as well as wealthy in his own right, was a man of vast influence in the business and politics of the Province. One day Governor Tryon, accompanied by his wife and his secretary, Colonel Fanning, paid a visit to Van Cortlandt Manor. Pierre Van Cortlandt was noted for his hospitality, and preparations were at once begun for the fitting entertainment of the governor and his lady. Governor Tryon, highly pleased, proposed a walk over the farm. As they came to an eminence overlooking the demesne, Tryon stated his purpose to his host, adding that there were yet rich lands at the disposal of the Crown, and that even a title would not be withheld if it was desired.

Pierre Van Cortlandt replied with courteous frankness that he had been chosen by his people to represent them because they believed in his

integrity, and that he was bound to do what he thought best for their interests and to maintain their rights.

The governor turned abruptly to his secretary with the remark: "I find our visit must terminate. There is nothing to be done here." He left without even remaining to partake of the dinner that had been prepared. The governor had sent a colonel's commission to young Philip Van Cortlandt at about the same time, and the young man had torn it up. Down in New York Gerard Beekman was one of a powerful family offensively busy in promoting the rebel cause. So it was not strange that the family of Mistress Cornelia came to believe that the air of Van Cortlandt Manor would be more wholesome for her than that of Beekman Street.

But Van Cortlandt Manor, situated as it was on that neutral ground between the contending forces, constantly overrun by "skinners" and "cowboys," and other predatory bands was soon found to be uninhabitable by the Van Cortlandt family and they removed to Rhinebeck, while Mistress Beekman took up her abode in a big farmhouse owned by her father about two miles above Peekskill. Here she remained

during the seven years' war, never leaving it except for one night—an absence which she regretted. Word was received that a scouting party of English and Tories was approaching. Mr. Beekman was away on business, and her brother, Philip Van Cortlandt, now a colonel in the patriot army of New York, persuaded her to retire to a house, owned by the family, some miles back. She went against her own judgment and returned after a day and a night only to find that her home had been looted. Not an article of furniture remained except one bedstead, and not a particle of food save one smoked ham, overlooked because of its hanging in a dark corner of the cellar. There was not a cooking utensil left, pot, pan, or kettle; not a table dish, not even a dish to drink from except an old bottle. The desolation of her beautiful home so overcame her that, as she afterward wrote, she could have cried but for her indignation. Before the day was over she was visited by Generals Putnam and Webb, who were passing and stopped to see how she fared. By that time the ludicrous side of the matter had begun to appeal to her and she recited her trials and tribulations as if they were a good joke. They laughed

with her, but the next day there came with their compliments, two bags of wooden ware—"a welcome and appreciated present." It was in this house that General Washington generally stayed when he was in the vicinity, and General Patterson was quartered there for several weeks.

In this same farmhouse in September, 1780, there came a time when the girl-wife was to play a part far more important than she could realise at the time. Lieut. John Webb, an aide on the staff of the Commander-in-Chief, was a frequent visitor and friend of the family. Passing the house one day, he asked Mrs. Beekman to take charge of a valise containing a new uniform and a quantity of gold, saying: "I will come or send for this when I want it. Don't give it up to any one without a written order from me, or my brother Sam." He threw the valise in the doorway and rode on to Peekskill, where he was to dine at the tavern. About a fortnight later Mrs. Beekman saw Joshua Hett Smith, a man whom she knew slightly, and whose loyalty to the patriot cause was more or less under suspicion, ride up to the house and heard him ask Mr. Beekman for Lieutenant

Cornelia Beekman.

From a steel engraving.

Webb's valise. Her husband ordered a servant to bring it down and give it to Smith.

"Of course you have an order from Lieutenant Webb?" said Mrs. Beekman approaching.

"No," replied Smith, nonchalantly, "Jack had no time to write an order, but you know me very well, Mrs. Beekman, and when I assure you that Lieutenant Webb sent me for it, I 'm sure you will not refuse to deliver it to me."

"I know you very well," said the young matron, "but not well enough to let you have the valise without a written order from Lieutenant Webb or his brother, the colonel."

It is needless to say that Mr. Smith was angry. He appealed to Mr. Beekman, arguing that the fact of his knowing that the valise was there was sufficient evidence of his authority to call for it. The argument was sufficient for Mr. Beekman, who was provoked at the obstinacy of his wife, but she stood firm, and Smith rode away with some politely sarcastic remarks.

The woman was right. It was subsequently learned that at the very time of Smith's attempt to get possession of the valise and Lieutenant Webb's uniform, Major André was hidden in Smith's house. As André and Lieutenant Webb

were of about the same height and build, it was plain to be seen what Smith wanted. He had happened to overhear Webb in the tavern telling of having left his valise with his uniform at the home of the Beekmans. Had Smith gained possession of that uniform, it is altogether probable that Major André would have escaped.

A well-known writer, speaking of the fisherman's shot which drove away the sloop *Vulture*, waiting to carry André across Haverstraw Bay, says that "it cost André his life, Arnold his reward, and possibly King George a kingdom." The same with equal truth might have been written of Mistress Beekman's intuition and firmness.

Shortly after the conclusion of the war, Gerard Beekman purchased a portion of the Philipse Manor, near Tarrytown, and they removed to the manor-house, where she spent the remainder of her life. She died in 1847, aged ninety-four years, retaining her faculties until the last and generally loved and respected the whole length of the Hudson valley.

Milly Barrett

The framed manuscript copy of the following

letter, with the scissors appended, hangs in the public library at Concord.

Bronxville, N. Y.
March 24, 1875.

Charles Thompson, Esq.,

Dear Sir: About one hundred and one years ago, Dr. Warren sent a young man, his nephew by marriage, Joseph Swain, son of Rev. Joseph Swain of Wenham, to Concord to take charge of the rebel armory. After repairing all the guns in general use, he attempted to make some new ones. For this purpose he returned to Salem, to the edge tool factory of Mrs. Proctor, where he had previously had charge, and secured such tools as were to be had; and among them this anvil, which I now, through you, present to the town of Concord. On this anvil the first gun-barrel was welded in Concord.

Col. James Barrett and his son James had, during the French War, furnished through the commissary department in Boston, oatmeal and some other provisions. This continued on until near 1774. It was a common occurrence for a young staff officer to come to Concord on this business, and, while waiting a reply, would amuse himself by talking loyalty with James

Barrett's oldest daughter, Meliscent, to hear her rebel replies. He asked her what they would do if it became necessary for the Colonies to resist, as there was not a person who even knew how to make cartridges. She replied that they would use their powder-horns and bullets, just as they shot bears. "That," says the young man, "would be too barbarous; give me a piece of pine and I will show you how." After whittling the stick to the proper form, he took these scissors, which I now present to the town of Concord, and cut the paper for the pattern cartridges.

The sequel shows how apt a scholar she was, for all the cartridges (used at Concord) were made under her superintendence by the young ladies of Concord; her only male assistant was her young brother, the late Major James Barrett, who drove from the house the last load of cartridges after the British came in sight on the 19th of April, 1775. After the war, Joseph Swain returned to Concord, and married Meliscent Barrett, and took these relics to Halifax, Vt., where I came in possession of them.

Yours,

James P. Swain.

Rebecca Motte

Around the name of no other of South Carolina's patriotic daughters clusters more of romantic and historic interest than about that of Rebecca Motte, the woman who furnished the fire to burn her own plantation home, when its destruction seemed necessary for the cause. She has been described as a woman of most attractive personality, educated and accomplished for her time, and having in a high degree those qualities which in a man would have been called knightly and chivalrous.

Rebecca Motte was the daughter of an English gentleman, Robert Brewton, who had about 1720 settled in Charleston, and married an Irish gentlewoman of the name of Griffith, who bore him three children, Miles, Francis, and Rebecca. Miles Brewton, an ardent young patriot, was drowned early in the Revolutionary War. Rebecca was born June 28, 1738. Twenty years later, she was married to Colonel Isaac Motte to whom she brought six children, three daughters of whom grew to maturity. On the death of Miles Brewton, his sister, Mrs. Motte, came into possession of the old family

mansion, then one of the finest in Charleston and a landmark for years. Colonel Motte died early during the war and the management of his affairs fell into the hands of his widow, a trust which she carried out with great credit to herself and fidelity to his wishes.

Mrs. Motte was as ardent in her patriotism as had been her brother Miles or her husband, Colonel Isaac Motte. When an attack was apprehended upon Charleston and every man able to render service was summoned to help in throwing up entrenchments, Mrs. Motte sent a messenger back to her plantation and brought to the city every male slave, whom she provided at her own expense with implements and rations and turned over to the officer in command.

When the British took possession of Charleston, Mrs. Motte's house was selected by Colonel Tarleton and Colonel Balfour as headquarters. She declined to be driven from her home and presided daily at her own table with a company of English officers as guests. This unpleasant duty, forced upon her by the accident of war, was discharged with the graciousness that ever characterised her actions; though it is on record

Rebecca Motte.

that the discourteous taunts to which she was sometimes forced to listen were received with spirit, though always with courtesy.

Later, Mrs. Motte took up her residence at one of her summer homes, a small plantation on the Santee River not far from Charleston. Here the British visited her at one time and came near capturing her son-in-law, General Thomas Pinckney, who escaped by running through the rear of the house down into the swamps where he remained hidden until the enemy had ridden away. To escape such annoyances as this, Mrs. Motte removed to her plantation on the Congaree River, known as "Buckhead," and which as "Fort Motte," was itself soon to become the centre of active military operations.

It was here that Lord Rawdon in 1781 established a military post and supply station, placing Captain Thomas MacPherson in command of the garrison. The outpost was important, as it commanded the river which was the principal means of communication between Charleston and Camden and other points up the river. After the fall of Camden in the spring of 1781, Rawdon hurried to protect his outposts and especially to relieve Fort Motte, where Mac-

Pherson with only 165 men and a small detachment of dragoons were hard pressed by General Marion and Lieutenant-Colonel Lee. When the British took possession of the great new mansion of Mrs. Motte, they allowed her to retain two or three rooms for herself and family, while the remainder of the building was taken for officers' quarters and for the storage of supplies. When the American force under Lee appeared in sight, Mrs. Motte was ordered to remove her family, and she retired with them, and such goods as they could conveniently carry, to a little old farmhouse on the plantation, a short distance to the northward. As the family left the mansion, Mrs. Brewton, Mrs. Motte's mother, carried a small bow and a bundle of arrows of a peculiar make which a sea-going friend of Colonel Motte had brought to him from the West Indies some years before. As they passed out, Captain MacPherson, who had been most courteous, asked about the arrows and started to take one in his hand.

"Don't touch the tip, it 's poisoned," said Mrs. Brewton, jokingly. In view of subsequent events this remark must have appeared something more than a coincidence to the British officer.

MacPherson had no artillery and was being besieged by a force much larger than his own. The mansion house was on a hill around which the British had dug a trench and thrown up an embankment. At the north of the mansion house, or Fort Motte, as the British called it, was another eminence where Lieutenant-Colonel Lee had his forces. General Marion occupied a position somewhat similar, a short distance to the east of this, with a deep gully between the opposing forces. The Americans were about 400 yards distant from the fort. Word came to Marion that Lord Rawdon was retreating from Camden and would relieve MacPherson next day. Working all night, the Americans advanced their entrenchments, but when day-break came the camp-fires of Rawdon's force could be seen on the distant hillside. Fort Motte must be taken at once if at all. But to take Fort Motte, the mansion of Mrs. Motte must be destroyed. It was a delicate situation for Colonel Lee. Mrs. Motte had voluntarily invited him and his officers to enjoy the hospitality of her farmhouse and shown many kindnesses to the sick and wounded of his command and he was loth to destroy the property. Besides,

she was the widow of a patriot who had sacrificed his fortune and imperilled his life for the cause, and it was with many misgivings that he was forced to suggest to Mrs. Motte that her house would have to be burned. She relieved him by smiling and saying: "Certainly, and I will show you how to set it on fire."

With this she retired and soon returned with a bow and small bundle of arrows, the same that her mother had carried from the mansion when the family was driven out. The arrows were combustible and made for the very purpose of setting fire to the roof of a building. For the second time a messenger was sent under a flag of truce to summon Captain MacPherson to surrender. Back came the messenger with the reply of the brave but obstinate Scot, that he would defend the outpost to the last. Nathan Savage, a private in Marion's brigade, fired the arrows and in a few minutes the roof was on fire in three or four places. MacPherson's men tried to extinguish the flames by tearing open the roof but were driven off by the six pounder within the American entrenchments, and soon a white flag brought the announcement of surrender. The gleam of the metal on the

equipment of Rawdon's troops could still be seen on the distant hillside where they yet lay encamped.

MacPherson and his officers were taken to Mrs. Motte's house where they were entertained at such a dinner as they had not enjoyed for days. It was while this meal was in progress that there came an occurrence that throws a white light on the noble character of Marion. Word was brought to him at the table that some of Lee's men were about to hang some of the Tories who had been taken in the fort. Marion seized his sword and ran out just in time to save one half-strangled wretch, two others having just been executed. With drawn sword he stopped the slaughter, threatening to kill the next man who interfered with a prisoner.

Colonel Motte, in the closing years of his life, had become involved financially, chiefly by reason of securities furnished for friends. At the close of the war, it was found that his estate would not pay his debts, and Mrs. Motte sacrificed her own property to satisfy these claims. Then it was necessary for her to begin life anew, and she set about the task with a cheerfulness and resolution that won for her general admira-

tion and respect. She purchased on credit a valuable body of rice land, an uncleared swamp on the Santee. Here she built houses for her negroes, who constituted most of her available property, and took up her residence on her new plantation. She lived in a humble way and gave up many of the comforts to which she had been used and devoted herself with untiring zeal to making a success of her venture. She prospered from the first, paying off every claim, and eventually secured to herself and children an unencumbered estate.

With Mrs. Motte, during most of the war, were her three daughters, her mother, Mrs. Brewton, and a niece, Miss Susannah Smith, daughter of Benjamin Smith, for many years speaker of the Provincial assembly. Mrs. Motte's eldest daughter was married to General Pinckney early in the struggle. She died a few years later and General Pinckney married the second daughter. The youngest daughter was married, after the war ended, to Colonel William Alston. Miss Smith, during the early years of the war, became the wife of Colonel Bernard Elliott a patriot who raised, equipped, and maintained a regiment of soldiers, at his own

expense. It was Mrs. Elliott, who presented a set of colours, embroidered with her own hands, to the South Carolina regiment of infantry commanded by Colonel Moultrie, the same colours which three years later were planted on the British lines at Savannah, but not until two officers had lost their lives and the gallant Jasper was mortally wounded.

Mary Redmond, "The Little Black-eyed Rebel"

"A boy drove into the city, his waggon loaded down
With food to feed the people of the British governed town;
And the little black-eyed rebel, so innocent and sly,
Was watching for his coming from the corner of her eye.

"His face looked broad and honest, his hands were brown and tough,
The clothes he wore upon him were homespun coarse and rough;
But one there was who watched him, who long time lingered nigh,
And cast at him sweet glances from the corner of her eye.

"He drove up to the market, he waited in the line;
His apples and potatoes were fresh and fair and fine;
But long and long he waited, and no one came to buy,
Save the black-eyed rebel, watching from the corner of her eye.

"'Now, who will buy my apples,' he shouted long and loud;
And 'Who wants my potatoes?' he repeated to the crowd;
But from all the people round him came no word of a reply,
Save the black-eyed rebel, answering from the corner of her eye.

"For she knew that 'neath the lining of the coat he wore that day,
Were long letters from the husbands and the fathers far away,
Who were fighting for the freedom that they meant to gain or die;
And a tear like silver glistened in the corner of her eye.

"But the treasures—how to get them? crept the question through her mind
Since keen enemies were a-watching for what prizes they might find;
And she paused a while and pondered, with a pretty little sigh;
Then resolve crept through her features and a shrewdness fired her eye.

"So she resolutely walked up to the waggon old and red;
'May I have a dozen apples for a kiss?' she sweetly said:
And the brown face flushed to scarlet; for the boy was somewhat shy,
And he saw her laughing at him from the corner of her eye.

"'You may have them all for nothing, and more, if you want,' quoth he;
'I will have them, my good fellow, but can pay for them,' said she;
And she climbed upon the waggon, minding not who all were by,
With a laugh of reckless romping in the corner of her eye.

"Clinging round his brawny neck, she clasped her fingers white and small,
And then whispered, 'Quick, the letters! thrust them underneath my shawl;
Carry back again this package, and be sure that you are spry!'
And she sweetly smiled upon him from the corner of her eye.

"Loud the motley crowd were laughing at the strange ungirlish freak,
And the boy was scared and panting, and so dashed he could not speak,
And 'Miss, I have good apples,' a bolder lad did cry;
But she answered, 'No, I thank you,' from the corner of her eye.

"With the news of loved ones absent to the dear friends they would greet
Searching them who hungered for them, swift she glided through the street.
'There is nothing worth the doing that it does not pay to try,'
Thought the little black-eyed rebel, with a twinkle in her eye."

This little poem by Will Carleton is from his *Poems for Young People*, published by Harper & Bros. It is said to be founded on fact. The "little black-eyed rebel" was a Miss Mary Redmond who succeeded more than once in helping to smuggle through letters from soldiers in the Continental Army to their wives and friends in Philadelphia.

Dicey Langston

There was a black-eyed girl baby born on a South Carolina plantation in the year 1760, who was to grow up with far more of guile than the fear of man in her heart, and who was to do deeds of daring during the War for Independence, that would send her name down in history along with those of Sumter and Marion, Pickens and Moultrie, and other chivalrous souls of the Southland.

The little maid, Dicey Langston, was the daughter of Solomon Langston, an elderly planter, living in the Laurens district on the Enoree River, a section overrun with British soldiers, Tories, and outlaws, who trained with the Tories during the latter days of the Revolu-

tion. Her mother died during her childhood, a period of which we have little record, except that she grew up with her brothers, learning their lessons and playing her part in their boyish sports. Naturally she became a bold and reckless rider and an expert shot along with her more ladylike accomplishments, and was a proud, imperious, high-spirited young woman, rather below the medium height, but graceful and attractive in face and manner. Of course, she became an earnest and outspoken patriot, as were her brothers, though they had relatives in their own neighbourhood who were strong sympathisers with the policy of King George.

Old Solomon Langston was an ardent Whig, and though incapacitated by age and infirmities from active participation in the struggle, he was always ready with purse and influence to aid the cause of independence. Both the sons were in the field and had been since the breaking out of hostilities, in some capacity or other. In order to save the family from annoyance, they did not live at home, nor visit the home except surreptitiously at rare intervals, but were in constant communication with their sister.

Living as she did in a community where she

was surrounded with Royalists, some of whom were her own relatives, the girl found it easy to learn what was going on, the movements and plans of the enemy, and how it was likely to affect their friends, and she did not hesitate to secure and use this information by communicating to her brother, who was encamped with a little band of Whigs along the opposite shore of the river, some miles away. After a time there began to arise questionings as to how certain information could have come to the ears of the rebels, and the suspicions of their Tory neighbours were turned toward Solomon Langston and his high-spirited and outspoken daughter. Mr. Langston was waited upon by some of these same Tories and told that if there was any more information carried he would be held personally responsible for his daughter's conduct. Mr. Langston was an old man, and not only his own safety but that of his daughter and his property depended upon these same neighbours, so he administered a stern rebuke to Miss Dicey, and warned her of the danger in which they stood. The meekness with which the young woman received the admonitions of her esteemed parent may be imagined, also the mental reser-

vations with which she promised to carry no more news to the Whig camps.

For a time she obeyed the commands of her father, but the probabilities are that it was because she had nothing worth telling. A few weeks later, however, it came to her ears accidentally that a band of Tory outlaws called the "Bloody Scouts," because of their ruthless cruelty in wantonly killing and plundering defenceless families known to be sympathisers with the patriot cause, were next day to attack Little Eden settlement, near where her brother and his little band lay in hiding. She knew that the Tories were especially incensed at her brother and that if captured he and all his band would be put to death. Orders or no orders she determined to warn her brother and the people of Little Eden settlement. Yet how, was the question. The slightest suspicion falling on her father's family would bring down on their heads the wrath of the "Bloody Scouts," already looking for an excuse to harry the old man and plunder his property. She had no one to send, no one whom she could trust even to take with her. No, she must go alone at night and on foot if she would avoid suspicion.

That was a journey long to be remembered. Starting late at night, after the family and servants had all gone to bed, she walked many miles through the woods, across marshes and creeks, over which there were no bridges and often no foot-logs, and finally came to the Tyger, a stream where the only chance of crossing lay in wading a ford. It had rained and the stream was swollen. Yet there was no other way than wading through, and she waded. Deeper and deeper the water became and stronger grew the current with each forward step. Near the middle of the stream, in fighting to retain her footing against the current, with the rushing water up to her shoulders, she fell and, becoming bewildered, "turned around," as she expressed it in later years, and could not tell, for the life of her, from which bank she had come and toward which bank she wanted to go. For some time—how long she never could tell—she plunged and struggled out in midstream, falling and regaining her footing only to fall again, until finally she dragged herself out on the bank and lay, half drowned and water-soaked, until she had recovered. She found the path again, decided that she was on the right side, and

after a short time she was with her brother and his little party.

In a few words she told of the coming attack and of the peril of the settlement and urged that no delay be made in sending the warning to every settler. The soldiers had just returned from a long and tiresome excursion and were worn out, wet, and hungry. There came complaint that the men were faint for lack of food. Though tired, wet, and shivering herself, the girl at once said:

"Build me a fire and get me some corn-meal or flour."

It was short work to pull down a few boards from the roof of their hovel and start a fire, and in a few minutes a hoecake lay baking in the embers. This, browned and broken into pieces, was thrust into the shot pouches of the men so that they could eat as they ran on their messages of warning. So well did young Langston and his party do their work that when morning came and the "Bloody Scouts" descended upon the settlement at Little Eden, it was as empty of human occupation as was that other Eden after the angel of the Lord had driven out Adam and Eve. And the demure Miss Dicey, fresh and

dainty, sat with her family at their breakfast and made irrelevant replies to the conversation until they rallied her upon her absent-mindedness. And it was many weeks before they knew of that twenty-mile tramp through the woods and morasses in the darkness of the night.

The failure of the "Bloody Scouts" to find the settlers of Little Eden only added to the enmity of the band toward the few patriots in the Laurens district, and though they could not trace the carrying of any warning to the Langston family the growing hate and suspicion toward the old man marked him for a victim. After a sortie which a party of Whigs of which his son was a member had made on the Tories, it was decided that the old man must die, and the band went to his house to kill him and plunder his belongings. Mr. Langston, too infirm to escape or even attempt to hide, and too proud to ask for mercy, faced them boldly and denied that he was in any way taking part in the struggle.

"You lie, you old rebel!" angrily shouted the leader, pointing a pistol at the old man's breast. The girl sprang between her father and the maddened Tory.

Dicey Langston Shielding her Father.

From an engraving of the picture by T. H. Matteson.

"You get out of the way, or I 'll put a bullet through your heart," he snarled.

"He 's an old man, you coward!" said the girl, almost beside herself with terror, but only clasping her father the closer and still keeping herself between him and his would-be assassin. Her fearless devotion must have touched another of the "Bloody Scouts," for he interfered and the old man was spared.

At another time, when coming home from a Whig settlement, Miss Langston was met by a company of loyalists who ordered her to tell them the news among the rebels.

"I have seen no rebels and I know of no news," she said, trying to evade further parley, as the leader was a lawless character who had been a renegade from justice before he won the protection of the British by taking up arms against his neighbours.

"Yes you have, too. Now tell, or I 'll shoot you," at the same time drawing his pistol.

"I 'll tell you nothing," was her spirited reply.

"Tell, d— you, or you 'll die in your tracks."

"Shoot if you dare, I have nothing to tell."

The outlaw would have carried out his threat

had not a young man of his command struck up the barrel of his pistol and the bullet was wasted in the air. In the altercation that ensued between the guerillas the girl, who was mounted on a fleet young horse, made her escape.

It is told of her that at one time her brother, James Langston, had left a rifle in her keeping with the understanding that he would send a man for it who would give a certain countersign. A company of men came to the house one day and one of them said that her brother had told him to bring his gun back with them. Miss Dicey went after the gun and then all at once chanced to think that she did not know but they might be Tories. So she refused to give up the gun until they had given her the countersign.

"You 're too late, Mistress Langston," said the leader, a big, handsome, happy-go-lucky sort of a fellow, "both you and the gun are now in our possession."

"Oh, we are," she said, quick as a flash turning the gun point blank at his head and cocking it, "then come and get us."

She was so deadly in earnest that the young man lost no time in giving the countersign, and

that very respectfully, while his companions laughed long and loud. This was the young man it is said who came back after the war was over and then kept on coming until one day he carried her away with him, for better or worse.

On one occasion Mistress Dicey came near getting into trouble from trying to carry water on both shoulders. A party of Whigs stopped at her father's house for refreshments and in the conversation said that they were on their way to visit a Tory neighbour of the Langstons and take away his horses. As the neighbour was, in the main, a peaceable citizen and a good neighbour, the girl determined to save him his horses. She slipped out, and, going to the neighbour's house, warned him that his horses had been marked for a change of ownership without his leave. What was her consternation to hear, accidentally, just before leaving for home, that the neighbour had sent a messenger to a band of Tories which he knew to be in the neighbourhood, to capture the unsuspecting Whigs. She hurried back in time to warn the Whigs and so in one day had saved the property of a Tory neighbour and probably the lives of several Whig friends.

Dicey Langston was married shortly after the close of the war to Thomas Springfield of Greenville, S. C., where she lived until her death, at a very old age, surrounded by a large and prosperous family. She was wont to boast in her last days that she had thirty-two sons and grandsons able to vote or to fight in defence of their liberty. She sleeps in the old graveyard in Greenville and her State is still proud to do her honour.

Prudence Wright

A short distance from the point where Jewett's bridge crosses over the Nashua River, in the town of Pepperell, Mass., there stands a granite tablet, bearing this inscription:

> Near this spot a party
> of patriotic women under
> the leadership of Mrs. David
> Wright of Pepperell, in
> April, 1775, captured Leonard
> Whiting, a Tory who was car-
> rying treasonable dispatches
> to the enemy in Boston. He
> was taken a prisoner to Groton
> and the dispatches were sent
> to the Committee of Safety
> at Cambridge.

This weather-stained slab of stone commemorates one of the most interesting episodes of the Revolution and emphasises the grim determination and patriotism that animated the great mass of American women throughout that struggle. It was erected nearly a third of a century ago by Mrs. Sarah E. Pevear of Lynn, Mass., a granddaughter of Prudence Wright, the dauntless woman who led in the guarding of the bridge.

Prudence Wright was the third child of Samuel Cumings and Prudence Lawrence Cumings and was born in Middlesex County, Mass., in November, 1740. Her father was a well-to-do citizen, prominent in church and public affairs. He had won promotion in the French and Indian wars and was either justice of the peace or town clerk for many years. He died, honoured and respected, in January, 1772.

Miss Mary L. P. Shattuck, a descendant of Prudence Wright, some years ago read a paper before the Prudence Wright Chapter, D. A. R., of which she was founder and regent, giving a clear and comprehensive sketch of the life of their "patron saint" and of the women who helped her guard the bridge as well as a series

of rarely interesting pictures of New England home life, in the early days. Of the girlhood of little Prue Cumings, she writes: "When she was eight or nine years old she could do what was required of a well-taught little girl. She could knit socks for her father—sew patchwork for wool quilts, of pieces cut from cloth of her mother's dyeing and weaving. She could overhand the seam in a sheet and her sampler was finished.

"She had learned the shorter catechism standing at her mother's knee, and afterward she diligently conned the Westminster catechism, hoping to answer without mistake of a single word, when Parson Emerson came to catechise the children, and, a most prized accomplishment, she could write.

"When she played, the same traits appeared in her that we see in children the world over and always, regardless of their parents' customs. She loved form, colour, and construction. One bright June day after she had finished her afternoon stint of sewing—it was stitching the wristbands for a shirt in which she had not made a single mistake two threads backward two forward in each stitch—and her mother had praised her

work after careful inspection, and rewarded her with a well-earned play time, she went out into the yard taking with her a much-prized sheet of white paper which Esquire Cumings had given his little daughter for her careful attention to his inkhorn, and her mother as a special favour loaned her scissors to Prudence. The child folded and cut her paper, squeezed the juices from leaves and flowers, and laid on the colours without a brush. This little 'love box' was carefully put away among her few treasures and has passed from daughter to daughter for a hundred and fifty years. It is folded much as a little daughter of to-day would fold a box sitting behind her kindergarten table."

When Miss Prudence was about eighteen, she was a notable little housekeeper. Miss Shattuck says: "She possessed the varied accomplishments of a capable young woman who lived on the frontier in the home of a well-to-do family of influence in the community. She could spin, weave, and dye linen and woollen cloths for all household purposes; she knew all the steps from the flax and the fleece to the completed garments. Her knitting-needles were always bright; girls in those days knit a pillow-case full

of stockings before they were married. She could dip and mould candles, mould bullets and buckshot and pewter spoons. She could handle the flint-lock, net, spear, and fish-line with skill. She probably never skated but she knew how to wear snow-shoes; she was mistress of a horse, but she never drove; there were no carriages in Hollis, until long after she left the town. She knew the processes for preserving meats and she could make soap and braid mats and hats. As an accomplished cook she could make bean porridge, prepare the boiled dish, cook meats and fish, cook corn-meal, rye, and wheat, boil cider, make apple-jack, prepare the cooking soda, which she used, from corn-cob ashes, boil sap into syrup and sugar. She was accomplished in the art of sand scouring, able to sweep a most graceful pattern in the sand on the living-room floor. . . .

"The ox teams returning from market in Boston brought luxuries for the well-to-do family of Esquire Cumings. Madam would see that her daughter had a chest full of linen as a part of her wedding outfit and braided mats would not be wanting, and I think she told her husband one day when he started for

Boston to bring home a light coloured broadcloth for a cloak and silk for a gown. The Squire probably added a plume for his daughter's new Dunstable straw, some lace for her neck, and perhaps the first pair of Boston shoes. I am sure the indulgent father remembered Prudence's whispered reminder, made as he started for Boston, to bring her a gay ribbon and long mitts."

Naturally, all this led up to one thing and in due time this entry was made on the Hollis Records: "Prudence Cumings, born at the parish of West Dunstable now Hollis, Nov. 26, 1740, and Married to David Wright of Pepperell Dec. 28, 1761." David Wright was at that time a likely young man of twenty-six, a public-spirited citizen keenly alive to all that concerned his own welfare or that of his neighbours. Miss Shattuck gives us frequent glances upon the homely life of the Wrights up until 1775, when David Wright was one of the town assessors and in the prime of life. He was forty years old and Prudence, thirty-five, with seven children. They were ardent patriots as seems to have been the case with most of their neighbours, as Miss Shattuck's researches show that "Pep-

perell was loyal to the democratic tendencies of the times. There was not a Tory within its borders, more than could be said of most towns. . . . When the matrons of Pepperell heard of the Boston tea-party, they burned their tea before the meeting house, so our grandmothers tell us. Probably, Mrs. David Wright came down Park Street with her contribution. . . . The opening months of 1775 found all able-bodied men enrolled, under weekly drill and ready to respond to the first call. The women were no less ready. . . . When the time came they met the crisis with a self-forgetfulness that matched the heroism of the men; they moulded the bullets and tied the cartridges around them; they filled the powder-horns and gave the men their Sunday coats which they, themselves, had spun, wove, cut, and made, bade them God-speed, and then faced their home duties. . . . They were actuated by the same unanimity of purpose, and devotion to country, and they were not wanting in physical and moral courage. They needed the occasion only to spring at once to active service, 'minute women.'"

"I can see," again writes Miss Shattuck, "a typical evening group in the last weeks of that

A Colonial Fireplace.

From a photograph by the Sperry Studio, Bridgeport, Conn.

fateful winter of 1775. It is in David Wright's living-room. David's long day's work ended with the chores, and now he sits watching David, Jr., who is cracking nuts, and his little Prudence, as the child holds her arm before her face and turns the row of apples roasting on the hearth. His wife is tucking the younger children into bed.

"This same evening, John Shattuck looked across the supper table at his wife Lydia and told her that he must see David Wright about Parson Emerson's wood, as it was high time that the last part of it was hauled. Thirty cords of wood delivered at the parsonage door, half in September, the remainder in midwinter, was a part of the minister's salary.

"Lydia put the ever-ready knitting work into a bag which she hung on her arm and together they went to neighbour Wright's. When they opened the door, David and his son were peeling brooms. Prudence stood at her spinning-wheel and little Prue sat on her stool before the fire with her cat in her lap watching the sputtering apples.

"David and his wife put aside their work to welcome the neighbours, the children made

their manners and retired to the corner. The men talked about the prospect of three or four weeks' sledding and the women adjusted their knitting sheaths and prepared to knit as they discussed household affairs. Presently Mr. Isaac Boynton dropped in from across the way. Later Mr. and Mrs. Jonathan Blood came down across lots from Oak Hill. Mr. Blood's house stood on the spot where that of his great-great-grandson, Mr. David Blood, now stands. They are soon interrupted by the arrival of Nehemiah Hobart and his wife Rachel on horseback. Nehemiah tells Lydia Shattuck the last news from down country after they have all shaken hands. Nehemiah and Lydia are cousins, grandchildren of Rev. Gershorn Hobart of Groton, and great-grandchildren of Rev. Peter Hobart of Hingham. . . . Nehemiah is town clerk this year and one of the leading men in public matters in Pepperell, and also a member of the Committee of Correspondence, and naturally the men begin to discuss public affairs. The women drop their household economy and listen. It is a close circle about the blazing hearth, the mug of cider passes from man to man, the women's knitting-needles flash in the firelight.

"Last to join in the company are Nathaniel Parker and his wife Ruth. He is a young man in the prime of life, thirty-four years old. There is surprise when they appear, as Mr. Parker returned from Boston to-day and it is not customary to go neighbouring on the evening of return from market, but there is a reason, for Nathaniel brings a printed sermon that David told him last Sunday he wished to see.

"On February twenty-first, the Groton company of minute-men listened to a sermon from Rev. Samuel Webster of Temple, N. H., preached before them by request of their officers. The Groton men did not wish their own pastor to preach their sermon because he leaned too much toward royalty to please them. Mr. Webster uttered no uncertain words, so the company requested him to permit its publication. On his way out of Boston, Nathaniel Parker drove through Queen Street, now Court Street, and bought a copy at the printer's, which Nehemiah Hobart offers to read aloud when Mistress Wright places a little stand at his side with two tallow dips upon it. . . . The men sit still with attentive faces, the women knit,

gazing into the fire. Here is a passage that shows the spirit of the preacher:

"'Lord North says that he will lay America at his feet, which is explained to mean obedience without reserve to the Mother Country, in plainer English to himself, and this, compared with the manifest readiness of the new parliament to second to the utmost of their power the designs of the minister, scarce leaves us even hopes—but from the unsearchable ways of Providence—but that we must ere long hear the sound of trumpets and the alarms of war. Shall we then be idle, when, under God, we must depend only upon ourselves? Duty to God who commands us not to be servants of men forbids it. Benevolence to manhood who in opposition to the laws of nature and of God are almost divided into the ignoble characters of tyrants and slaves, forbids it! Justice to our Fathers who so dearly purchased the blessing forbids it! Justice to ourselves and unborn millions forbids it! My friends, I wish you, and your country wishes you, calmness of judgment and firmness of conduct in this hour.'

"The women's hands lie idle in their laps,

the fingers still closed mechanically over the needles, their gaze divided between the glowing bed of coals on the hearth and the faces of the men. The men look steadily into the fire. Young David feels a thrill of suppressed excitement which he does not understand and watches the company. The child Prudence, forgotten by her mother, lies asleep on the settle with her cat in her arms. For a few minutes after the reader ceases no one speaks; the only sound to break the stillness comes from the cradle as it rocks slowly to and fro, moved by the unconscious action of the mother, as she sits with her toe under the rocker. Her baby lies in it, him she has named Liberty, in the ardour of her devotion to the country.

"Does Nathaniel Parker see battlefields in the glowing coals? In four months he will be lying dead in the trenches on Bunker Hill, and his wife will be standing alone among her five children, under fourteen years of age, facing her battlefield. There will be seven other Pepperell men dead in those trenches. Jonathan Blood will go from his door one day, and no word shall ever return from him to be cherished in his family, for he is to lie in an unmarked, unknown grave.

"The possibilities throw a shadow over these strong Puritan faces, which the ruddy glow on the hearth cannot lighten. Presently, as if by mutual consent, the men look for their coats, the women wind their yarn on the ball and thrust in the needles, while all talk of indifferent matters. The reticent New Englanders seldom give expression to their deeper feeling except as their actions testify to the strength of their convictions. They will not talk much on their way home.

"Prudence kisses the flushed face of her boy, and puts her sleepy daughter to bed without a word of reproof, her lingering hand pressing the blanket about the child's shoulders. David carefully covers the embers with ashes, placing an inverted shovel over the top to prevent them from flying into the room if a gust of wind should sweep down the chimney. Then he hangs the great brass kettle on the crane and fills it with water—five pailsful—Prudence will scour yarn to-morrow. She has drawn in a warp and will weave a web next week.

"The long low room is very silent now; the cat creeps cautiously out of her hiding-place behind the dresser and sits on the warm hearth blinking at a glowing brand that was not covered.

A star just over the chimney lies reflected in the kettle of water; the clock strikes eleven."

In March, Mrs. Wright's baby son, Liberty, died and was laid beside his little sister Mary who had died a year earlier. But her private grief did not entirely distract her mind from the troubles of her country. Her two elder brothers, Samuel and Thomas Cumings, were outspoken loyalists and this was a source of great mental pain. They were warm personal friends of Captain Leonard Whiting, another prominent citizen, who held the rank of captain in the British army. He had served in the French and Indian War, and from his knowledge of the country as well as experience was a valuable ally to the British and even now was looked upon with distrust by the patriots of Groton, Pepperell, and Hollis. News came of the battles of Lexington and Concord, and the women of Pepperell knew that their townsmen had helped chase the British and were near Boston and that other actions were imminent. The air was filled with rumours. Spies were reported as passing between the British in Canada and those in Boston. One road from the north ran directly through Pepperell and a report came that

Captain Leonard Whiting was likely to pass through the town with despatches. Other rumours came of small bodies of British soldiers that might be sent into various towns to arrest some of the most prominent and active patriots. Then it was that the spirit of the minute-men began to manifest itself in the women, and led to the "Home Guard."

"Word was sent from house to house in Pepperell for the women to assemble," writes Miss Shattuck. "We know that some from Groton also responded. Hollis women may have been represented in the gathering. They determined that no foe to the cause so dear to them should pass through the town. They elected Mrs. David Wright as commander. She chose Mrs. Job Shattuck as her lieutenant. Mrs. Shattuck's husband was in the engagement at Lexington and Concord and in active service until the close of the war. Unfortunately the muster roll of the 'Guard,' if one was ever made, was not preserved. Tradition enrolls the women of the immediate neighbourhood, between thirty and forty in number. We know what their uniform was, their absent husbands' and brothers' clothing; their accoutrements, the muskets

left behind by the men, pitchforks, anything that could be made to do service; their rendezvous, Jewett's bridge over the Nashua River, where a person coming from the north would be obliged to cross."

The guard was called upon to assemble but once, so far as can be learned, and that was the night they captured Captain Leonard Whiting. Word had come that a detachment of British troops was to pass through. There were pine trees on one side of the river near the bridge and no houses in sight. The road curved around high ground on the north side so that the bridge was not visible until it was nearly reached. The women had chosen their position admirably for an ambuscade, and, undoubtedly, had the soldiers come, would have proved their prowess. As it was, after waiting for a considerable time there came sounds of galloping hoofs, but it was the galloping of but two horsemen, Captain Leonard Whiting and Samuel Cumings, brother of Mrs. Wright. Some accounts say that Cumings recognised his sister's voice and turning his horse dashed away. Others have said that he was captured and allowed to leave the country. But, of Leonard Whiting, there is no doubt.

He drew his pistol, when one of the guards laid hand on his horse's rein, but was overpowered, pulled from his horse, and hastily searched. Tucked in the legs of his boots were found despatches which he was carrying. These "treasonable papers" Mrs. Wright and her guard turned over to the proper authorities, as they did Captain Leonard Whiting, but not until after they had marched in a body back to town and up to the tavern of Solomon Rogers, where they put him in safe-keeping and ordered supper for the guard.

In the town warrant of Pepperell, for March 11, 1777, Miss Shattuck finds the third article to read as follows: "To hear the request of Leonard Whiting's guard (so-called), and act anything in reference thereto as shall then be tho't proper." In the town meeting called by this warrant the following action was taken: "Voted that Leonard Whiting's guard (so-called) be paid seven pounds, seventeen shillings, and sixpence by an Order on the Treasurer."

"Our grandparents tell us that Solomon Rogers entertained the guard at town expense," continues Miss Shattuck; "in all probability this money paid the bill. This action of the town is its endorsement of the guard and shows

the estimate placed upon this service rendered to the Colonial government. . . . Beyond the shadow of a doubt, the women went to the bridge expecting to meet a company of men. It was this belief that led them to disguise themselves as men, hoping to accomplish their purpose under cover of the darkness, and by the sudden sally of an apparently large and wholly unexpected body of militia, to put the regulars to flight before they discovered their mistake. After delivering their prisoner into custody the guard disbanded."

Leonard Whiting was imprisoned for some time charged with "being inimical to the Rights and Liberties of the United Colonies," but was paroled, it being found that his treason to the Colonial cause consisted in a soldier's loyalty to the government whose commissioned officer he was. In later life he was a prominent and respected citizen and a founder and trustee of the Phillips Academy, Exeter.

David Wright and his wife Prudence had eleven children, the oldest son being a soldier in the last years of the Revolution. She died in 1823, aged 84 years, about four years after her husband, who died in 1819, at the ripe old age of

93. In 1908, the Prudence Wright Chapter, D. A. R., erected a marker in the old burying ground of Pepperell, "to the memory of Prudence Cumings Wright, Captain of the Bridge Guard."

The Fighting Martins of "Ninety-six"

An act of audacious bravery was performed by two fun-loving but patriotic young women of South Carolina, during that last checkered campaign of General Greene, that will ever add interest to the early annals of the State.[3]

Mrs. Abram Martin was the Spartan mother of seven sons, all of whom were soldiers fighting for independence. The two eldest were married, and their wives, Mrs. Grace Martin and Mrs. Rachel Martin, lived with their mother-in-law, not far from Fort Ninety-six in the Edgefield district. They were mere girls, scarcely out of their teens, Grace, the wife of the eldest son, having been married when she was fourteen. They were bright, mischievous young women skilled in woodcraft, full of fun, and courageous as a woman had need to be in a section overrun with British soldiers, Tories, and guerillas. Late one afternoon word was received at the

Grace and Rachel Martin Arresting Two English Officers.

From an old print.

Martin homestead that a courier, bearing important despatches to one of the upper stations, was to pass along the road, fronting the house, very shortly. The courier was being escorted by two British soldiers.

"Grace," said Mrs. Rachel, banteringly, "if you were a soldier's wife, I 'd dare you to join me in capturing that courier and his papers for General Greene." Grace Martin's husband was an officer, whose promotion had been won for daring and bravery in many battles. Consequently her answer was to have been expected.

"Soldier's wife," said Mrs. Grace scornfully, "I dare do anything that you can do."

The plan was quickly matured. They would don their husbands' uniforms, and as both were tall, well-formed girls they trusted that in the dusk of the evening their sex might not be recognised. In the half-light, with rifles over their shoulders and pistols in their belts they were in fact quite formidable looking soldiers. At least the British guards thought so when the pair sprang out from behind a rail fence near the Martin home, where the three travellers had to pass through a gap in the fence, and called upon them to halt. Taken entirely unawares

and with guns cocked but a few feet from their heads, there was nothing for them to do except to surrender, which they promptly did with both hands up.

"We want those papers," said Mistress Grace in as deep a voice as she could command. The courier and the two young officers who were acting as escort were too much frightened to notice the voice, and the papers were handed over at once, after which the two young women, with a great show of magnanimity, paroled them, not knowing what else to do with them. The discomfited Britons turned about and rode slowly back. Taking a short cut through the woods the young women reached their home and had resumed their wonted garb when the three British soldiers appeared and asked for shelter for the night. Mrs. Martin, the elder, asked them, in all innocence, how it was that they were returning so soon after having but recently passed the house. They replied by showing their paroles and acknowledged frankly that they had been taken prisoners by "two young rebels, armed with rifles," who had come upon them so suddenly that they had no time to defend themselves. Shelter was given to them

for the night and they rode away next morning with never a suspicion that the two merry-eyed young women with whom they had conversed at the breakfast-table were the rebel lads who had led them captive. It is perhaps unnecessary to say that the captured despatches had been forwarded to General Greene's headquarters by a trusted messenger within an hour after they were taken.

Mrs. Abram Martin was a woman of strong personality. She had eight sons and one daughter. Seven of her sons and her son-in-law, Captain Wade of Virginia, entered the service at the opening of the war. Captain Wade fell with his commander, Richard Montgomery, at the siege of Quebec and his widow and his little son, George Washington Wade, lived with Mrs. Martin. Her eldest son, William M. Martin, was a captain of artillery, and after serving with distinguished bravery at the sieges of Savannah and Charleston, was killed at the siege of Augusta. He was married to Miss Grace Waring, daughter of Benjamin Waring of Dorchester. Her husband's death left her with three children. Barkley Martin, the second son, was married to Rachel Clay, daughter

of Henry Clay, Jr., of Mecklenburg, Va., a first cousin of Henry Clay of Tennessee. Rachel Clay's sister was married to another of the "Fighting Martins of 'Ninety-six'" and their son, another Barkley Martin, was a member of Congress in the forties.

One of the traditions in the family was that when the British were in possession of Fort Ninety-six, an English officer rode out to the Martin home one day and asked the old lady, who sat with her daughter-in-law, "Did n't you have a son in the army at Augusta?"

"I did," replied the aged mother, scarcely able to restrain her tears.

"Well, I saw his d— head shot off," replied the officer, with a malicious grin. If he anticipated any pleasure in seeing the agony of a wife and mother he must have been chagrined, as the only reply of the mother was, "He could not have died in a better cause."

NOTES TO CHAPTER IV

[1] In the Pennsylvania Senate, February 21, 1822, an Act was passed for the relief of "Molly McKolly," for her services in the Revolutionary War, and at once signed by Governor Heister. This relief was "the sum of forty dollars immediately and the same sum half-yearly during life."

[2] Lydia Darrah's story was first published in the *American*

Quarterly Review, in 1835, as coming from Lydia Darrah herself. The story was known and accepted by a number of old Philadelphians at the time.

[3] The stories of Emily Geiger, Rebecca Motte, Dicey Langston, the Martins, and other daring and patriotic women of South Carolina are well authenticated by Dr. Ramsey's *Recollections* and his *History of South Carolina*, the Memoirs of Generals Lee and Sumter, and personal interviews with direct descendants by Mrs. Ellett and others.

THE mothers of our Forest Land,
Stout-hearted dames were they,
With nerve to wield the battle brand
And join the border fray.
Our rough land had no braver
In its days of blood and strife;
Ay ready for severest toil;
Ay free to peril life.

William Davis Gallagher.

Chapter V

Heroines of the Homes

Brave and devoted women who kept the hearthfires burning, cared for their children, endured privations and hardships uncomplainingly, and gave aid to the American cause in many ways—Nancy Van Alstyne, "The Peacemaker of the Mohawk"—Mother Thomas's midnight ride—Hannah Caldwell, "The Martyr of Springfield"—Prophetic dream of Molly Slocumb—Mad Ann Bailey, "The Heroine of Point Pleasant"—Martha Brattan's daring—Susannah Barnett Smart—Deborah Champion—Katharine Steel—Dorcas Richardson—Ann Story—Elizabeth Jackson—Elizabeth Petrie Shell—Rebecca Bryant Boone—Elizabeth Zane.

THERE was developed in many of the pioneer women of our early days a masculine masterfulness and audacity which, coupled with natural resourcefulness, carried them through some trying situations where sheer courage might have failed.

Such was the actuating spirit of Nancy Van Alstyne, a heroine of the Mohawk Valley, whose deeds are yet a part of the storied traditions told about the firesides of central New York. Mrs. Van Alstyne was born near Canajoharie,

in 1733, and reared in a community in which Indians were more common than white men. Her father, old Peter Quackenbush, was an Indian trader, and as his supply of goods was seemingly inexhaustible and he carried many things that the other traders did not, the Indians came to half believe what he claimed—that he was under the especial care of the Great Spirit.

When she was yet but a roystering, fun-loving girl of eighteen, Nancy Quackenbush was married to Martin J. Van Alstyne, and went to live in the old Van Alstyne mansion, a few miles from her father's home. Her husband was a prosperous farmer and trader whose business called him away from home much of his time, and so the management of their property at home fell largely to her, and this and the care of the rapidly growing family filled the time of the good woman for many years.

During the latter part of the war for independence, no section of the country passed through greater vicissitudes than the Mohawk Valley, the home of the Six Nations. The Iroquois, holding loyalty almost feudal to Sir William Johnson, had been drawn by him to side with the English in the French and Indian War.

Dying shortly before the Revolution, Johnson had passed his authority on to his son, Sir John Johnson, ever an adherent of King George. The Indians at first were at a loss to understand why there should be enmity between the settlers and the English, where before there had been amity, but they felt that it was no affair of theirs, and so, while they were glad to get the brass kettles and clothing, the old muskets and powder that St. Leger and Johnson gave them, and in return to harry a few settlements where there was little risk to run and a chance for rum and plunder, they took little real interest in the contest until the Battle of Oriskany, where a little band of Provincials fought them in their own fashion and with fearful slaughter.

After Oriskany, in 1777, the Indians of the Mohawk Valley had their own revenge to work out, and British agents, stirring up mischief and offering bounties for scalps, kept them at fever heat. From this came the massacres of Wyoming and Cherry Valley and German flats, and the devastation of Cobleskill and Schoharie, and eventually led to the driving out of the Iroquois themselves. During 1778 and 1779 the activities of the Indians elsewhere had given

the Mohawk Valley comparative peace, though the settlers were in constant suspense. In the spring of 1780, the Indians, infuriated by the awful desolation left behind General Sullivan's raid, were eager for retaliation. A little later they were joined by Brant with his renegade Tories and Indians, and the devastation of the Mohawk Valley began.

In August, a little band of Indians visited the settlement. Mr. Van Alstyne and most of the other men were away. The women and children were terror-stricken when word was brought that the Indians were coming. Calling them together, Mrs. Van Alstyne advised that they all cross over to an island which her husband owned, near the opposite side of the river, taking such things as they could carry. She knew that the Indians, being a small party, would not remain long, and thought that if they found the houses partially emptied they would be led to think that the settlement had been abandoned. In a short time the seven families comprising the settlement were on the island, Mrs. Van Alstyne going last. Barely had they secreted themselves when they heard the shouting and soon saw the smoke from their burning

homes. The Van Alstyne home was the only one left standing, the chief saying, "Let the old wolf keep his den," as Mr. Van Alstyne was afterward told by an Indian who had been present and who said that the chief knew that the "old wolf" had been a friend of Sir John or his house would have been burned. The families returned to the smoking ruins of their cabins the next morning and made shift to stay with Mrs. Van Alstyne until it was felt safe to rebuild their own homes.

Some months later three men from Canajoharie, who had deserted from the Provincial army and joined the enemy, came back to spy around and report on the condition of their old neighbours. They were caught and hanged as spies, one of them being executed in Van Alstyne's orchard. When the spies did not return, several Indians were sent to see what had become of them. The Indians chanced to reach the settlement the day of the execution, and soon the action was reported to Brant, the half-breed chief, who immediately sent a party to retaliate. They took awful toll. With the exception of the Van Alstyne home, there was not one out of which there was not some member

killed or carried into captivity. It was said afterward that Brant had given orders that the Van Alstyne house should not be destroyed. If so, it was as far as his protection went. The Indians came upon them by surprise when Mr. Van Alstyne was away from home. The good woman saw her most cherished possessions carried away or broken up. Valuable articles brought from Holland were wantonly broken and scattered. She possessed a large mirror which, as the Indans passed several times, she came to hope that it would be spared. But soon two of the young Indians laid the mirror on the floor and, leading in a colt from the stable, walked him back and forth across it until it was a mass of fragments. A half-grown Indian boy, seeing a pair of inlaid buckles on the shoes worn by the aged mother of Mr. Van Alstyne, snatched the shoes from her feet, cut the buckles off, and flung the shoes at her head. Another tore the knit shawl from around her shoulders, threatening to kill her if she resisted. The oldest daughter, seeing a young savage carrying a hat and cape which her father had recently brought to her from Philadelphia, snatched them away from him and, in the struggle which ensued, pushed

him down and then fled to a pile of hemp, where she hid them. The other Indians laughed and cheered and prevented the discomfited buck from interfering with her further. A quantity of milk and cream stood in stone crocks in the kitchen. The Indians emptied the contents over the floor and broke the jars. The Indians bribed a man-servant, by promising him immunity, to tell them where Mrs. Van Alstyne had hidden several valuable articles. One was a barrel of clothing, not yet made up. Mrs. Van Alstyne had just concluded cutting out the winter clothing for her family, which included her husband and herself and twelve children, Mr. Van Alstyne's old mother, two black servants, and the white man who revealed the hiding place. Mrs. Van Alstyne entreated him not to tell where the articles were hidden and assured him that he would surely be punished and not rewarded by the Indians. Sure enough, when they left they bound him and carried him away.

It was a sorry-looking house that the Indians left. Windowless and with the doors broken down, it was a poor protection for a family almost without clothing or anything to cover them. More than that, there was nothing to

eat and no way to get anything. Their few neighbours were still worse off, as those who had not been killed or carried away were suffering from their wounds. However, the sufferers were cared for, windows and doors boarded up, and fires built in the chimney-places. Mrs. Van Alstyne set her children to pounding corn and making samp and cakes that they might be fed. So things went for a day or two, but the good woman was sorely troubled at the lack of clothing. She tried spinning flax mixed with the silk of milkweed and weaving it. It was a smooth and serviceable cloth, but it would have taken until the following spring to have clothed the family. Then she became desperate.

When her husband returned, she urged that he and the other men who had been robbed join together and make an effort to rescue their property from the Indian "castle," a score or so of miles away, where she thought it might have been taken. He thought it impossible. Then she determined to go herself. Taking her son John, aged sixteen, and their remaining horse she started. The snow lay deep on the ground, but they finally reached the Indian village and drove to the main house, the "castle," where

Mrs. Van Alstyne knew that she would be apt to find the best of the plunder. The Indians had all gone on a hunt, and only an old squaw remained. When Mrs. Van Alstyne asked for food, the squaw hesitated. "No Indian ever came hungry to my house and was refused food," said Mrs. Van Alstyne. The squaw sullenly set about preparing some food. The good woman saw her own kitchen utensils brought out for use, and when the Indian woman took a bucket and went for water she gathered up such articles as she recognised and told her son to put them in their sleigh, which he did. Just then the squaw returned and asked by whose order she had taken the things.

"They are mine," said Mrs. Van Alstyne. The Indian woman showed signs of resistance, but Mrs. Van Alstyne took from her pocket a paper and handed it to her, saying: "This comes from Yankee Peter (probably Peter Schuyler), and says for you to give me all my things."

Whatever may have been the virtue of Yankee Peter's name cannot be told at this time, but it proved efficacious, and Mrs. Van Alstyne and her son gathered together many of her articles, including considerable of the family clothing,

and put it in their sleigh. Then, going to the stables, she found two of her husband's horses, which she tied behind her sleigh and started for home. The family passed a sleepless night, as it was certain that the Indians would come after the horses, if nothing else.

Sure enough, soon after daylight a little party of Indians appeared in sight. Van Alstyne wanted his wife to give the horses up, but she would not "without an argument," as she said, and, telling him to remain in the house while she talked to them, out she went. The Indians started first to the stable. She followed, with most of her weeping family behind her.

"What do you want?" she demanded, reaching the stable first and turning around.

"Ugh! Want horses," was the gruff reply.

"Well, you can't have them. They 're my horses, and you came and took them without right." She was standing in front of the stable door. The chief approached threateningly and pulled her to one side and then reached for the pin that held the door shut. She pushed him away, and when he drew his rifle to his shoulder and was taking aim she said, "I dare you to shoot," looking him squarely in the eyes.

Slowly the gun was let down and he turned to his companions, saying: "Ugh! devil in old woman!" He turned to depart and the others gave a shout of approbation. On their way back the Indians stopped at the home of Captain Frey, a Tory neighbour, and told the story, saying that the white woman's bravery had saved her property, and that if there had been fifty men along the Mohawk as brave as the wife of "Big Tree" (Mr. Van Alstyne) the Indians would never have troubled them. The chief also told Captain Frey that the "white squaw would make heap bad fight."

Mrs. Van Alstyne lived to be the mother of fifteen children, the youngest of whom was born after she was fifty years old. She was ninety-eight years of age when she passed away, a remarkably well preserved and intelligent old lady, loved and honoured the whole length of the Mohawk Valley. She died and was buried in Nampsville, Madison County, where many of her descendants may be found.

Jane Thomas

Some one once called the heroic wife of Colonel John Thomas "that Roman mother of South

Carolina." If courage, loyalty, and a high sense of duty, combined with maternal love and the graces of cultured womanhood, were attributes of the matrons of ancient Rome, then indeed to no other more than to Jane Thomas could the term be applied.

After the British had captured Charleston in 1780, the cause of the patriots was most desperate. The country was overrun by British and Tories, and every man identified with the American cause was proscribed and hunted as an outlaw. His property was confiscated and carried away or wantonly destroyed, and his family harassed, insulted, and threatened. In all the rich section between the Saluda River and the Broad, nearly every patriot was forced to leave the country or to acknowledge British supremacy and ask for protection. The Tories simply seized the opportunity to pillage and rob and otherwise punish such of the patriot families as had incurred their displeasure. It was here that the infamous Captain Ferguson, a name still execrated, helped to carry out the unclean work of both British and Tories, when the "Whigs," as the patriots were called, were despoiled of money and jewelry, cattle, negroes,

furniture, and foodstuffs, until often they wanted even the necessaries of life.

Early in this period, Colonel John Thomas, one of the most influential men of the section, was arrested and, with one of his sons, sent to Fort Ninety-six. Colonel Thomas was advanced in years, but still stout of heart and a man to be feared. Some time after their incarceration Mrs. Thomas went to see how they were getting along. The men were not in close confinement, and she found no obstacles thrown in her way in seeing them and ministering to her son, who was ill. Colonel Thomas had some information which he greatly wished to get to General Sumter. It was of almost vital importance and no messenger could be found whom he could trust. Mrs. Thomas volunteered to bear his message to the camp of the "Swamp Fox." She made the journey alone on horseback, and on her return chanced to overhear a conversation between two loyalist women to the effect that on the next night the Tories were to attack the garrison at Cedar Springs. This was only five or six miles from her own home, and a successful attack on the garrison meant that all the surrounding country, including her home, would be given up

to plunder. Her son, Captain John Thomas, was in command of the garrison. The situation was one to daunt a woman less resolute than Jane Thomas. Cedar Springs was upward of sixty miles from Fort Ninety-six and she was already tired from her long ride. But word must be got to her son, and there seemed to be no other way than to carry it herself. Like most women of the South at that time she was a good horsewoman.

All that night and the next day she rode with tired body and aching limbs, sometimes faint with hunger and want of sleep, but with brain keenly awake to the danger of her situation, through the woods and swamps, swimming her horse across the swollen Saluda and Enoree rivers, and reaching Cedar Springs at dusk. In a few minutes she had found her son and told him of the loyalist plans to surprise the garrison that night.

Barely halting to conduct his mother to a place of safety, the young officer began preparations to receive his Tory visitors. There were only sixty men in the garrison. Captain Thomas had the camp-fires built afresh, and then directed his men to secrete themselves in the woods

around the camp to await the coming of the enemy. They had not long to wait. Just as the fires began to smoulder and die down, the Tories stole softly into camp. Then came the sharp command, and most of the patriots' rifles found their marks. The ambush was an awful success. The little band of Whig guerillas, for they were little else, killed or captured the entire attacking party, 150 strong.

Then, when the morning sun was streaking through the pines, Dame Thomas, accompanied by her stalwart son, rode back to her plantation home to again take up her daily task of looking after her negroes, her cattle, and her crops. But it is probable that she first sat down with her "girls" for a morning cup of coffee and a chat over the adventures through which she had passed during the three preceding days. For Mistress Thomas was ever the close friend and comrade of her children, and her girls were of the spirit to appreciate thoroughly what she had experienced.

This was shown in another incident during these troubled times. Governor Rutledge had sent a quantity of arms and ammunition to Colonel Thomas for safe-keeping and distribution.

These were under a guard of twenty-five men in the Thomas home, which was put in condition to resist attack. Word came to Colonel Thomas that a band of Tories, under Colonel Moore of North Carolina, was coming to capture him. His force was too small to resist such an attack, and Colonel Thomas retired to a safer place with as much of the ammunition as could be carried. They had not yet returned for the remainder when the Tories appeared. In the house there was no one left but Mrs. Thomas, her son-in-law, Josiah Culbertson, her daughters, and her youngest son, a lad in his teens. The Tories advanced upon the house with great caution, evidently thinking that it was well garrisoned. Their demand for admittance was met with an order to leave at once. They replied with a volley which did little damage to the log sides and battened oaken doors of the house. Then Culbertson and the boy began firing through loopholes from the second story, while Mrs. Thomas and her daughters loaded the guns. So continuous was their fire and so deadly, that the attacking party was convinced that the house was filled with fighting men and, gathering up their wounded, they beat a hasty retreat.

The ammunition thus saved constituted the greater part of the supply of Sumter at the battles of Rocky Mount and Hanging Rock. It was the secret of the disposition of this ammunition which he had hidden that Colonel Thomas wanted to convey to General Sumter.

Jane Thomas was past middle age when she made her famous ride. Her maiden name was Jane Black, and she came from Carlisle, Pa., where her brother, the Rev. John Black, was prominently connected with the founding and early history of Dickinson College. She was described as a woman "more than ordinarily attractive in face and figure, rather below the medium height, with dark hair and dark blue eyes, and a walk and carriage extremely graceful."

Colonel Thomas and his wife were not the only members of the family to do yeoman service for their country. It was said of them that "they were a peace-loving family of born fighters." Judging by the family record this would seem to be true:

John Thomas, Jr., the eldest son, rose from the rank of captain at twenty to the command of the Spartan regiment.

Robert, killed at Roebuck's defeat.

Abram, wounded at Fort Ninety-six, taken prisoner, died in the hands of the enemy.

William, a boy, was in several engagements.

Martha, eldest daughter, married Josiah Culbertson, who rose to the rank of captain.

Jane, married Captain Joseph McCool.

Ann, married Joseph McJunkin, who entered the war at twenty and became a captain before 1780.

Letitia, married Major James Leisk.

Jane Thomas sleeps beside her husband in the old family burying ground near Spartanburg, S. C., where an imposing monument marks their last resting place. Their descendants are numerous and many of them are among the proud sons and daughters of the old Palmetto State, but the great majority are scattered far and wide, as is the heritage of the nervous, restless American blood.

Hannah Caldwell

No other act during the Revolution roused the indignation of the people to the pitch that followed the cowardly and unwarranted murder on June 6, 1780, of Mrs. Hannah Caldwell. Patriots

of wavering faith were made tense and strong by the atrocity, and those who had become disheartened through continued reverses were roused to renewed efforts.

Hannah Caldwell was the wife of Rev. James Caldwell, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in Bordentown, N. J. She was the daughter of John Ogden, of Newark, and her mother was a Sayre, descendant of the Pilgrims. She was married, in 1763, to Rev. James Caldwell, and they settled in Elizabethtown shortly before the breaking out of the war. He was a warm adherent of the patriot cause and acted as chaplain for those portions of the Continental Army that successively occupied New Jersey; then, joining Colonel Dayton's regiment, he accompanied the New Jersey brigade into the Northern Army, in New York. He was stationed for some time at Johnstown and afterward was appointed assistant commissary to the army. His eloquence, his untiring zeal, and his unbounded patriotism gave him great popularity and also rendered him highly obnoxious to the British. Several attempts were made upon his life, and so dangerous and annoying did the British and Tories become that he was

forced to leave his home and take up a temporary residence at Springfield. He turned over his church and parsonage as a hospital and shelter for refugees, though still holding services in the church every Sunday. The church was burned by the Tories on the night of June 25, 1780. Springfield was too far from the scenes of his labours for Dr. Caldwell, and he removed his family to "Connecticut Farms," four miles from Elizabethtown. When the British Army, under command of the Hessian general, Knyphausen, landed at Elizabethtown, June 6, 1780, and began an advance marked with devastation and terror, Parson Caldwell sent his older children in a baggage waggon to some of his friends a few miles away, for protection. Three of the younger, including the baby, eight months old, remained with the mother in the house. He urged her to go with him but she was firm in her refusal, and indeed neither of them had any fears in regard to her safety, as they could not conceive that partisan hate and rancour could extend to a mother with a child in her arms. Even after he had mounted his horse, he dismounted and came back to see if she would not change her mind and accompany him. She declined but

handed him a cup of coffee. As he drank he saw the gleam of the British bayonets through the trees. Hastily mounting, he rode away, for he knew that he was a marked man. Mrs. Caldwell put several articles of value, including her silver spoons and some jewelry, in a bucket and let them down into the well; then she put her house in order and changed her dress. "If they come here I want to receive them as a lady," she remarked to "Katy," the nurse, who had remained with her. She then took her baby and went into her own room, the window of which commanded a view of the road, and seated herself near the window. The nurse and little Abigail Lennington, a soldier's daughter whom Mr. Caldwell had taken into the family when she had been left homeless, followed, along with her own two little boys. The nurse was badly frightened but Mrs. Caldwell reassured her. "Don't be afraid," she said, as she passed the baby over to the nurse; "baby will be our protection. They will respect a mother." The little girl Abigail, who was standing at the window, said: "There 's a soldier coming this way." The soldier came to the window, raised his gun and fired. Two balls lodged in the breast of

Mrs. Caldwell, who dropped over, without a word; her death must have been instantaneous. Splinters of the glass cut and lacerated the face of the little girl who screamed with the pain and fright. For an instant the nurse was so paralysed with the shock that she realised nothing until a number of soldiers rushed in. They cut open the dress of the dead woman, rifled her pockets, and then left her until neighbours carried her body across the road to an outhouse, after which the soldiers set fire to the dwelling, which was burned to the ground, as were all the other houses in the vicinity, after they had been looted. "Katy," the nurse, gathered the children together and in some way or another got them to the village, and two days later Mrs. Caldwell was buried in the churchyard of the Presbyterian church in Elizabethtown.

It was something less than a year later, November, 1781, that Mr. Caldwell was laid beside his murdered wife. The minister had gone to Elizabethtown Point to meet a Miss Murray, who had come over from New York under a flag of truce, from nursing sick and wounded soldiers. Dr. Caldwell had just seated her in his gig and turned to get her bundles when he

was shot by a man named Morgan, who had been a sentinel but was not then on duty. Mr. Caldwell was pierced by two bullets and died almost instantly. His body was borne to the house of Mrs. Noel, a friend of the family, and from there buried by the side of his wife. Above their graves has been erected a monument which perpetuates their names and patriotism. Morgan who shot Mr. Caldwell was convicted of murder and executed. It was generally believed that he had been hired to commit the act but that was never clearly proven.

Naturally there was a storm of indignant protest, from all over the country, at the killing of Mrs. Caldwell. It was followed by a general tightening of the tension. The British felt this, and through Rivington's Tory *Gazette*, and in other ways, tried to create the impression that the shot was fired by a drunken and irresponsible refugee and not a soldier in uniform. But the testimony of Katy, the nurse, and of little Abigail Lennington before the magistrate as to the facts in the killing of Mrs. Caldwell, and of the subsequent actions of the soldiers in stripping and rifling the corpse, under the eyes of officers, and of their wanton burning of

the house and furniture, brought the matter home to General Knyphausen, or his superiors.

The Caldwell children were taken under the protection of Mrs. Noel, who called about her friends of the family to settle upon what should be done. The eldest son, John Edwards, was taken to France by General La Fayette, and was educated and in after years became a prominent citizen of New York and editor of one of the foremost religious periodicals of the day. Another son, Elias Boudinot Caldwell, was educated by Hon. Elias Boudinot, president of the first Congress, and was for many years Clerk of the Supreme Court. The other children all received good educations and became prominent and respected members of society. The baby girl was adopted by Mrs. Noel.

Mr. Caldwell, writing of the killing of Mrs. Caldwell, said: "Mrs. Caldwell was of so sweet a temper and so prudent, benevolent, and soft in her manner that I verily believe she had not on earth one enemy, and whatever rancour the enemy may have felt for myself, for my personal conduct and political character, I have no reason to believe there was any person among them under the influence of any personal difference

or private revenge. I cannot, therefore, esteem it the private action of an individual. No officer interfered to preserve the corpse from being stripped or burnt, nor to relieve the babe thus left desolate among them. Many officers indeed showed their abhorrence of the deed and their tenderness for the babes; why did they not set a sentinel over the corpse till the neighbouring women could have been called? They knew that she was a woman of amiable character and reputable family; yet she was left half a day; stripped in part and tumbled about by rude soldiery; and at last was removed from the house before it was burnt only by the aid of those not of the army. From this I conclude the soldiers knew the will of their superiors and that those who had benevolence dared not to show it to this devoted lady."

CALDWELL OF SPRINGFIELD

Here 's the spot. Look around you. Above on the height
Lay the Hessian encamped. By that church on the right
Stood the gaunt Jersey farmers. And here ran a wall,—
You may dig anywhere and you 'll turn up a ball.
Nothing more. Grasses spring, waters run, flowers blow,
Pretty much as they did ninety-three years ago.

Nothing more, did I say? Stay one moment; you 've heard
Of Caldwell, the parson, who once preached the Word
Down at Springfield? What! No? Come—that 's too bad; why he had
All the Jerseys aflame. And they gave him the name
Of the "rebel high-priest." He stuck in their gorge
For he loved the Lord God,—and he hated King George.

He had cause, you might say! When the Hessians that day
Marched up with Knyphausen, they stopped on their way
At the "Farms," where his wife, with a child in her arms,
Sat alone in the house. How it happened none knew
But God—and that one of the hireling crew
Who fired the shot! Enough!—there she lay,
And Caldwell, the chaplain, her husband, away!

Did he preach—did he pray? Think of him as you stand
By the old church to-day!—think of him and his band
Of militant ploughboys! See the smoke and the heat
Of that reckless advance—of that straggling retreat!
Keep the ghost of the wife, foully slain, in your view,—
And what could you, what should you, what would you do?

Why just what he did! They were left in the lurch
For want of more wadding. He ran to the church,
Broke the door, stripped the pews, and dashed out in the road
With his arms full of hymn books and threw down his load
At their feet! Then above all the shouting and shots,
Rang his voice: "Put Watts into 'em,—Boys, give 'em Watts!"

And they did. That 's all. Grasses spring, flowers blow,
Pretty much as they did ninety-three years ago.
You may dig anywhere and you 'll turn up a ball,—
But not always a hero like this,—and that 's all.[1]

Bret Harte.

Mary Slocumb

In that rare galaxy of notable women whose names give added lustre to the fair fame of the Carolinas during the dark days of the Revolution, there is none that shines out with a clearer light than that of Mary Slocumb, the girl wife of Lieutenant Zeke Slocumb, dashing soldier, planter, and gentleman—sometimes called "The Lion Cub of the Neuse." Slight of form, with laughing blue eyes, and curling brown hair, she was said to have been as handsome as she was witty and accomplished. Her bravery, loyalty, and resourcefulness—they are a part of the proud history of her native State.

Mary Slocumb was the daughter of John Hooks, a planter of Bertie County, N. C., where she was born in 1760. Soon after her birth her parents removed to Dauphin County, where her mother died while she was yet a little girl. In 1775, her father married the widow

of Charles George Slocumb, who was the mother of a grown-up son, Ezekiel Slocumb, a big, beardless, red-cheeked, athletic young man who had just arrived at his majority. It was at the wedding of their parents that the young people are said to have first met, and it is a family tradition that it was a case of love at first sight. Be that as it may, it is a fact that they were wed inside of a year and went to live at his home, a fine old plantation on the Neuse River, near Springbank, now Wayne County. Young Slocumb was a subaltern in the Provincial militia and compelled to be away from home much of the time, leaving his bride to look after the plantation. She was a graceful and fearless rider, and came to be a rarely capable manager, familiar with almost every detail of plantation work. She came to boast that she had done every sort of man's work excepting splitting rails, and that she was going to try that some day when Mr. Slocumb was away from home.

Their introduction to real war was to come early. In Charlotte County, the patriots had issued the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence over a year before the Declaration of the

United Colonies was made at Philadelphia, July 4, 1776, and the war was already on. Everywhere, British loyalists were marching to join the royal standard that had been raised at Wilmington. The old Scotch loyalist, Donald McDonald, issued his proclamation at Cross Creek, in February, 1776, and having assembled his Highlanders, marched across rivers and through forests to join Governor Martin and Sir Henry Clinton. He was headed off by the patriots of Newberne and Wilmington, and indeed all up the Neuse River there was scarcely a man able to walk but was bearing arms. It was to the regiment commanded by Colonel Richard Caswell that Ezekiel Slocumb belonged. Colonel Caswell's regiment combined with that of Colonel Lillington at Moore's Creek and on February 27, 1776, was fought one of the bloodiest battles of the Revolution. Lieutenant Slocumb was in command of a troop of his neighbours from the Neuse. Of the part played by his young wife on that occasion, the story has been best told by herself in a private letter, as follows:

"The men all left on Sunday morning; more than eighty of them went from this house with

my husband. I looked at them well and I could see that every one of them had mischief in him. I know a coward when I see one. The Tories more than once tried to frighten me, but they always showed the coward at the first intimation that our troops were around. Well, they got off in high spirits and I slept soundly that night and worked hard the next day. I kept wondering how far they had got and where and how many of the Tories and regulars they would meet. I went to bed, but continued to study. As I lay, whether sleeping or waking I know not, I had a dream. I saw distinctly a body wrapped in my husband's guard-cloak—bloody, dead. I uttered a cry and sprang to the floor. I gazed in every direction to catch another glimpse of the scene, but everything was quiet and still. I reflected a minute and then said aloud, 'I must go to him.'

"I told the woman I could not sleep and would ride down the road a ways. She was greatly alarmed, but I told her to lock the door after me and look after the child, and then I saddled my horse, and in a minute more we were tearing down the road at full speed. I was soon ten miles from home and my mind became stronger

as we rode. When daybreak came I was thirty miles from home.

"It was about 8 or 9 o'clock when I heard a sound like thunder which I knew must be cannon. It was the first time I ever heard cannon. Away we went faster and faster than ever in the direction of the firing until within a few hundred yards of a bridge. Close by, under a clump of trees were lying a score or so of men—the wounded. I knew the spot, the trees, and position of the men, as if I had seen it a thousand times. I had seen it all night. In an instant my whole soul was in one spot, for there in my husband's bloody guard-cloak was a prostrate body. How I passed the few yards from my saddle to the spot I never knew. I remember uncovering his head and seeing a face all covered with gore from a terrible wound in the temple. I put my hand on the bloody face; it was warm, and an unknown voice begged for water. A stream of water was running near and a camp kettle was close by. I brought water and gave him a drink and washed his face—and behold, it was Frank Cogdell! He soon recovered enough to speak. I was washing the wound in his head. He said: 'It is not that; the hole in my leg is killing me.'

I took his knife, cut away his trousers and stocking and found a great wound in the fleshy part of his leg. I gathered a handful of heart leaves and bound them tight to the holes and the bleeding stopped. I then went to the others and dressed their wounds, and many of the brave fellows fought many days after that. I was just lifting up Frank Cogdell's head to give him a drink of water, at the close of the day, when my husband arrived, as bloody as a butcher and muddy as a ditcher.

"'Why, Mary,' he called, 'what are you doing there, hugging Frank Cogdell, the greatest reprobate in the army?' (Cogdell was a neighbour and a close friend of Slocumb.)

"'I don't care,' I said; 'Frank is a brave fellow and a good soldier yet. . . .' Colonel Caswell and my husband wanted me to stay until morning or at least to send some one with me, but I wanted to see my child. I told them that they could send no one who could keep the pace that I should set, and so in the middle of the night I started for home, where my child ran to meet me."

Mistress Slocumb was away from home about forty hours and had travelled 120 miles through

wild, unsettled, and partially swampy country. The "child" she mentions, then a toddler not quite a year old, was in after years the Hon. Jesse Slocumb, member of Congress from North Carolina.

Mrs. Slocumb's experience with the dashing British General Tarleton, whom she outwitted and out-generalled, is one of the most interesting incidents told of her. The first expedition into North Carolina projected by Lord Cornwallis was made futile by the defeat of Ferguson at King's Mountain. The disaster at Cowpens stopped the second attempt, which was followed by Greene's retreat. The battle of Guilford took place in March, 1781. Toward the end of April, while Lord Rawdon engaged Greene at Hobkirk's Hill, Cornwallis set out from Wilmington to conquer Virginia. On his march toward Halifax he encamped several days on the river Neuse, at Springbank. Colonel Tarleton, with his famous regiment, quartered himself on the plantation of Lieutenant Slocumb, who was at that time attached to the regiment of State troops commanded by Colonel Washington and who was himself in command of a troop of light horse acting as rangers.

It was a beautiful spring morning when a splendidly dressed British officer, accompanied by two aides, dashed up to the fine old mansion, on the piazza of which sat Mrs. Slocumb and her sister. Bowing politely, the officer, who was Colonel Tarleton, said: "Have I the honour of addressing the lady of the house?" Mrs. Slocumb bowed and Tarleton inquired after the master and, finding that he was away, continued: "Is your husband a rebel?"

"He is not," was the spirited reply. "He is in the army of his country, fighting against our invaders, and no rebel."

"I fear, madam, that we differ," Tarleton replied. "A friend to his country, will be a friend to his King, our master."

"Slaves only have masters in this country," retorted Mrs. Slocumb. Colonel Tarleton turned and gave an order that the troops be quartered on the plantation and then, again bowing, said: "Madam, the service of the King requires the temporary occupation of your property, and if it will not be too great an inconvenience I shall take up my quarters in your house."

His tone was decisive and Mrs. Slocumb only said: "My family consists only of myself, my

sister, my child, and a few negroes. We are your prisoners." She bowed with dignity and departed.

She knew that her husband, with a small troop of rangers, was riding over the country in the immediate vicinity and likely at any minute to come to his own home. Hastily calling an old negro, Big George, she ordered him to take a sack of corn and ride with it to the mill and to watch out on the way for Lieutenant Slocumb and warn him not to come near the house. Then, going back, she set about preparations for the meal for the British officers of Tarleton's staff.

Colonel Tarleton and his aides seemed to appreciate their dinner, especially the peach brandy which was served with the meal. One of the officers made inquiry as to where it was manufactured and was told that it was distilled on the place. Turning to Colonel Tarleton he asked: "Colonel Tarleton, when we conquer this country, is it not to be divided among us?"

"Undoubtedly, the officers will receive large possessions in the subjugated Provinces," said Tarleton.

"Allow me to observe," interposed Mrs. Slocumb, "that the only land that any British

officer will ever hold here will measure about six feet by two."

"Excuse me, madam," said Tarleton, with a smile, "for your sake I regret to say it, but this beautiful plantation will probably be a ducal seat for some of us."

If Colonel Tarleton was looking for a retort he was not disappointed, for the lady's eyes flashed as she replied: "Do not trouble yourself about me. My husband is able to make this anything but a quiet seat for any duke or even a king."

There was a general laugh, and Tarleton continued banteringly: "I presume, madam, that there is no part of that great American army of yours near here?"

"Oh, I don't know," she answered, in the same spirit. "I would n't be surprised if you received a visit from your old friend, Colonel Washington, who, I am informed, shook your hand rather rudely when last you met," pointing to the reddened scar left on his hand by Washington's sabre.

Just at that moment came the sound of rapid firing from the woods near by. Tarleton sprang to his feet, rushed through the door, and placed himself at the head of his troop. Up the avenue rode Lieutenant Slocumb, with a dozen or so of

his men, chasing a number of Tarleton's scouts. While yet a considerable distance from the house out dashed an old negro shouting: "Hold on, massa; hold on! De debbil's here! Look out!" Slocumb with marked coolness turned short with his troop, dashed over the fence, and was soon lost in the woods. Tarleton, believing that there was a large force hidden there, sounded the recall for his scouts and returned to the house. At the same time there was a badly scared old negro ambling on his way toward the mill with his sack of corn. It was Big George. After the manner of his kind he had "done fo'got" his errand while watching the red coats and helmets and nodding plumes of the soldiers until his master came dashing right into the jaws of the enemy.

Mrs. Slocumb lived to a lively and happy old age, ever younger in heart and spirit, and patriotic to the last. She would never have a garment made except in the style of '76. She said it would be a sacrilege to wear any other style save that of the Revolutionary days.

Ann Trotter Bailey

There was a woman along the Ohio River in the early days who did so many good things and

kindly, in an unconventional way, that people called her crazy. But strict observance of the conventionalities of life does not always make for patriotism any more than it does for morality, else maybe the "embattled farmers" who gathered at Concord had never "fired the shot heard 'round the world."

In any event, "Mad Ann Bailey," the heroine of Point Pleasant, was a remarkable woman, who did brave deeds for her adopted people, at a time when deeds were sorely needed, and then went her way, careless of what was said of her eccentricities of dress or manner.

Of her early life little is known. She always claimed to have been born in Liverpool, England, in 1700, and was the daughter of a soldier named Sargent who had married a woman somewhat above his own station in life. Ann claimed to have been named after Queen Anne, at whose coronation, in 1705, she remembered being present with her parents. At the age of nineteen, while on her way to school, she was kidnapped and brought to America and landed in Virginia on the James river, where she was sold to defray the expenses of her voyage. Of her life for the next few years

there seems to be no record until in 1730, when she was married to John Trotter, a farmer. Her age was given as thirty years at that time. If Trotter was the same age as his wife at the time of their marriage, he must have been a right sturdy old gentleman in his latter days, as he was a soldier at the Battle of Point Pleasant in 1774.

It is likely, however, that the Trotters had drifted out into the new country, opening up along the Kanawha and Ohio, which was settled by Virginia pioneers, and so were forced into the fighting for their own home and fireside. Anyway, Ann Trotter was there with her husband and at least one son. John Trotter was killed in that battle, and the loss of her husband "so filled her with rage," says an old chronicle, "that she swore vengeance upon the entire savage race." Promptly taking her husband's place, she fought through the bloody engagement with a fierceness and bravery that was a source of inspiration to both officers and men.

After the battle the grim old woman offered her services and those of her horse "Liverpool" to Colonel William Clendennin, in whose command her husband had been enrolled. She

volunteered to act as scout, spy, messenger—anything she could do to aid the settlers and "agin the injuns." Her offer was accepted, and then began a service that lasted until the Indians were driven back off the Ohio River.

Ann Trotter, as she was described at the time, was a short, stout woman, coarse-featured and masculine, with a voice so gruff that it frightened children, and with a strength far beyond that of most men. An expert shot, a fearless horsewoman, she was afraid of nothing—Indians, wild beasts, darkness, nor anything else. The Indians came to look upon her as a mad woman or one bearing a charmed life. Her horse Liverpool, a powerful animal she had herself trained, was the fastest in Clendennin's command and so vicious that he was more to be feared than most wild animals. She was frequently called upon to carry messages from Point Pleasant across the country to Fort Clendennin, on the Kanawha, where the city of Charleston now stands, and down the river to Covington.

On one occasion, when Colonel Clendennin was commanding the garrison at the fort which bore his name, scouts brought word that an attack by Indians might be expected at any time.

The supply of powder at the garrison was running dangerously low, and the nearest place where more could be secured was at Lewisburg, one hundred miles away. To send two or three men on such an errand through the wilderness overrun by Indians, was like sending them to their slaughter, and to send a force sufficiently large to be self-protecting would be to deplete the garrison to a dangerous degree.

Ann Trotter volunteered to make the trip, and when the Colonel demurred and said that it was too dangerous and that he could not allow it, she laughed at him and said that with "Liverpool" she would defy any Indian to stop her. That night she started and on the third day returned with a keg of powder fastened to her horse. On another occasion, when pursued by Indians, she came to an old windfall, so tangled and interwoven with fallen trees and underbrush that she had to dismount. Turning her horse loose with a blow from her old soft hat across his flanks that sent him galloping away, she crawled into a hollow sycamore log. The Indians came and rested on the log, but, thinking that she was still on her horse, again gave chase. Ann soon caught the horse and escaped.

When the Indians were driven back from the Ohio and peace was restored, Ann Trotter continued to live along the Kanawha and Ohio until 1790, the sixteenth year of her widowhood, when she was married to John Bailey, an old soldier, and went to live with him at Fort Clendennin. Some time afterward Bailey was murdered and she went to West Virginia to live with her son, John Trotter. In the year 1818, John Trotter removed to Gallia County, Ohio, and became a large land-owner, and was for more than twenty years a justice of the peace and a highly respected and influential citizen.

But Ann Bailey found the narrowing constraints of civilisation and prosperity too confining for her peace of mind. She did not get on well with her son's family. And, indeed, she must have been something of a trial to the sensibilities of John Trotter's children, who went to school and to church and mingled in the social life of the little community of Gallipolis. The old woman, notwithstanding the fact that she was a professed Christian, swore like a trooper, chewed tobacco, and smoked an old black corn-cob pipe. She was quite particular in her observance of the Sabbath, frequently

gathering in such children as she could find and telling them Biblical stories and such other things as she thought would be for their edification or welfare. But on Monday morning she again donned her old buckskin breeches, over which she wore a woman's skirt, but rarely a gown. Instead she wore a man's long coat, and on her head a man's soft broad-brimmed hat. And always she ranged the woods and fields from morning till night, her gun over her shoulder and her powder horn and shot pouch at her side. Of the game she killed she kept little for herself, but carried it maybe five or ten miles to the cabin of some needy family or where there was sickness.

She had picked up a considerable knowledge of the medicinal properties of roots and herbs and had no small skill in the rude surgery of the times, and wherever there was sickness or suffering there Mad Ann was to be found, and a most welcome visitor generally, as the country people believed implicitly in her powers to cure anything that could be cured, and her earlier services during the Indian wars had greatly endeared her to every one. Her neighbours and relatives would gladly have provided her a

home with every comfort in her closing days, but she would have none of it. She had built herself a rude little cabin of fence rails on the high bank of the Ohio, about four miles below Gallipolis, and there she died in 1825.[2] She had no sickness, but was about as usual the day before her dead body was found, wrapped in a blanket in which she slept, on the earthen floor of her cabin.

Martha Bratton

"To the memory of Martha Bratton, wife of William Bratton. In the hand of an infuriated monster, with the instrument of death around her neck, she nobly refused to betray her husband. In the hour of victory, she remembered mercy and as a guardian angel interposed in behalf of her inhuman enemies.

"Throughout the Revolution she encouraged the patriots to fight to the last, to hope to the end. Honour and gratitude to the woman and heroine who proved herself so faithful a wife and so firm a friend of liberty!"

This sentiment was drunk as a toast at a celebration of the anniversary of Huyck's defeat held in Brattonville, S. C., July 12, 1839,

fifty-nine years after the battle. That victory was a most important one for the patriots of South Carolina and one that had an important bearing upon the destinies of the State. It was the first check to the British troops, the first time after the fall of Charleston that the hitherto victorious enemy had been met.

Huyck's defeat occurred in 1780, a dark period for the patriots of South Carolina. Charleston surrendered May 12th, General Lincoln and the American forces becoming prisoners of war. One expedition had secured Fort Ninety-six, another scoured the country around Savannah. Lord Cornwallis took Georgetown and the State lay in the hands of the conqueror. For several weeks all military operations ceased and it was the boast of Sir Henry Clinton that the Revolution was at an end.

The great body of the people took the oath of allegiance and laid down their arms but the people of York district never gave their paroles. The patriots of York, together with those of Chester, organised, but the State was unable to furnish them with food or clothing. They lived in swamps and in the woods and were frequently in dire want. It was about this time

that Colonel Turnbull of Lord Cornwallis's command sent this message to Captain Huyck, and it was found in his pocket after his death and is still preserved:

"To Captain Huyck: You are hereby ordered with the cavalry under your command, to proceed to the frontier of the Province, collecting all the royal militia with you on your march, and with said force to push the rebels as far as you may deem necessary."

The evening preceding the battle, Captain Huyck arrived at the home of Colonel Bratton and demanded to know from Mrs. Bratton where her husband was.

"He is with Sumter's army," was the reply.

The officer tried persuasion, urging Mrs. Bratton to induce her husband to join the royalists, in which case he might soon get a commission in the royal service. He argued, not without some show of reason, that the people had about given up all hope of independence and were fast coming under the royalist banners and asking if she would n't rather see him holding a good place under the Crown than harried like a fox as a refugee rebel.

"I would rather see him true to his country,

even if he perished in Sumter's army," was her reply.

Captain Huyck was caressing Mrs. Bratton's little son[3] at the time, but at these words pushed the child from him with such vehemence that the boy fell and bruised his face, screaming with pain. At the same moment one of Huyck's men, a Tory, infuriated at her boldness, seized a reaping-hook that hung against the wall and bringing it about her throat with intent to kill, shouted: "He 's around here. Where is he?"

She refused to tell. Huyck made no attempt to interfere to save her, but another officer second in command compelled the Tory to release her. The British locked in a corn-crib three old men whom they had captured and then ordered Mrs. Bratton to prepare a supper for them. Still smarting from the indignity she had received and almost desperate, it is said that for an instant she contemplated poisoning the whole party, but it was only for a moment and she went ahead and prepared the best meal that she could under the circumstances, but in silence. After Huyck and his officers had eaten, he went on about a mile to spend the night with a man whom he knew, leaving his troop behind.

The soldiers slept in fancied security and the guard kept negligent watch.

In the meantime, Colonel Bratton was on their trail. With Captain McClure and a small force of about seventy-five men he had been following Huyck, and before the British captain had reached the house of his friend he was recalled by the sound of firing. He turned back but only to meet death by a stray bullet. The rout was complete. The engagement lasted only about an hour. Some of Huyck's officers fell and some others escaped, but most of them were taken prisoners. Among the latter was the second officer who had saved Mrs. Bratton's life. He was condemned to death. Mrs. Bratton, who was among the wounded, caring for the injured of both parties, overheard some of the talk and interceded for him strenuously, telling her own story of how he had saved her life, and he was released.

Another story is told illustrative of Mrs. Bratton's resolution and courage. Before the fall of Charleston, when it became known that effectual resistance by the Whigs against the predatory bands throughout the country, could not be made because of a lack of ammunition,

Governor Rutledge sent out a supply to the regiments at various points in the Province. The portion supplied to Colonel Bratton, he placed in care of his wife during his absence in the field. A Tory neighbour came to know of this through talking with one of Colonel Bratton's negroes and he informed the British commander who sent a force to capture it. Mrs. Bratton was informed that the troops were coming to seize the ammunition, and knowing that there was no chance of saving it and no time to hide it, she laid a train of powder from the ammunition where it lay in hiding and when the detachment of soldiers came in sight touched fire to it with her own hands. The explosion that followed told its own story to the British. When the officer in command, demanded to know the name of the person who did it, Mrs. Bratton remarked quietly: "It was I, and I glory in it. I have prevented some mischief, anyway."

Mary McClure

Captain Huyck, on that devastating foray which ended with his death, had carried out fully the instructions of Colonel Turnbull and

"pushed" the harassed patriots to the limit of endurance. He wasted the country for miles and was especially vindictive toward the Presbyterians, reviling their faith and burning their Bibles which contained old versions of the psalms. One of the many instances, well authenticated in South Carolina history, is as follows:

Mrs. Mary McClure, a widow with several sons and a son-in-law in the patriot army, lived not far from Waxhaven. Her home was visited by Huyck and his men. Her son James McClure and her son-in-law Edward Martin had just returned from Sumter's camp and were engaged in melting up their mother's pewter dishes, the pride of the family, and running the metal into bullets. So busy were they that they never noticed the approach of the British until the house was surrounded. Young McClure wanted to fight, but Martin saw that it was useless and restrained the more hot-headed young man. They were searched and the bullets were found. Then they were seized and tied. James McClure told his captors that if Ned Martin had agreed with him they would at least have been saved the disgrace of being arrested. Mrs. McClure was in the room and witnessed all this.

When they were bound, Huyck, turned to her and said: "You see, madam, what it is to oppose the King. Where are your other sons, John and Hugh? I should like to have them along with this Jimmy of yours. We 'll hang him for his impudence; that is his doom. Now, where are John and Hugh? Come, out with it. Search the house men, they are hidden here somewhere, the cowards!"

"That is a lie," said the mother. "You know better. You have never yet stood to meet them. If John were here now, you would not dare to stay and meet him."

"D—n him!" cried Huyck; "tell me where I can meet him."

"Go to Sumter's camp; you 'll be apt to meet him," was the mother's reply. Huyck laid his hands upon two books. "What book is this?" he demanded.

"That is *The Sick Man's Companion* answered Mrs. McClure.

"That 's a good title," said Huyck, with an oath. "One that the rebels 'll soon have need of. What 's this other book?"

"Our family Bible."

"Do you read them?"

"We do."

"It 's these books," exclaimed Huyck, furiously, that make you such d—d rebels!" and with that he threw the Bible into the fire.

Mrs. McClure sprang forward to rescue the volume, though he tried to prevent her and, enraged at his failure when she had succeeded in snatching the book from the burning coals, he struck her with the flat of his sword.

"That will be a dear blow for you," was her comment. The soldiers set fire to the house, but she succeeded in putting it out. Then they began tearing down a plank partition. She had wrapped a number of gold guineas in a cloth and secreted the package in the planking. She rushed in among the falling planks, and as the package fell she pretended to stumble and so managed to secure the money and hide it in her bosom. When the soldiers had gone, Mrs. McClure sent her daughter Mary to Sumter's camp to give warning. She arrived in time to give the news and the two boys were saved. In the battle which followed, however, her son Captain McClure was wounded and carried to Waxhaven. Afterward he was taken to Charlotte. Mrs. McClure went with him and at-

tended him until he died. Her eldest son, William, had entered the army as a surgeon, and at the surrender of Charleston he was taken prisoner. The mother felt that she must see him, and rode two hundred miles alone and on horseback to the city where she found him confined to the city limits and spent several days with him.

Susannah Barnett Smart

Susannah Barnett was a North Carolina girl, born in 1761, who was fated to see some rarely interesting history in the making. Her maternal grandfather was Thomas Spratt, a Scotch-Irish Pennsylvanian, who moved into the Mecklenburg section of North Carolina so early in the century that he is said to have been the first man to cross the Yadkin River in a carriage. The first court in Mecklenburg County convened at his house. Two of his sons were killed in the Revolution; one daughter married Colonel Thomas Neil, who commanded in the campaign against the Cherokees in 1776; another was the wife of Colonel Thomas Polk and mother of William Polk, both of whom served with credit under Washington; and Ann, who married

Captain John Barnett. Mary Barnett, their oldest daughter, was the first white child born between the Yadkin and Catawba rivers. She married Captain James Jack, the bearer of the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence to the Continental Congress.

Susannah, a maid in her teens, was present at the great gathering of the people at Charlotte, May 19 and 20, 1775. The Provincial Convention of North Carolina had assembled at Newberne, in opposition to the proclamation of Governor Martin, and had approved the acts of their representatives in the Continental Congress. On May 19th, handbills announcing the Battle of Lexington, which had taken place, exactly a month before, were brought by express riders and read to the assemblage. An attack on Massachusetts was looked upon as an attack on Carolina and patriotic enthusiasm ran high. In after years, Susannah was wont to describe it as "the day of the throwing up of hats."

"In 1780, the darkest period of the Revolution for the Carolinas," writes Susan Gentry of Tennessee, a descendant of Susan Barnett (in the *American Monthly Magazine*), "when, after the fall of Charleston, British military rule

was felt as an iron heel everywhere,—in the language of General Greene, 'Cut off from the union like the tail of a snake!'—the inhabitants were forced to take protection or flee the country, Susannah and her family gave all possible help to the refugees. In later years she often said: 'Oh, how we loved the people of Fishing Creek (Chester District, South Carolina), they suffered so much and perilled everything rather than receive British protection!' She helped her mother in caring for the refugees from South Carolina as they were collecting in June, 1780, and forming a camp at Clem's branch—made clothing, prepared food, and did other things for their comfort.

"One memorable day," continues Miss Gentry, "a dusty, travel-weary party of refugees appeared at the comfortable and large three-story log-house of John Barnett and asked of him shelter and food. The wife was a pitiable cripple borne on a feather bed on a horse and held there by her housekeeper, Nancy Davis; a son aged sixteen; and her husband, who was General Thomas Sumter.[4] They had been driven from their home, which had been fired by the British. They stayed with the Barnetts a month.

"After the slaughter of Buford's men at the Waxhaws, the wounded were brought to Captain Barnett's house. It was at this time that Susannah saw her mother feed six men who had but two arms among them. Her father and two brothers were at the Battle of Hanging Rock and Mrs. Barnett, trembling for their fate, went to Charlotte to obtain tidings, and there learned of the battle and of the death of Captain David Reid and others of their acquaintance.

"The defeat of General Gates and the memorable surprise of General Sumter filled the country with dismay and terror. Early on the morning of August 19, 1780, the road was filled with soldiers and fugitives making their way to Charlotte. General Sumter and one or two of his aides rode up to the Barnett house. He accosted the mistress: 'Mrs. Barnett, can you let us have something to eat, if it is only a piece of johnny cake and a cup of milk?' She replied: 'General I 've fed more than fifty men, this morning, but will try.'

"News came that the British were advancing on Charlotte, and Mrs. Barnett and Susan, standing in the door looking anxiously down the road, perceived some one approaching.

The traveller was a lad on a sorely jaded horse, his face long and sunburned. Susannah asked whence he came.

"'From the Waxhaws,' he replied.

"'Do you know Major Crawford?'

"'To be sure I do; he 's my uncle.'

"'And who are you?'

"'My name is Jackson, Andrew Jackson.'

'"What is the news of the British?'

"'They are on the way to Charlotte.'

"'What are our people doing down there?'

"'Oh, we 're popping them occasionally.'

"The slender face of the lad lighted up with a pleasant smile as he bowed 'Good-morning, ladies,' and went on his way. 'Little Andy,' as he was called, was followed by an advance of some three hundred men under Colonel Davie, who had a skirmish with the British by night, at Wahab's, in the Waxhaw settlement. Susannah's brother, Jack Barnett, was in the party."

It was in this battle that Thomas Spratt, then over fifty years of age, received three bullets and was carried from the field to his home. It was at the home of Thomas Spratt that Major Frazer of the British Army died, while Lord Rawdon and Lord Cornwallis stood by his bed.

The British made Spratt's house their hospital and committed many depredations before their departure.

The house of John Barnett was also plundered of everything. When one of the horses was brought out and bridled for use, Mrs. Barnett stepped up and pulled the bridle off. One of the men threatened to kill her. She calmly remarked: "You can; I am in your power; but if you do, you will be punished for it." One of the intruders brought up a crock of milk from the cellar and she pushed it over with her foot. Two or three soldiers rushed at her swearing that they would "cut her to pieces."

"Do it if you dare; you will be shot at from every bush in the country," was her defiant answer.

Susannah Barnett was married, in 1795, to George W. Smart, and became the mother of three children, all of whom died in childhood. Her husband also died in 1809, and for many years after, she lived with her servants, furnishing accommodations for travellers. As she was a woman of more than ordinary intelligence and a retentive memory, she became acquainted with most men of prominence in her section of

the country, or whose business called them to Washington or the north. "I have always lived at home," she said once, "but I knew two Presidents and many other of our great men. I knew Andrew Jackson, and many a time has little Jamie Polk come along the road with his breeches rolled up to his knees. He was a bashful little fellow."

Mrs. Smart died at her old home, in the early fifties, and sleeps in the burying ground where rest her father and grandfather and their families.

Mary Worrell Knight

Mrs. Mary Knight, a widow, and a sister of General Isaac Worrell, lived on a farm a few miles from Valley Forge. Like her brother, she was an ardent patriot, and was one of the devoted women who aided in relieving the sufferings of the soldiers in the winter of 1777. Every two or three days or, when that was impossible because of the espionage of the British troops or Tory neighbours, as often as she could, she would get through the lines by subterfuge during that awful winter. On a number of occasions, she disguised herself as a market woman and so passed through with her baskets of provisions, bundles of

clothing, medicines, and similar necessities. It is related of her that upon one occasion she saved the life of her brother, upon whose head the British had set a price, by hiding him in a cider hogshead in her cellar, heading it up and feeding him through the bunghole for three days, during which time the troops and Tory refugees, eager to get the reward offered for his capture, ransacked the house several times. Mrs. Knight died of cholera, in Rahway, N. J., in July, 1849, aged ninety years.

Deborah Champion

Deborah Champion was one of two daughters born to Colonel Henry Champion and his wife, Deborah Brainerd Champion, of New London, Ct. Her birth is set down in the family genealogy as having occurred in 1753, and that of her sister Dorothy, in 1759. Deborah was married in 1775 to Samuel Gilbert, then of the Continental Army and afterward a Judge of the Court of Tolland County for many years. Colonel Champion won his rank in the French and Indian War and shortly after the breaking out of the Revolution was made Commissary General of the Continental Army. In the Champion

genealogy, appears this note: "Mrs. Deborah Champion Gilbert, says a descendant, was sent by her father, at the age of seventeen, to carry dispatches from New London, to General Washington at Boston. She made the journey there and back on horseback accompanied by a slave named Aristarchus. At one time, she passed through the British lines carrying funds to pay the American Army, her sex enabling her to pass without suspicion. I am proud to remember her as a stately old lady of ninety-three years."

There is a palpable error in this genealogical note as Deborah Champion was twenty-two years old at the time Washington and his army were before Boston and not seventeen, which would have been the age of her sister Dorothy. One of the cherished treasures of the Deborah Champion Chapter, D. A. R., of Adams, N. Y., is a copy of a letter supposedly written by Deborah Champion herself, describing this adventure to her friend Patience Gilbert of Haddam and which was presented to the Chapter by a lineal descendant. This rarely interesting epistle is as follows:

"My Dear Patience:

"I know that you will think it a weary long

time since I have written to you, and indeed I would have answered your last sweet letter long before now, but I have been away from home. Think of it! I know that you will hardly believe that such a stay-at-home as I should go and all alone too, to where do you think? To Boston! Really and truly to Boston. Before you suffer too much with amazement and curiosity, I will hasten to tell you all about it. About a week after receiving your letter I had settled with myself to spend a long day with my spinning, being anxious to prepare for some cloth which my mother needed to make some small clothes for father. Just as I was busily engaged I noticed a horseman enter the yard and, knocking on the door with the handle of his whip, he asked for General Champion, and after a brief converse he entered the house with father. Whereat mother presently asked me to go to the store in town and get her spices and condiments, which I was very sure were already in the store-room. However, as I was to be sent out of the way there was nothing left for me but to go, which I accordingly did, not hurrying myself, you may be sure. When I returned, the visitor was gone, but my father was walking up and down the

long hall with hasty steps, and worried and perplexed aspect. You know father has always been kind and good to me, but none know better than you the stern self-repression our New England character engenders, and he would not have thought seemly that a child of his should question him, so I passed on to find mother and deliver my purchases. 'My father is troubled, Mother, is aught amiss?' 'I cannot say, Deborah; you know he has many cares, and the public business presses heavily at times; it may be he will tell us.' Just then my father stood in the doorway. 'Wife, I would speak with you.' Mother hastily joined him in the keeping room, and they seemed to have long and anxious converse. Finally, to my astonishment, I was called to attend them. Father laid his hand on my shoulder (a most unusual caress with him) and said solemnly: 'Deborah, I have need of thee; hast thou the heart and the courage to go out in the dark and in the night and ride as fast as may be until thou comest to Boston town?' 'Surely, my Father, if it is thy wish, and will please thee.'

"'I do not believe, Deborah, that there will be actual danger to threaten thee, else I would not

ask it of thee, but the way is long and the business urgent. The horseman that was here awhile back brought dispatches which it is desperately necessary that General Washington should receive as soon as possible. I cannot go, the wants of the army call me at once to Hartford, and I have no one to send but my daughter. Dare you go?'

"'Dare! father, and I your daughter,—and the chance to do my country and General Washington a service. I am glad to go.'

"So, dear Patience, it was finally settled that I should start in the early morning and Aristarchus should go with me. He has been devoted to me since I made a huge cake to grace his wedding with Glory and found a name for the dusky baby which we call Sophronista. For a slave he has his fair share of wits, also. Early in the morning, before it was fairly light, mother called me, though I had seemed to have hardly slept at all. I found a nice hot breakfast ready, and a pair of saddle-bags packed with such things as mother thought might be needed. Father told me again of the haste with which I must ride and the care to use for the safety of the dispatches, and I set forth on my journey

with a light heart and my father's blessing. The British were at Providence, in Rhode Island, so it was thought best I should ride due north to the Massachusetts line, and then east, as best I could to Boston. The weather was perfect, but the roads none too good as there had been recent rains, but we made fairly good time going through Norwich, then up the valley of the Quinebaug to Canterbury, where we rested our horses for an hour, then pushed on, hoping to get to Pomfret before dark. At father's desire I was to stay the night with Uncle Jirey, and, if needful, get a change of horses. All went as well as I could expect. We met few people on the road, almost all the men being with the army and only the very old men and the women at work in the villages and farms. Dear heart, but war is a cruel thing! but I was glad, so glad that I could do even so little to help! Uncle Jirey thought we had better take fresh horses in the morning, and sun found us on our way again. I heard that it would be almost impossible to avoid the British unless by going so far out of the way that too much time would be lost, so I plucked up what courage I could and secreting my papers in a

small pocket in the saddle-bags, under all the eatables mother had filled them with, I rode on, determined to ride all night. It was late at night, or rather very early in the morning, that I heard the call of the sentry and knew that now, if at all, the danger point was reached, but pulling my calash still farther over my face, I went on with what boldness I could muster. Suddenly, I was ordered to halt; as I could n't help myself I did so. I could almost hear Aristarchus' teeth rattle in his mouth, but I knew he would obey my instructions and if I was detained, would try to find the way alone. A soldier in a red coat proceeded to take me to headquarters, but I told him it was early to wake the captain, and to please to let me pass for I had been sent in urgent haste to see a friend in need, which was true if ambiguous. To my joy, he let me go on, saying: 'Well, you are only an old woman anyway,' evidently as glad to get rid of me as I of him. Will you believe me, that is the only bit of adventure that befell me in the whole long ride. When I arrived in Boston, I was so very fortunate as to find friends who took me at once to General Washington and I gave him the papers, which proved to be of the utmost importance,

and was pleased to compliment me most highly both as to what he was pleased to call the courage I had displayed and my patriotism. Oh, Patience, what a man he is, so grand, so kind, so noble, I am sure we will not look to him in vain to save our fair country to us. I stayed a week in Boston, every one was so kind and good to me, seeming to think I had done some great thing, but I am sure there were very many that would have been glad to have had the same chance to serve the country and Washington.

"Well here I am at home again, safe and sound, and happy to have been of some use in the world. When occasion serves, dear Patience, I will write you of my visit in Boston and the wonderful sights and persons I saw. You know the next best thing to hearing our countrymen is to hear of them. I hope I have not tried you with this long letter, and trust to see you soon.

"Your loving friend,

"Deborah.

"P. S.—Did I tell you that I saw your brother Samuel in Boston? He desired his love if I should be writing to you."

It was only a short time afterward that Miss Deborah became Mrs. Samuel Gilbert.

Katharine Steel

"Witty Kate" Fisher, auburn-haired, blue-eyed, and fun-loving, was just turned twenty when, in 1745, she married Thomas Steel, and moved with him from their home in Pennsylvania to the wilds of South Carolina. They were both of Scotch-Irish extraction and pioneer training, young, strong, and hopeful and the new life held for them nothing of apprehension. They fixed their place of residence on Fishing Creek, about a mile back from the Catawba River, with no neighbours for miles, save now and then a few wandering Catawba Indians, remnants of a friendly but fast dwindling tribe.

They were, however, not to remain long isolated. Several other families came in the course of a few years to settle in the neighbourhood, one of which was that of John Gaston, who built a home about a mile farther up Fishing Creek, on the opposite side. In time, the Cherokee Indians, neighbours of the Catawbas, became troublesome, and Thomas Steel fortified his home by turning it into a blockhouse, which

became known as Steel's fort, as a similar block-house at Landsford, several miles away, was known as Taylor's Fort. In these forts, the women and children would gather at the first sign of danger and would sometimes remain for weeks while the men were fighting the Cherokees or caring for their crops.

In Steel's fort, Mrs. Steel became naturally the unquestioned leader. She was fearless, masterful, resourceful, and always cheerful and sunny-tempered, and the women and children came to rely as much upon her for protection as they would upon a man. She was an expert with a gun and taught the girls to shoot until they could vie with their elder brothers in marksmanship; and in a hundred other ways she trained them to be brave, self-reliant, young women. And always she was good-natured and as fun-loving as a girl. Indeed, her quick sense of humour and her ready tongue made her known all over the country as "Witty Kate of the Fort."

In 1763, Thomas Steel and several of his neighbours started on a trading expedition for the Mississippi River, from which he never returned, having met a violent death on the

journey. This left his widow with five children to raise, two sons and three daughters. That they were well-reared and carefully trained was well shown in their after lives as without exception they grew into upright, honourable, and patriotic men and women.

Mrs. Steel lived only about a mile from John Gaston, whose family she and her children visited frequently. Gaston's sons were the companions of her sons and when there was a call for men, John Steel and the Gaston boys were among the first to offer their services. He was at the head of a company from Chester, sent out against the Cherokees in 1775, and after that he fought at the Battle of Fort Moultrie, on Sullivan's Island. Subsequently, he was engaged with seven of the Gaston boys at the siege of Savannah; served under Count Pulaski, and was at the head of a company of mounted rangers that hovered about, annoying the British army during the siege of Charleston. After the fall of that city, when news came of the horrible butchery of Buford's men by Tarleton at the Waxhaws, there was a famous gathering at the home of Justice John Gaston. Many of the settlers were disheartened and wavering—

almost ready to accept the British offer of protection, but John Steel, mounting a stump, made an address of such fire and feeling that every man present took an oath never to lay down arms while there remained an enemy in the Carolinas.

"On that memorable morning, when the devoted little band went forth from Justice Gaston's to make an attack upon the British on the spot where Beckhamville now stands," writes Mrs. Ellet, "Katharine Steel called upon her youngest son, then seventeen years old and the only child remaining with her, to go with the rest. 'You must go with John,' she said; 'it must never be said that the old Squire's boys have done more for their country than the Widow Steel's.' "

Captain John Steel, who had come to be called the "Murat of the Catawba," was in every engagement during the summer of 1780, and became a favourite of General Sumter. At the time of Sumter's surprise at Fishing Creek, by his own personal exertions he saved the "Swamp Fox" from capture. Sumter lay asleep in his tent when his force was surprised. Steel dashed into the tent, picked up the commander, who was a small man, together with a portmanteau

of valuable papers, and ran out through the rear of the tent to a place of safety. The portmanteau of papers he turned over to a soldier for safe-keeping. Later these papers were missing and Captain Steel learned that they had been seen in the hands of a Tory whom he knew. After considerable trouble he found this Tory and secured the papers. His long chase had led him to the vicinity of his mother's home and he decided to pay her a visit and collect the scattered Americans who would he knew gather in that neighbourhood, and conduct them to the rendezvous of the General at Charlotteburg. On his way, he notified the neighbours of his intentions, among the rest the wife of a man who had taken up arms against the cause. This man, informed of the gathering, hurriedly collected a force of Tories to surprise and capture Steel and his recruits.

Next morning, Captain Steel and his party were surprised by the Tories, Mrs. Steel first discovering the enemy and shouting as she ran back from the spring-house where she first saw them, "You must fight! you must fight!" There was no time to fight and the patriots were too few in number to resist. Captain Steel, bare-

headed but grasping the portmanteau, sprang to his horse which had already been saddled and led to the door. His mother ran to let down the bars, but he did not wait but put his animal over the fence, with the bullets whistling about him. The little band of patriots hastened after their Captain, two of them falling against Mrs. Steel, still trying to loosen the bars, and knocking her down. "Don't stop, John! Save the papers!" she shouted as she sprang to her feet and saw that he was turning as if to come back. The two men who fell against her were dead from Tory bullets and the Tories captured three others of Captain Steel's band but the rest got away safely and joined Sumter. The Tories attributed Captain Steel's escape to his mother and burned her house to the ground. Four bullet holes were found through her clothing after the skirmish, but she escaped unhurt and Captain Steel saved his papers. Excepting the death of her two unfortunate neighbours, Mrs. Steel saw nothing but the humorous side of the encounter and laughed merrily as she recounted the matter afterward.

Mrs. Steel's three daughters, Margaret, Mary, and Nancy, were married respectively to William

Wylie, Robert Archer, and Thomas Bell before 1780. She divided equally the land belonging to her deceased husband, giving to each of her daughters a fine plantation. Under the laws of the time, her son John was entitled to all of the land, but he refused to make any claim and insisted upon an equal division. Consequently the mother gave him the homestead where she lived in the old blockhouse after her home was burned and where after the war he built a fine large house. She died at the old blockhouse in 1785, retaining to the last her sprightly humour and her kindliness of heart and doing what she could to put an end to the old feuds, and to bring Whig and Tory to an amicable understanding. Captain John Steel was afterward a member of Congress and was always honoured as a prominent and respected citizen.

Dorcas Nelson Richardson

Dorcas Nelson, daughter of Captain John Nelson of Clarendon, Sumter District, South Carolina, was married in 1761 to Captain Richard Richardson. She was at the time twenty years old and Captain Richardson was an officer in the State militia in the brigade

commanded by his father, General Richardson. From the time of her marriage, Dorcas lived on her husband's plantation which lay at the junction of the Wateree and Congaree Rivers, and up until the breaking out of the Revolutionary War she led a quiet and happy life.

Both Captain Richardson and his father served in the militia during the winter of 1775, which from the excessive amount of cold, sleet, snow, and ice for that section was known as the "snow campaign." The following year, Captain Richardson was appointed a captain in the regular army under Colonel Thomas Sumter, and for the next six years his family saw but little of him, and the care of the plantation fell almost wholly upon the slender shoulders of Mrs. Richardson.

At the surrender of Charleston, Captain Richardson, with his father, and brother Edward, a captain of rangers, were taken prisoners. In violation of the terms of capitulation, Captain Richardson was sent to the military prison on St. John's Island where he contracted small-pox. He nearly lost his life from the disease but recovered, and as soon as strong enough made his escape. His face was so badly scarred from the

disease as to prove an effectual disguise, and he found no difficulty in reaching the vicinity of his home and concealing himself in the swamps of the Santee, which border the river for miles. These swamps, consisting of innumerable small islands, were covered with a thick growth of trees interlaced with vines and creepers, making an excellent hiding-place, as the numerous winding streams and tortuous bayous could be threaded only by one thoroughly familiar with them.

With the fall of Charleston and the invasion of the province by Lord Cornwallis, the country was overrun by British troops and Tories. Colonel Tarleton with his regiment made his headquarters in the neighbourhood of Captain Richardson's plantation, Tarleton and his officers occupying Richardson's house. Mrs. Richardson and her children were relegated to a small back-room and while the officers lived almost luxuriously off the products of her husband's plantation, she was allowed only the scantiest provision. Notwithstanding the meagreness of this allowance, however, it was shared by her husband, being sent to his retreat on John's Island in the swamp by a trusted

negro. It was not long before word came to the British that Captain Richardson had escaped and that he was probably in the vicinity of his own home. Scouts were sent out in every direction and the country was scoured, but his hiding-place remained undiscovered. After this a reward was offered for his capture alive and the efforts were redoubled.

The close watch kept by the Tories prevented much intercourse between Captain Richardson and his family, but Mrs. Richardson went to him from time to time and occasionally took his children to see him. One day, shortly after one of these surreptitious visits, a British officer called and, while talking to her, took her little, daughter upon his knee and endeavoured to find out the whereabouts of her father. He began by asking the little girl when she had seen her father last. The mother's heart almost stopped beating, but she dared not speak. The child said that she had seen him only a few days before.

"Where did you see him?" asked the officer, who wanted the reward.

"On John's Island," said the child. The officer knew of no such island, except that upon

which was located the military prison, from which Captain Richardson had escaped, and concluding that the child must have been dreaming, remarked with disappointment, "Oh, that was a long time ago," and set her down.

It was not an infrequent thing for the officers to boast in the presence of the sorely tried wife what they would do with her husband if they caught him. Once, after enduring much of this sort of talk, she replied hotly: "I do not doubt that men who can outrage the feelings of a woman by such threats are capable of any act of treachery or inhumanity towards a brave but unfortunate enemy. But capture or conquer my husband before you boast of what you are going to do. And let me tell you that some of you are likely to beg for his mercy before he will ever ask or accept yours."

At one time, several officers came in and showed her their swords reeking with blood and told her that it was the blood of her husband whom they had just killed. At another time they brought word that he had been captured and hanged. As it would, sometimes, be days before she could investigate the truth or falsity

of these reports, no one can tell the suffering that she underwent.

Captain Richardson visited his home one day, when he knew that the officers and men were away on an expedition, but before he thought of their returning, a patrolling party rode up to the gate. Before the soldiers could reach the doorway, the quick-witted woman had seized a dust cloth and springing to the door was busily engaged in dusting and effectually blocking the entrance. She engaged them in conversation regarding the weather until her husband had made his escape by a back door.

During the period of his hiding, Captain Richardson was not idle. He gathered about him a number of patriots and with these he soon joined the force under General Marion. When the British discovered that Captain Richardson was with Marion, their attitude toward Mrs. Richardson underwent a great change. They expressed their admiration for her brave husband whose service they wished to secure. They made offers of pardon, wealth, and promotion for him and tried to get Mrs. Richardson to use her influence to persuade her husband to join the royal forces. She refused, disdain-

fully, even to lay the matter before her husband. Then the British sent Captain Richardson's brother Edward, who was on parole on another plantation, to General Marion's camp with their offer. By the same messenger Mrs. Richardson sent a letter to her husband saying that it was not her wish that he join the British and that she and the children were well provided for and living in security and comfort. This was of course to relieve him from sacrificing his principles on account of solicitude for his family. Edward Richardson went directly to the American headquarters and, requesting his brother to come into the room with General Marion, delivered both the letter from the British commander and Mrs. Richardson's message. It is needless to say that Captain Richardson wasted no time in rejecting the offer of the enemy.

Captain Richardson visited his family several times after rejoining the army, but always at the risk of his life. At one time he escaped only by springing on his horse and dashing directly through a squad that had come to capture him. At another time he was accompanied by a small escort that General Marion insisted on his taking. They were surprised, but all escaped

except a young man named Roberts, whom Mrs. Richardson knew well. He was captured and, in spite of Mrs. Richardson's pleading, was hanged to a walnut tree a few feet from her front door. She was compelled to witness the hanging and was told jeeringly that when they caught her husband she would "have the chance of seeing him kick like that fellow."

At the close of the war, Richardson, who had been promoted to the rank of Colonel, returned to his wasted plantation, which though much reduced by the ravages of war was still highly productive and the declining years of the two patriots were passed in peace and plenty. Six of their ten children came to maturity, married, and reared families. Mrs. Richardson survived her husband by several years, dying in 1834, at the advanced age of ninety-three years.

Ann Story

Ann Story, of Vermont, was a strong, masterful, self-reliant, and resourceful woman of the Revolutionary period, developed by frontier hardships and pioneer conditions, and to whom love of country and love of liberty were as natural as the air she breathed.

Excepting that she was born in Connecticut in 1742, and was married to Amos Story of Norwich when she was seventeen years old, but little is known of her girlhood. The first authentic record we have refers to her coming, in 1774, with her husband and four children from Norwich, Connecticut, to Salisbury, Vermont, then an unbroken wilderness, to build a home. Her husband, Amos Story, had purchased one hundred acres of land and, leaving his wife and younger children with friends in Rutland, to remain during the severe cold weather, he took his eldest son, a boy of fourteen, and pushed on into the woods. They built a log cabin and commenced a clearing upon which to raise their supplies in the following year. When this work was partly finished, Amos Story was killed by a falling tree. It was a terrible blow to the young wife and mother, but it did not crush her. She refused the aid of relatives and determined to take possession, with her five children, of the new home and to complete the clearing of the land. The youngest child was a babe a few months old when the mother entered upon her arduous task.

"And here," writes the historian of the Ann

Story Chapter, D. A. R., of Rutland, "surrounded by hostile Indians and hearing often the midnight howl of wild animals, she bravely and hopefully made a home, developing, in the meanwhile, through hardships, difficulties, and sorrows, the character which proved a source of strength in the hour of her country's peril, and connected, for all time, her name in deeds of heroism, with the names of Vermont's Green Mountain Boys and their leader, Ethan Allen. Her home was a refuge of safety for these brave defenders of Vermont firesides, while at the same time they were as bravely defending their whole country. From a deep recess in the bank of Otter Creek, nearly opposite her home, she excavated the earth until she had made a cave large enough to afford shelter for herself and family. The passage at the mouth of the cave was sufficient only to admit her canoe, and all must lie prostrate in passing in and out. The passage was dug so low and so deep that the canoe could float into the cave, quite out of sight. The excavation where they slept was on higher ground, by the side and above the passageway for the canoe.

"The historian of Salisbury, John M. Weeks,

who, in his youth, often listened to the story of these early days, as told him from the lips of Ann Story herself, writes of the 'remarkable sagacity and judgment shown not only in making the cave, but also in the selection of the location, for it was placed on the banks of the west side of the creek, where there was little or no travel, and where, since the log house in which most of her work was done, was on the east side, no trail would be made by their frequent entrance. It was also located at a bend in the creek, where those who navigated its waters would invariably draw near the opposite shore to save distance, and as the shore at this place is bold, nearly to a perpendicular, the dirt taken out in the excavation settled down beneath the water entirely out of sight.'

"For their own safety, to this cave Ann Story and her children betook themselves from time to time, when Tory forces were in the neighbourhood, since she was known as a zealous worker in the cause of the patriots, and her very absence from her home conveyed information to the patriots of the proximity of the enemy.

"From this refuge in the summer of 1776, she saw one night her own home and the home of her

nearest neighbour burned to the ground by the Indians. Nothing daunted, she rebuilt the house, but the following winter came again to Rutland; and most of her winters afterward, until the close of the war, were spent in this vicinity, on the farm known as the Simeon Chafy farm, in the north part of the town, near the line of Pittsford.

"She was a woman of strict integrity, a true Whig of the times of the Revolution, and she earned for herself an illustrious name as a heroine."

In 1792, Ann Story married Benjamin Smauley, one of the first settlers of Salisbury. He died in 1808, and in 1812 she married Captain Stephen Goodrich, one of the first settlers of Middlebury. She died April 5, 1817, at the age of seventy-five years, and was buried in the country cemetery of the town of Middlebury, a short distance from her old home in Salisbury.

Elizabeth Jackson

Elizabeth Jackson, mother of President Andrew Jackson, came to Charleston, S. C., from Carrickfergus, Ireland, in 1765, with her husband and their two children. With them came

also her two sisters and their families. The young immigrants went to the Waxhaw Settlement, about 160 miles north-west of Charleston, and there on Twelve Mile Creek they built themselves a small cabin.

"Elizabeth Jackson's maiden name was Hutchinson," writes Mrs. Helen A. Engle, historian of the Elizabeth Jackson Chapter, D. A. R., of Washington, D. C. "Her family were linen-weavers and for generations had been noted for their industry, thrift, and honesty. History tells us that her husband, Andrew, possessed but little means, but with courage, industry, and faith in a Divine Providence they hoped soon to surround themselves with the necessities and even the comforts of life.

"Only a little while were they left together, for in 1767, a few days previous to the birth of our Andrew, death came to the humble homestead and the young widow was left to face the problem of life with nothing but her own brave heart to help her.

"From the grave of her husband she and her little sons, Hugh and Robert, went to the home of George McKeney, a brother-in-law, where Andrew was born. Soon after, she and her

children removed to the home of another brother-in-law, named Crawford, who lived in South Carolina, just over the border line. He was a man of considerable substance for a new country, and in his house Mrs. Jackson was established permanently as housekeeper.

"The little Andrew seems to have been her favourite, for she determined that he should have a good education, with a view to his becoming a clergyman of the Presbyterian Church. In order to accomplish this, she again took up her art of spinning and weaving, and soon became famous in her little world for the beauty of her work. By this means she was enabled to send Andrew to the better schools of the country, where languages were taught. When the Revolutionary War broke out, imbued with his mother's ambitions and love of freedom, Hugh Jackson waited not for the sound of war drums to approach their own home, but mounted his horse and rode southward to meet the conflict. He became one of the troopers of the famous regiment to raise and equip which William Richardson Davie spent the last guinea of his inherited estate. Under 'Uncle Davie,' as he was lovingly called, Hugh

fought in the ranks at the Battle of Stono, and died after the action from heat and exhaustion. Robert was a robust boy, but too young for a soldier, and he was still at home with his mother when the notorious Tarleton came thundering down the red roads of the Waxhaw, dyeing them a deeper red with the blood of patriots.

"On the 29th of May, 1780, Tarleton with three hundred horsemen surprised the militia in the Waxhaw settlement, killing and wounding many. The homes and meeting house were converted into hospitals, and it was among such surroundings, while helping their mother in her ministrations to the wounded, that the boys learned the horrors of war, and became imbued with the true spirit of patriotism. News came that Lord Rawdon, with a large body of royal troops, would soon arrive in the Waxhaw Valley, with a view of forcing a promise from the people to take no further part in the war. Rather than do this, Elizabeth Jackson and her sons abandoned their home and sought shelter miles away until the departure of the enemy, when she again returned to her dismantled house. The boys were too young to fight, but often rode forth with Colonel Davie, and learned much of

the art of war. After the defeat of General Gates on the 16th of August, 1780, the boys again joined their mother and, on the approach of Cornwallis, again abandoned their home, returning in February, 1781; but war was still about them, and the venturesome boys in one of their sallies were wounded and taken prisoners.

"The anxious mother went to Camden, where with courage and perseverance she at last effected an exchange; but when her boys were once more in her possession, her mother's heart was wrung with horror at sight of their pitiable condition, so worn and wasted were they with hunger, wounds, and disease. They were forty miles from home, and with only one horse, travelled slowly. The boys were already inoculated with the seeds of small-pox, and when near home a drenching rain came on; in two days Robert passed away, and Andrew became a raving maniac. Her devotion saved his life, but in the meantime stories had reached her of the sufferings of those confined in the prison-ship. Among these were her sister's sons; and no sooner was Andrew out of danger than her woman's heart yearned to help those other suffer-

ers, and she resolved to go to Charleston and do what she could in their behalf.

"Tradition has it that she and two other devoted women made the long journey of 160 miles on foot, but General Jackson and others believed the journey was made on horseback, since they carried with them stores of gifts, rural luxuries and medicines, as well as tender messages from anxious friends. They gained admission to the ships, bringing joy and comfort to the imprisoned ones; but alas, in her loving ministrations to the sick and needy, she herself became a victim of ship-fever, and died within a week at the home of a relative near Charleston. She was buried in an open field and Andrew Jackson never knew where her remains were laid."

Elizabeth Petrie Shell

About midway between Herkimer, and Little Falls and five miles north of the Mohawk River, New York, in one of the most beautiful and fertile farming districts of the Empire State, is a settlement that has long been known as Shell's Bush. The name perpetuates the memory of John Christian Shell and his brave wife, Elizabeth Petrie Shell, who were among the

thrifty German settlers who began to people the Mohawk Valley early in the eighteenth century.

The story of the Shells is eloquently told in a recent publication[5] by Mrs. David T. Lamb, Historian of Astenrogen Chapter, D. A. R., as follows:

"John Christian Shell had built a strong and well-constructed blockhouse, which was his home as well as his castle. The first story was of logs, its only opening being an entrance well protected by a massive door. There were loop-holes through which the besieged could fire upon their enemies. The second story projected over the first, and there were apertures through this which afforded means of firing down upon any assailant who might attempt to force an entrance or set fire to the building. On August 6, 1781, a party of Indians and Tories, led by Donald McDonald, made their appearance in this locality. Most of the inhabitants fled to Fort Dayton for protection, a distance of from three to five miles. John Shell determined to hold the fort. He, with his six sons, was in the harvest field, and when the enemy appeared he, with four of his boys, ran for the blockhouse.

Two little sons, twins, only eight years old, were overtaken by the Indians, made captives, and carried to Canada. Having gained the fort, which was stored with arms and ammunition sufficient to withstand an ordinary siege, this brave little garrison prepared to defend their castle with their lives, if need be.

"It was at this point that Dame Shell proved herself equal to the emergency. She loaded the guns for her husband and sons, and let us not forget these were of the flint-lock variety. The enemy was forced to retreat several times, and repeated attempts to fire the building were unsuccessful. McDonald, the Tory leader, undertook to force the door open with a crowbar; while so doing he was wounded in the leg. None of his own party being near enough to rescue him, Mr Shell unbarred the door and hurriedly dragged him into the fort. His capture was most providential to the besieged inmates. It not only secured them from being burned out by their enemies, but their ammunition, which had been greatly depleted, was reinforced by that taken from their prisoner. In a last and vigorous effort to take the fortress so bravely defended, the muzzles of their guns

were thrust through the loopholes, and alert, brave, resolute Mrs. Shell, with a determination born of the occasion, and an axe which never did better service, struck five of them in such a manner as to make them unfit for further duty.

"During a respite in the attack upon this stronghold, Mr. Shell sang a hymn of gratitude for his deliverance from peril. In the last attack made by the enemy, just at dark, Shell, who was on duty in the upper story, called to those who were below, loud enough to be heard by their foes 'The soldiers are coming from Fort Dayton." This stratagem proved successful, for the horde of savages and Tories fled to the woods, not particular as to the manner of their going, but went, leaving eleven killed and six wounded, and from the little boys, who were taken captives to Canada, it was afterwards learned that nine out of twelve of their wounded who retreated died on the march.

"In the following year, Shell and two of his sons, while at work in the field, near their blockhouse, were fired upon by a party of marauding Indians. He was dangerously wounded, and begged his sons not to leave him, for fear he

might be scalped. A party came from Fort Dayton to their relief, but one son was killed and the other wounded before relief arrived. John Christian Shell did not long survive his wounds and so passed from earth, one of the brave defenders of the Mohawk Valley, and no man, so far as can be ascertained, knoweth his sepulchre, or that of his heroic and faithful wife."[6]

Rebecca Bryant Boone

Rebecca Bryant Boone, wife of Daniel Boone,[7] was a woman of stout heart and sterling character—a woman admirably fitted to be the companion and helpmeet of that remarkable man and great pioneer, her husband. The following brief sketch of her life is from the rarely interesting little volume, *Kentucky Pioneer Women*, written by a gifted daughter of Kentucky, Mary Florence Taney:

"Rebecca Bryant, who married Daniel Boone about 1755, in the Yadkin settlement in Western North Carolina, and her daughter, Jemima, are said to have been the first white women to become residents of Kentucky. Perhaps no

woman of the State ever had a more varied experience of the hardships, privations, and tragedies of pioneer life.

"In 1773, in company with her husband, who had previously visited Kentucky, she set out for the new Canaan. In Powell's Valley they were joined by five other families and forty armed men. Near the Cumberland Mountains the company were attacked by Indians, and six of the men were killed, among whom was her eldest son.

"They retreated to the valley of the Clinch River, where Mrs. Boone lived with her remaining children until September, 1775. During this period, her husband, under employment of Governor Dunmore, of Virginia, had conducted a surveying party from tide-water to the Falls of the Ohio, a distance of about eight hundred miles. He also visited Central Kentucky, and took part as a delegate in the Rustic Parliament held in May, 1775. He returned to the Clinch River and brought his wife and family to Boonesborough, arriving September 8, 1775.

"In February, 1778, he was captured by the Indians, while leading a party attempting to secure a supply of salt. He was carried north of

the Ohio River, and adopted by a noted chief, through the ceremony of plucking out all of his hair except the scalp-lock, and a thorough washing in a neighbouring brook.

"His wife, hearing no tidings of him, naturally supposed that he had been killed, and, taking her children, returned to the Yadkin, in North Carolina. In June, 1778, at extreme peril of his life, he escaped, pursued by Indians, and returned to Boonesborough to notify the station of a coming Indian raid. 'I left old Chillicothe,' he says, 'on the 16th, and in four days reached Boonesborough, a distance of one hundred and sixty miles, having eaten but one meal during that time.'

"In the following autumn he joined his wife and family, and returned, bringing them with him, to Kentucky in 1780. In 1782, Mrs. Boone was again bereaved by the death of a son, killed in the memorable massacre at Blue Lick Springs, where another son was seriously wounded. Her later days were spent in Missouri, where she died in 1813. In 1845, her remains, with those of her husband, who died in 1820, were returned to the State, whose history they had so signally illustrated, and buried at Frankfort. This was

done in pursuance of concurrent action by the citizens of Frankfort and the Legislature of the State.

"Like a majority of the greatest heroes, Rebecca Bryant Boone has had slight notice from history. Glimpses of her are caught only as her famous husband opens the door to come and go. But it requires little imagination, and little loving sympathy, to restore her to view. Her lonely and heroic life, her long, wearisome waiting for the return of husband to wife and children, her heart-rending bereavements, her endurance in perils and journeying, her patience and equanimity by which she could sustain such efforts, until she had passed the allotted threescore and ten, confer upon her a much higher distinction than the accidental one of being the first white woman to take up her abode in the State.

"They mark her as the most complete type of the wife and mother, who made the pioneers settlers in homes, and not mere bush-rangers, who pass and leave no trace. She and others like her were the complement of the adventurous Saxon, who always came to stay, to subdue the land, to build the home, to inaugurate the family,

to enforce justice, and over all to spread the beneficent canopy of established order."

Elizabeth Zane

During the last battle of the Revolutionary War, September 11, 1782, there was an act of bravery performed by a girl scarcely out of her teens, so reckless in its daring and fraught with consequences so momentous to the beleaguered little settlement of Wheeling that the name of Elizabeth Zane will ever be written as one of her country's heroic women.

Betty Zane was a sister of Colonel Ebenezer Zane, an officer in the militia of Virginia, and in command of the little garrison at Fort Henry. She has been described as a fair-haired, finely formed girl, athletic and active, but attractive and accomplished beyond the wont of pioneer maidens. There were three brothers in the garrison, Colonel Silas Zane, Jonathan, and Andrew, all older than herself.

This was the second attack on Fort Henry. Five years before, Simon Girty, the renegade, with about four hundred Indians had besieged the little garrison for twenty-three hours and was then driven off. On the afternoon of September

10, 1782, John Linn, a ranger, discovered a party of Indians crossing the river some distance below Wheeling. He hurried to the fort and gave the alarm. So sudden and unexpected had been the appearance of the Indians that only those living close by were able to gain the protection of its walls, and only twenty men were on hand to hold off the enemy. About sixty yards from the fort stood the cabin of Colonel Zane, built of logs, blockhouse fashion. In this was kept a quantity of ammunition but recently sent by the Governor. Colonel Zane decided to remain in the blockhouse with his black man Sam and three or four picked men, sharpshooters, who, through the loopholes in the second story of the little blockhouse, could get a deadly cross-fire upon any assailants at the gates of the fort. The Indians advanced with the British flag flying and demanded immediate surrender. The reply was a volley of musketry from the cabin which cut down the flag and sent the Indians flying. The Indians rallied and attempted to storm the cabin, but were repulsed. Twice was this repeated with the same result. In the night an attempt was made to fire the cabin, but Black Sam was on guard, and a bullet from

his gun killed the Indian who was trying to apply the torch. The Indians came to believe that there were many more men in the fort and blockhouse than there really were, and, knowing that they were all hunters and sharpshooters, were loath to come to close range. They next resorted to an expedient that could hardly be believed were it not well authenticated, though it is not mentioned in Colonel Zane's official report.

A boatload of cannon balls on its way from Fort Pitt (now Pittsburg) to Corn Island at Louisville put in to Wheeling at dusk. It was at once attacked by Indians. One of the boatmen managed to escape and got to the fort. The Indians seemed to have a hazy idea of the deadly effect of cannon, and proceeded to fashion one out of a hollow log by winding it with log chains and heavy wire taken from a blacksmith's forge. This they loaded heavily with powder and balls. With the break of day anxious watchers on the walls of Fort Henry saw a strange looking gun trained upon them from the riverside. Their surprise and alarm were deepened by seeing a venturesome brave come out and apply the match. After the smoke blew away

it was seen that there were several dead Indians and others who seemed to be badly wounded. Of the gun there was no trace.

This fiasco of the gun seemed greatly to enrage the Indians, and again they made an attack on the fort. The garrison repulsed them with a fire that did considerable damage. The Indians retired a few rods and seemed to be laying new plans. Then it was discovered that the ammunition in the fort was almost exhausted and it was necessary that more be brought from the cabin of Colonel Zane. Several persons volunteered, among them being Elizabeth Zane. Her uncle, Silas Zane, refused.

"Why not?" urged the girl. "I can go as well as not."

"No," said Colonel Zane. "A man must go."

"I can run as fast as any man," the girl persisted. "You have no man to spare. You need them all here, where I don't count."

She was determined, fearless, young, and impetuous, and she had her way. Taking off some of her garments, she bounded through the gate and sped straight as an arrow for the cabin. The Indians were within easy gunshot, but for an instant seemed lost in amazement. Two or

three of them sprang forward with the cry "Squaw! Squaw!" but not a gun was fired. The cabin door was opened for her and she entered and told her brother of the need inside the fort. Colonel Zane took a table-cloth and, pouring a keg of powder into it, folded the corners so as to make a bag of it, which she slung over her shoulders. Then the door was opened and she sprang through in a wild dash for the fort. Now the Indians were not passive. With fearful shouts and yells they rained their bullets at the devoted girl. The little band in the fort and blockhouse held their breath while the sharpshooters poured back their fire at the Indians. On sped the girl. A rod or so before she reached the gate of the fort she stumbled and fell, but in an instant was on her feet again with her burden still in hand, and like a flash was through the gate.

During that night and the next day the Indians maintained the siege and made several attempts to take the fort by storm, but were invariably repulsed by the fire from the garrison and the few sharpshooters in Colonel Zane's cabin. On the third night they raised the siege and retreated across the river.

Colonel Zane told the story of the siege with characteristic modesty in his official report to General Irwin, September 14, as follows:

"SIR—On the evening of the 11th inst. a body of the enemy appeared in sight of our garrison, paraded the British colours, and demanded the fort be surrendered, which was refused. At 12 o'clock midnight, they rushed hard upon the pickets in order to storm, but were repulsed. They made two other attempts to storm before daybreak, but to no purpose. About 8 o'clock there came a negro from them to us and informed us that their forces consisted of a British captain and forty regular soldiers and 260 Indians. The enemy kept up a continual fire the whole day. About 10 o'clock at night they made a fourth attempt to storm, to no better purpose. The enemy continued around our garrison till the morning of the 13th inst. when they disappeared. Our loss is none. Daniel Sullivan, who arrived here in the first of the action, is wounded in the foot. I believe they have driven the greater part of our stock away, and might, I think, be overtaken."

The State of West Virginia has erected a tablet marking the site of the old fort, which stood in

the city of Wheeling, and a life-size portrait of Betty Zane was hung in the old State House while Wheeling remained the capital of the State. Colonel Zane himself in later years took up a large section of land where the city of Zanesville, O., now stands and founded the city that bears his name.

Elizabeth Zane, shortly after the close of the war, was married to William McLaughlin, a thrifty, pioneer farmer in Belmont County, Ohio. Several years after his death she became the wife of John Clark. She died at the age of ninety-five years, and sleeps in the little burying ground in St. Clairsville.

Nancy Robbins

In the stockade at Fort Henry, during the same siege, was another young woman, Nancy Robbins, who with her mother arrived just in time to get by the gates before they were closed against the Indians. Her father, William Robbins, had made a little clearing some miles away, but the Indians had burned their cabin and killed and scalped the father, who had remained behind to give them a start. They had made an almost miraculous escape and reached

the fort nearly exhausted. Nancy was a skilled frontierswoman and immediately began to make herself useful. She and another young woman, whose name has been lost, volunteered with Betty Zane to go after the powder, but as they were more experienced and skilful in moulding bullets they were kept for that work. Miss Robbins and her mother lived with Colonel Zane's family for several years. Afterward Nancy went to Cincinnati where she was married to William Maxwell, a printer who established, in 1793, the *Sentinel of the North-western Territory*, the first newspaper published north of the Ohio River. She worked with her husband, learned his trade, and it is said that with her own hands she stitched the binding on the first book published in the North-western Territory, *Maxwell's Code*.

NOTES TO CHAPTER V

[1] Used by permission of Houghton Mifflin Company, Publishers.

[2] The story of "Mad Ann Bailey" is gathered mainly from *Howe's Recollections* (Ohio, 1843), and the Gallia *Free Press*, Gallia County, O., December 3, 1825, which published her obituary. The picture is from Howe's Collection.

[3] Afterward Dr. John S. Bratton, a prominent citizen of South Carolina for upward of fifty years. Colonel Bratton and his wife died within a few weeks of each other at their home near Yorkville and sleep side by side in the old burying ground.

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[4] General Thomas Sumter, the brave, dashing, chivalric "Game Cock of the Carolinas," married Mrs. Mary Jeimesson, *née* Canty, of Goose Creek Parish about 1768, and took her to live on his plantation near Stateburg. A part of the house in which they lived is still standing.

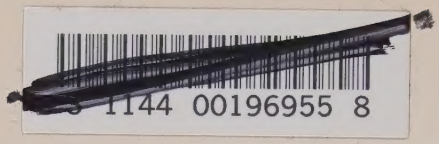
"It was here," writes Col. Thomas Sumter, great-grandson of General Sumter, to the authors, "that the British and Tories surprised Gen. Sumter, intending to capture him and burn his house. She was removed to the garden, being partially paralysed, and seated in a chair. A British officer seeing her condition slipped a ham and other provisions under her chair. Gen. Sumter escaped and while he was being pursued, the house was saved by her faithful slaves, one of whom lived to tell the writer of this letter, then a boy of eighteen years, of the incident."

Mrs. Sumter lived, an almost helpless invalid, at the family home until her death in 1818, fifteen years prior to the death of her husband, who died in 1832. He was a devoted husband and after the war gave up most of his time to caring for his wife. They had only one child, a son, Thomas Sumter, Jr., who became Minister to Brazil.

[5] *American Monthly Magazine*, June, 1909.

[6] Astenrogan Chapter, D. A. R., of Little Falls, placed a tablet, marking the site of the old blockhouse, in September, 1908, and Mrs. Forest Christman, of Middleville, a great-great-granddaughter of John and Elizabeth Shell, was accorded the honour of unveiling the tablet.

[7] Daniel Boone was a cousin of General Daniel Morgan, his mother having been Sarah Morgan, a sister of James Morgan, Daniel Morgan's father. Both boys were born in the south-eastern part of Pennsylvania, near the Lehigh River, in either Northumberland or Bucks County, according to Davis, the Bucks County historian.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